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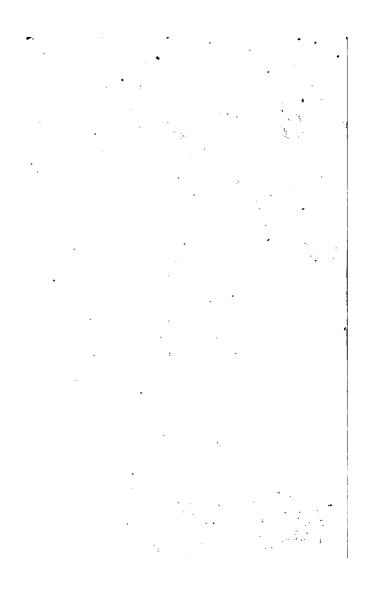
# CHARLES F. DUNBAR

(CLASS OF 1851)

PROFESSOR OF POLITICAL ECONOMY 1871-1900







### THE

# HARP OF ERIN:

A BOOK OF BALLAD-POETRY
AND OF NATIVE SONG.

COLLECTED, ARRANGED, AND ANNOTATED BY

# RALPH VARIAN,

Editor of "Popular Poetry, Street Ballads, and Household Songs of Ireland.".

"For they keep a record of those, the true-hearted,
Who fell with the cause they had vowed to maintain;
They show us bright shadows of glory departed,
Of the love that grew cold, and the hope that was vain.
The page may be lost, and the pen long forsaken,
And weeds may grow wild o'er the brave heart and hand;
But ye are still left, when all else hath been taken,
Like streams in the desert, SWERT SONGS OF OUR LAND."

FRANCES BROWN (the Blind Girl of Donegal).

DUBLIN:

PUBLISHED BY M'GLASHAN & GILL, 50, UPPER SACKVILLE STREET.

AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

1869.

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CORK:
Printed by FRANCIS GUY, Munster Works,
Patrick Street.

# GEORGE SIGERSON, Esq., M.D.

(Professor of Botany in the Catholic University, Dublin; Member of the Linnean Society, London),

#### THIS VOLUME IS INSCRIBED

BY HIS FRIEND,

RALPH VARIAN.

Cork, December, 1869.

"Who heareth thee, can never
. Wholly turn to clay;
Who heareth thee for ever
Liveth alway!
thou art a blessing—very, very dear,—

O, thou art a blessing—very, very dear,—
With a carolling of Spring-time, singing through the year."
"To the Spirit of Irish Song."—GRORGE SIGERSON.

"NATIONAL POETRY is the very flowering of the soul—the greatest evidence of its health, the greatest excellence of its beauty. Its melody is balsam to the senses. It is the play-fellow of Childhood, ripens into the companion of Manhood, consoles Age. . . Sheds a grace beyond the power of luxury around our homes; is the recognised envoy of our minds among all mankind, and to all time."—DAVIS'S ESSAYS.

"HUMAN joy and human sorrow,
Light or shade from conscience borrow;
The tyrant's crown is lined with flame,
Life never paid the coward's shame;
The miser's lock is never sure,
The traitor's home is never pure;
While seraphs guard and cherubs tend
The good man's life and brave man's end.
But their fondest care
Is the patriot's prison,
Hymning through its air—
'Freedom hath arisen,

Oft from statemen's strife, Oft from battle's flashes, Oft from hero's life,

Oftenest from his ashes!"

THOMAS DAVIS.

# PREFACE.



HE favourable reception accorded to "THE POPULAR POETRY, STREET BALLADS, AND HOUSEHOLD SONGS OF IRELAND," both in Ireland, England, America, and Australia, induces me to issue another volume; which, I

trust, will be found as interesting as its predecessor, and contribute its little part—my sole ambition—to the education and amusement of the Irish people.

In this desire to make a willing audience, I have held in view now, as before, the young and the child, as well as the adult. Believing that the feelings awakened in early life effect the widest influence on the well-being of our-social state, I have not scorned the introduction of songs and ballads likely to interest, and stimulate thought and feeling, in the early stages of life. Although I have sought rather for such food as would be relished by the plain man, of sound mind and heart, than to please the fastidious palate of the critic and scholar, yet the unsophisticated scholar cannot fail to recognize in the ballads which I have given from the able pens of SAMUEL FERGUSON, GEORGE SIGERSON, WILLIAM ALLINGHAM, JOHN CAMPION, ROBERT D. JOYCE, AUBREY DE VERE, and others, compositions which will interest him; while the man of plain education will be attracted by their beauties. Like the works of Nature, they speak to young and old, literate and illiterate, a common language, understood by all: they touch the heart, the emotions of which place king, peer, and peasant upon a common level, and is the true democratic fire of the world.

Poetry is essentially democratic; it is the real leveller

-raising all to that position where the trappings of State fade into insignificance before the great emotions common to every human heart. Though for a time it may be perverted to the service of vice and tyranny, yet it is naturally allied to freedom and virtue; and dims its halo the moment it enters the service of the grasping tyrant, or the sensual herd. Thus even the harp of the bard bought over by the gold of corruption -if after that purchase has been effected his harp ever sounds so as to move the heart-belongs to his country; and will still, even against his corrupt will, give out some of its native strains. But when swaved by the hand and heart, of right good will—as is the case in most of the compositions which appear in this volume-it emits no uncertain sound: every strain belongs to Freedom, to Ireland, and to Virtue.

My plan precludes me from making any selections from the compositions of those bards which have already appeared in any popular volume; therefore in this, as in the "Popular Poetry," I have not introduced contributions from MOORE'S immortal melodies. nor from Thomas Davis's deathless songs. Others, too, of the minor bards of Ireland-minor, in many cases, from the limited number of their compositions, rather than from any weakness of their tone-are excluded from the same cause: their compositions having already appeared in one or other of those excellent little volumes issued in "Duffy's Library of Ireland."\* My object being to place within the reach of THE PEOPLE a collection of ballads heretofore not available to them—either from the perishable nature of the sheets on which they appeared, or from the expensive character of the works in which they were issued. RALPH VARIAN.

Dublin: James Duffy, Wellington Quay:—"The Poems of Thomas Davis;" "Ballad Poetry of Ireland," edited by Charles Gavan Duffy;" "Songs of Ireland," edited by Michael Joseph Barry; "Book of Irish Ballads," edited by D. F. Mac-Carthy: and "Spirit of the Nation."

# INDEX OF AUTHORS.

Page	Page
ALLINGHAM, WILLIAM:	CAMPION, Dr. JOHN T.:
The Winding Banks of Erne;	Good Morning 19
or, the Emigrant's adieu	The Fairy Whirlwind 24
. D 11	The Fairy Whirlwind 24 The Hare's Form 63
	Charity 144
Among the Heather 23 Abbey Asaroe 42	The Heroines of Limerick 196
7 11 - "	<del>-</del>
Lovely Mary Donnelly 53	CASEY, DANIEL:
Windlass Song 97 Morning Plunge 130	Emmet 236
Dridget Tripping to the Friends	CASEY, JOHN K.:
Bridget Tripping to the Fair. 216	Carroll Bawn 71
The Abbot of Innisfallen 251	Frances 223
ANONYMOUS:	
_ : : : : : : : : : : : : : : : : : : :	CONDON, T.:
I know where 25	May 35
Song of American Trapper 32	Blackpool 204
September 45	DAVIS, FRANCIS:
The Rose of Kilclawan 65	
The Uninscribed Tomb of	A Few Years Ago 79 Sweetheart o' my Cow 218 Willia's Mathem
Robert Emmet 77 The Hillside 85	Willie's Mother 220
The Hillside 85	Life and Death 266
A Lay of the Famine 90	Willie's Mother 220 Life and Death 266 Better and Strong 267
Paddy to his Mistress 145	Better and Strong 267 A Visit of the Beautiful 269
The Drouchteen.—A May-	
day Adventure . 158	DE VERE, AUBREY:
Night Thoughts in the Aus-	The True King 84
tralian Bush 160	The Wedding of the Clans 138
In Memoriam. — William	Ah, kindly and sweet, we
Smith O'Brien 179	must love thee perforce 150
The Children of the Gael 207	DICKSON, A. M. (OSBORNE):
March, '65 212	My Wishes 116
Bring me back to my Erinn 235	•
Outcasts 241	DILLON, BRIAN:
Unit Castles 247	On hearing a Robin sing 58
The Boatmen of Kerry 263	DOHENY, MICHAEL:
ARMSTRONG, EDMUND J.:	
Mary of Clorah 183	DOWNING, MARY:
, 103	Florence 168
BRENNAN, JOSEPH:	DRENNAN, DR. (of 1798):
I love thee not for rank or	
gold 86	O Sweeter than the Fragrant
A Love Song to my Wife 110	Flower 142

Page	Page
DERMAN IS MD. 1 "8"	HOGAN, M.:
DRENNAN, J. S., M.D.: I sit in a Palace on Italy's	Elegy on Edward Walsh 127
Strand 39	Love and Nationality 170
The fair Irish face 237	•
	IRWIN, EDWARD:
DRENNAN, WILLIAM:	A Dream of Delgany 119
Eighteen-Forty-Eight 49	The Friend of the Family.—
DUFFY, CHARLES GAVAN:.	O'Slutheram's Pig 187
Sweet Sybil 202	The Spare Child 256
FERGUSON, SAMUEL:	IRWIN, THOMAS C.:
The Lapful of Nuts r	The Potato-digger's Song 15
Cean Dubh Deelish 26	Feithfailge (Honeysuckle of
The Dear Old Air 128	Ringlets) 93
FITZ-GERALD, JOHN:	
Constant Dropping wears the	JOYCE, Dr. R. D.:
Stone 104	The Merry Christmas Fire 18 The Well of the Omen 28
The Christian Brothers 141	
Don't forget Poor Bother'd	The Green Ribbon 50 My Boat 87
Dan ., 224	My Boat 87 The Jolly Companie 125
FLECHER, HENRY M'D. :	The flame that burned so
Married for Money 46	brightly 151
Invitation to Kitty 67	Donall na Greine 239
Harry's Away 107	The Blind Girl of Glenore 254
She dwells by a Daisy-browed	
Strame 120	KEEGAN, JOHN:
Saxon Protestant to a Catho-	The "Dark Girl" at the
lic Celt 152	"Holy Well" 166
My Phelim 163	KELLY, MARY EVA:
Annie dear 234	Oh! My Bird 4x
May and Ellen 260	KENNEDY, JAMES:
FORRESTER, ELLEN:	My Irish Wife 78
Mayourneen Acushla Machree 27	•
	KICKHAM, CHARLES J.:
Blooming May 36 Take it Easy 83	Carraig Mocleara 11
. The Irish Mother at her	MAC-CARTHY, D. F.:
Child's Grave 99	The Shamrock from the Irish
An Irish Beauty 124	Shore 2
Friends across the Sea 222	Spring Flowers from Ireland 112
FRAZER, J.:	· · ·
Clondallagh 95	MACDERMOTT, M.:
GUINEE, W. B. :	Mary 74
Erin in the Sea 244	McKOWEN, JAMES:
	The old Irish Jig 9
HERBISON, DAVID:	Kate of Glenkeen 30
The Patriot's Wife 248	Bonnie twinklin' Starnies 66
HINKS, REV. THOMAS:	The Old Irish Cow 115
The Lunar Rainbow 13	My Sailor-boy 173
The Snowdrop 14	Break of Day 211
	_

Page	Page
A little Maiden's Song 214	VARIAN, MARY R.:
Oh! If I were you Gossamer 222	Barney 82
The Curlew 227	VARIAN, RALPH:-
MAGINN, Dr. WILLIAM:	Th - C-!: 3371 1
rm 0 11 1	
	Ballinatray 20
MANGAN, JAMES C.:	Swell—Swell your Song 28
Irish National Hymn 232	May 33
MEAGHER THOMAS F.:	The Frying Pan 44
What are the Stars? 157 I would not die 210	The Lunar Rainbow 56
I would not die 210	Song of an Irish Tradesman's
MURRAY, JOHN FISHER:	Wife 50
The Closing Scene 38	The Glen of Ballyvolane 69
The Closing Scene 38 The Sister of Charity 147	Lee-Mount 8r
	Ballygibling 88
SAVAGE, JOHN:	The Little Simple Girl 100
A Battle Prayer 174	
SEGRAVE, MICHAEL:	Nan of Holly-Park 103
Lovely Irish Jane 73	The Banks and Woods of
	the Lee 117
SIGERSON, DR. GEORGE: The Fairy Well 12	Ballinhassig 121
The Fairy Well 12	Where, stretched, like grace-
The Desolation 21	ful, crouching fawns . 140
The Farewells 61	I'll seek the Pleasant Breezes 146
The Ever-Young Forest 76	When I was 2 Boy 162 Gougane Barra 165 Morning 169 Mo Vohil Doun 172
In early Summer time 131	Momine Darra 105
The Saga of King Siger and his Sons 133	Morning 109
The Gaelic tongue 203	The Lovely Anemones sprin-
In the City 213	kle 190
Crossing the Ferry 226	The Sweet-brier Tree 204
On the Mountains of Pome-	The Stitchwort 209
roy ., 229	Annie O'Dell 216
•	
SIGERSON, HESTER:	WALLER, JOHN FRANCIS:
Under the Snow 106	Cushla Mochree 98 Kitty Neil 101
The Grey-haired Bride 153 The Beautiful Grave 231	
	Won't you leave me a lock
STARKEY, WILLIAM:	of your hair 200
To an Infant asleep on its	WALSH, EDWARD:
Mother's breast 228	Fair-hilled, pleasant Ireland 92
SULLIVAN, TIMOTHY D.:	WALSH, JOHN:
Song from the Backwoods 51	To my Wife 40
Steering Home 108	Longing 177
Steering Home 108 To my Brother 215 Home! Home! 262	WILDE, LADY:
Home! Home! 262	
TREACY, ELIZABETH W.:	WOLFE, REV. CHARLES:
Coming home from Mass 175	My Own Friend

# GENERAL ALPHABETICAL INDEX.

	D.	~ · I	•	٠,	<b>.</b>
	Pag d	42	Eighteen-Forty-Eight		age
			Elegy on Edward Walsh	•••	• • •
	17 11		Emmet		127
			Erin in the Sea	•••	-
Ah, kindly and sweet, we mus	:: 7		Erm in the Sea	•••	244
		-=	Fair-hilled, pleasant Ireland		
	II		Feithfailge (Honeysuckle		92
			· Ringlets)		
	9		Florence	•••	-23
	II		Frances		168
A			Friends across the Sea		223
		23	Friends across the Sea	•••	222
	23		Good Morning		
A Shamrock from the Iris		۱ ۳	Gougane Barra	•••	
OL		2	Gougane paria	•••	x65
	 26		Harry's Away		
	20		Home! Home!		107
Avouricen Ducensii .	20	١	Home: Home:	•••	262
D. III. 1		ì	I know where		
	13		I'll seek the pleasant breezes	•••	
		88 J	I love thee not for rank or g		
Barney	{	82	In early Summer time		
Better and Strong .	20	ا 70	In Memoriam.—William Sm	ii.	131
віаскрооі	20	04	O'Brien		
Blooming May	;	30		•••	
Blackpool Blooming May Bonnie Twinkling Starnies Break of Day	(	66	In the City	•••	213 67
Bridget Tripping to the Fair.	2	16	Irish National Hymn		247
Bring me back to my Erinn.	2	35	I sit in a Palace on Ital		232
		- 1	Strand	-	
Carraig Mocleara .	:	11	I would not die	•••	39 210
	:	7I	1 Would not uic	•••	210
Cean Dubh Deelish .	:	26	Kate of Glenkeen		
Charity .	1	44	77' NT 'I	• • •	
Clondallagh	(	اخت	ILILLY ITCH	••••	101
Coming home from Mass .	1	75	Lee-Mount		81
Constant Dropping wears th	ie '	.	Life and Death		266
Stone .	I	04	Longing		
Crossing the Ferry .	2	26	Lovely Irish Jane		177
Cushla Mochree .	(	98	Lovely Mary Donnelly	•••	
		-	Love and Nationality		53 170
Donall na Greine		20	2010 and 1. anonamy	•••	- 70
Don't forget Poor Bother'd Da	2.	24	March '6s .		212
TATE OF TON BOUNCE OF THE			,	• • •	412

P	age	•	P	age
Married for Money	46	The Banks and Woods of t	he	-3-
Mary	74	Lee		117
Mary of Clorah	183	The Beautiful Grave	•••	
Mavourneen Acushla Machree	27	The Blind Girl of Glenore		254
May (Condon)	35	The Boatmen of Kerry		263
May (Varian)	33	The Children of the Gael		207
May and Ellen	260	The Christian Brothers		141
Morning	160 l	The Closing Scene		38
	130	The Curlew		227
	172	The "Dark Girl" at the "He	-lv	,
My Boat	87	Well"		166
My Father	47	The Dear Old Air		128
My Irish Wife	78	The Desolation		21
	180	The Drouchteen.—A Mayd	•••	21
My Phelim		Adventure		0
A C	173	The Ever-Young Forest		158
36 377	102	The fair Irish face	•••	76
	116	The Fairy Well		237
		The Fairy Whirlwind	•••	12
Nan of Holly-Park '	103	The Farewells	•••	24
Night Thoughts in the Austra-		The flame that burned	•••	61
	160	brightly	so	
		The Friend of the Family	•••	151
Oh! If I were you Gossamer	222	O'Slutheram's Pig		
Oh! My Bird	41	The France De-	•••	187
O Sweeter than the Fragrant	٠ ١	The Frying Pan	•••	44
Flower	142	The Gaelic Tongue	•••	203
On hearing a Robin sing	58	The Glen of Ballyvolane	•••	69
On the Mountains of Pomeroy	220	The Green Ribbon	•••	50
	241	The Grey-haired Bride The Hare's Form	•••	1.53
	٠ ١		•••	63
Paddy to his Mistress	145	The Heroines of Limerick The Hillside	•••	196
C D			.:::	85
Saxon Protestant to a Catholic		The Irish Mother at her Chi	ld's	
Celt	152	Grave	•••	99
September	45	The Jolly Companie	•••	125
She dwells by a Daisy-browed	- 1	The Lapful of Nuts	•••	I
Strame	129	The Little Simple Girl	•••	100
Song from the Backwoods	51 l	The lovely Anemones sprin	kle	199
Song of the American Trapper	32	The Lunar Rainbow (Hink	s) .	13
Song of an Irish Tradesman's	- 1	The Lunar Rainbow (Varia	ın)	56
Wife	59	The Merry Christmas Fire	•••	18
	112	The Old Irish Cow	•••	115
Steering Home	108	The Old Irish Jig	•••	9
Swell—Swell your Song	28	The Old Man's Blessing	•••	55
Swell—Swell your Song Sweetheart o' my Cow	218	The Patriot's Wife	٠.,	248
	202	The Potato-digger's Song	•••	15
Take it Form	ا . ا	The Rose of Kilclawan	•••	65
Take it Easy	83	The Saga of King Sigir a		
The Abbot of Innisfallen	251 l	his Sons	• • •	133

Page	Pag
The Shamrock from the Irish	The Well of the Omen 2
Shore 2	To an Infant asleep on its
The Sister of Charity 147	Mother's breast 22
The Snowdrop 14	To my Brother 21
The Soldier-boy 146	To my Wife #
The Spare Child 256	l
The Spinning Wheel 17	Under the Snow 10
The Stile by the Brooklet at	l
Ballinatray 20	What are the Stars? 157
The Stitchwort 209	When I was a Boy 161
The Sweet-brier Tree 204	
The True King 84	
The Uninscribed Tomb of	Willie's Mother 220
Robert Emmet 77	Windlass Song 97
The Wedding of the Clans 138	Won't you leave me a lock of
The Winding Banks of Erne;	your hair? 200
or, the Emigrant's adieu to	
Ballyshannon 5	1

# APPENDIX,—STREET BALLADS.

	Pag
A Lament on the Execution of Captain Brennan	272
The Battle of the Kitchen Furniture	274
The Maid of Cloghrop	975



#### THE

# HARP OF ERIN.

### THE LAPFUL OF NUTS.\*

(From the Irish.)

SAMUEL FERGUSSON, M.R.I.A. †

Whene'er I see soft hazel eyes,
And nut-brown curls,
I think of those bright days I spent
Among the Limerick girls;
When up through Cratha woods I went
Nutting with thee;
And we plucked the glossy, clustering fruit

From many a bending tree.

Beneath the hazel boughs we sat—
Thou, love, and I—
And the gathered nuts lay in thy lap,
Beneath thy downcast eye;
But little we thought of the store we'd won,
I, love, or thou;

For our hearts were full, and we dare not own The love that's spoken now.

\* "Lays of the Western Gael, and other Poems," by Samuel Fergusson. London: Bell and Dalby, Fleet Street.
† Author of "The Hibernian Night's Entertainments," &c.

Oh, there's wars for willing hearts in Spain,
And high Germanie!
And I'll come back, ere long, again,
With knightly fame and fee;
And I'll come back, if I ever come back,
Faithful to thee,
That sat with thy white lap full of nuts
Beneath the hazel tree.

### A SHAMROCK FROM THE IRISH SHORE.\*

(On receiving a Shamrock in a letter from Ireland.)

DENIS FLORENCE MACCARTHY. †

O, Postman! speed thy tardy gait—
Go quicker round from door to door;
For thee I watch, for thee I wait,
Like many a weary wanderer more.
Thou bringest news of bale and bliss—
Some life begun, some life well o'er.
He stops—he rings! O, Heaven! what's this?
A Shamrock from the Irish shore!

Dear emblem of my native land,
By fresh fond words kept fresh and green;
The pressure of an unfelt hand—
The kisses of a lip unseen;
A throb from my dead mother's heart—
My father's smile revived once more.
Oh, youth! Oh, love! Oh, hope! thou art,
Sweet Shamrock from the Irish shore!

<sup>\*</sup> From the Dublin University Magasine, April, 1865.
† Professor of Poetry in the Catholic University, Dublin. Author of "The Bellfounder, and other Poems."—London: Kent. "Ballads, Poems, and Lyrics."—London: Orr. "Under Glimpses, and other Poems."—London: Kent. Editor of "Irish Ballads."—Dublin: Duffy. Also of "Poets and Dramatists of Ireland."

Enchanter, with thy wand of power,
Thou mak'st the past be present still:
The emerald lawn—the lime-leaved bower—
The circling shore—the sunlit hill:
The grass, in winter's wintriest hours,
By dewy daisies dimpled o'er,
Half hiding, 'neath their trembling flowers,
The Shamrock of the Irish shore.

And thus, where'er my footsteps strayed,
By queenly Florence, kingly Rome—
By Padua's long and lone arcade—
By Ischia's fires and Adria's foam—
By Spezzia's fatal waves that kissed
"My Poet" calmly sailing o'er:
By all, by each, I mourned and missed
The Shamrock of the Irish shore!

I saw the palm-tree stand aloof
Irresolute 'twixt the sand and sea;
I saw upon the trellised roof,
Outspread, the wine that was to be.
A giant-flowered and glorious tree,
I saw the tall magnolia soar;
But there, even there, I longed for thee,
Poor Shamrock of the Irish shore!

Now on the ramparts of Boulogne,
As lately by the lonely Rance,
At evening as I watched the sun,
I look!—I dream! Can this be France?
Not Albion's cliffs—how near they be!—
He seems to love to linger o'er;
But gilds, by a remoter sea,
The Shamrock on the Irish shore!

I'm with him in that wholesome clime— That fruitful soil, that verdurous sod— Where hearts unstained by vulgar crime Have still a simple faith in God.

• "My Poet"—Percy Bysche Shelly, drowned in the Bay of Spezzia, 8th July, 1822.

# THE HARP OF ERIN.

Hearts that in pleasure and in pain,
The more they're trod rebound the more,
Like thee, when wet with Heaven's own rain,
O, Shamrock of the Irish shore!

Here on the tawny fields of France, Or in the rank, red English clay, Thou showest a stronger form perchance: A bolder front thou mayst display, More able to resist the scythe

That cut so keen, so sharp before: But then thou art no more the blithe Bright Shamrock of the Irish shore!

Ah! me, to think thy scorns, thy slights,
Thy trampled tears, thy nameless grave
On Frederickburg's ensanguined heights,
Or by Potomac's purple wave!
Ah! me, to think that power malign
Thus turns thy sweet green sap to gore—
And what calm rapture might be thine,
Sweet Shamrock of the Irish shore!

Struggling, and yet for strife unmeet,
True type of trustful love thou art;
Thou liest the whole year at my feet,
To live but one day at my heart.
One day of festal pride to lie
Upon the loved one's heart—what more?
Upon the loved one's heart to die,
O. Shamrock of the Irish shore!

And shall I not return thy love?
And shalt thou not, as thou shouldst, be Placed on thy son's proud heart, above The red rose or the fleur-de-lis? Yes, from these heights the waters beat, I vow to press thy cheek once more, And lie for ever at thy feet,

O, Shamrock of the Irish shore!

Boulogne-sur-Mer, March 17th, 1865.

### THE WINDING BANKS OF ERNE;

OR.

# THE EMIGRANT'S ADIEU TO BALLYSHANNON.\* (A Local Ballad.)

### WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

- ADIEU to Ballyshannon! where I was bred and born; Go where I may, I'll think of you, as sure as night and morn.

The kindly spot, the friendly town, where every one is known,

And not a face in all the place but partly seems my own. There's not a house or window, there's not a field or hill,

But, east or west, in foreign lands, I'll recollect them still.

I leave my warm heart with you, though my back I'm forced to turn—

So adieu to Ballyshannon, and the winding banks of Erne!

No more on pleasant evenings we'll saunter down the Mall,

When the trout is rising to the fly, the salmon to the fall.

The boat comes straining on her net, and heavily she creeps,

Cast off, cast off!—she feels the oars, and to her berth she sweeps;

\* This, with some others of Mr. Allingham's ballads, is given in Dr. Rodenberg's German collection of translations from Irish ballads. The last of that collection is "Der gruene Strand des Erne," an excellent version of the ballad before us.

ballads. The last of that conection is Ber gruene Shahu was Erne," an excellent version of the ballad before us.

† Of Ballyshannon, County Donegal. Author of a little volume of singular merit, "The Music Master," well illustrated with wood engravings, and elegantly brought out, at 3s. 6d., in London. Also of "Fifty Modern Poems."—London: Bell and Dalban As well as of "Laurence Bloomfield," &c.

Now fore and aft keep hauling, and gathering up the clue,

Till a silver wave of salmon rolls in among the crew.

Then they may sit, with pipes a-lit, and many a joke and "varn;"—

Adieu to Ballyshannon and the winding banks of Erne!

The music of the waterfall, the mirror of the tide, When all the green-hilled harbour is full from side to side—

From Portnasun to Bulliebawns, and round the Abbey Bay.

From rocky Inis Saimer to Coolnargit sandhills grey; While far upon the southern line, to guard it like a wall, The Leitrim mountains, clothed in blue, gaze calmly over all.

And watch the ship sail up or down, the red flag at her stern:

Adieu to these, adieu to all the winding banks of Erne!

Farewell to you, Kildoney lads, and them that pull an oar,

A lug-sail set, or haul a net, from the Point to Mullaghmore;

From Killybegs to bold Slieve-League, that oceanmountain steep,

Six hundred yards in air aloft, six hundred in the deep; From Dooran to the Fairy Bridge, and round by Tullen strand,

Level and long, and white with waves, where gull and curlew stand;—

Head out to sea when on your lee the breakers you discern !--

Adieu to all the billewy coast, and winding banks of Erne!

Farewell Coolmore,—Bundoran! and your summer crowds that run

From inland homes to see with joy th' Atlantic-setting sun;

To breathe the buoyant salted air, and sport among the waves;

To gather shells on sandy beach, and tempt the gloomy caves;

To watch the flowing ebbing tide, the boats, the crabs, the fish;

Young men and maids to meet and smile, and form a tender wish;

The sick and old in search of health, for all things have their turn—

And I must quit my native shore, and the winding banks of Erne!

Farewell to every white cascade from the Harbour to Beleek,

And every pool where fins may rest, and ivy-shaded creek;

The sloping fields, the lofty rocks, where ash and holly grow,

The one split yew-tree gazing on the curving flood below;

The Lough, that winds through islands under Turaw mountain green;
And Castle Caldwell's stretching woods, with tranquil

And Castle Caldwell's stretching woods, with tranquil bays between;

And Breesie Hill, and many a pond among the heath and fern,—

For I must say adieu—adieu to the winding banks of Erne!

The thrush will call through Camlin groves the livelong summer day;

The waters run by mossy cliff, and bank with wild flowers gay;

The girls will bring their work and sing beneath a twisted thorn,

Or stray with sweethearts down the path among the growing corn;

Along the river side they go, where I have often been,— O, never shall I see again the days that I have seen! A thousand chances are to one I never may return,—Adieu to Ballyshannon and the winding banks of Erne!

Adieu to evening dances, when merry neighbours meet, And the fiddle says to boys and girls, "Get up and shake your feet!"

To "shanachus" and wise old talk of Erinn's days gone by—

Who trench'd the rath on such a hill, and where the bones may lie

Of saint, or king, or warrior chief; with tales of fairy power,

And tender ditties sweetly sung to pass the twilight hour.

The mournful song of exile is now for me to learn—Adieu, my dear companions on the winding banks of Erne!

Now measure from the Commons down to each end of the Purt.

Round the Abbey, Moy, and Knather—I wish no one any hurt;

The Main Street, Back Street, College Lane, the Mall, and Portnasun.

If any foes of mine are there, I pardon every one.

I hope that man and womankind will do the same by me;

For my heart is sore and heavy at voyaging the sea.

My loving friends I'll bear in mind, and often fondly
turn

To think of Ballyshannon, and the winding banks of Erne.

If ever I'm a money'd man, I mean, please God, to cast My golden anchor in the place where youthful years where pass'd;

Though heads that now are black and brown must meanwhile gather grey,

New faces rise by every hearth, and old ones drop away—

Yet dearer still that Irish hill than all the world beside; It's home, sweet home, where'er I roam, through lands and waters wide.

And if the Lord allows me, I surely will return To my native Ballyshannon, and the winding banks of Erne.

# THE OLD IRISH JIG. .

JAMES McKowen.\*

My blessing be on you old Erin, my own land of frolic and fun,

For all sorts of mirth and diversion your like is not under the sun,

Bohemia may boast of her polka, and Spain of her waltzes talk big,

Och! sure they are nothing but limping compared with an old Irish Jig.

#### CHORUS:

Then a fig for your new-fashioned waltzes, imported from Spain and from France,

And a fig for the thing called the polka, our own Irish Jig we will dance.

I've heard how our Jig came in fashion, and believe that the story is true,

By Adam and Eve 'twas invented, the reason waspartners were few.

And though they could both dance the polka, Eve thought it was not quite chaste,

She preferred our old Jig to be dancing, and faith I approve of her taste,

Then a fig for your new-fashioned waltzes, &c.

\* Of Lisburn, County Antrim. Author of the sweet and lively song, "Kate of Glenkeen," at page 30 of this volume; and of other songs and ballads interspersed here.

The light-hearted daughters of Erin, like the wild mountain deer they can bound,

Their feet never touch the Green Island, but music is struck from the ground.

And oft in the glens and green meadows the old Jig they dance with such grace,

That even the daisies they tread on look up with delight in their face.

Then a fig for your new-fashioned waltzes, &c.

An old Irish Jig, too, was danced by kings and by great men of yore,—

King O'Toole himself could well foot it to a tune they call "Rory O'More,"

And oft in the great Hall of Tara, our famous King Brian Boru,

Danced an old Irish Jig with his nobles, and played 'his own harp to them too.

Then a fig for your new-fashioned waltzes, &c.

And sure when Herodias's daughter was dancing in King Herod's sight,

His heart that for years had been frozen, was thawed with pure love and delight;

And more than a hundred times over I've heard Father Flanagan tell,

'Twas our own Irish Jig that she footed that pleased the old villain so well.

#### CHORUS:

Then a fig for your new-fashioned waltzes, imported from Spain and from France,

And a fig for the thing called the polka, our own Irish Jig we will dance.

### CARRAIG-MOCLEARA.\*

CHARLES J. KICKHAM. †

OH, sweet Slianamon, you're my darling and pride, With your soft-swelling bosom and mein like a bride How oft have I wandered, in sunshine and shower, From dark Kileavalla‡ to lonely Glenbower; Or spent with a light heart the long summer's day, "Twixt Seefen§ and the Clocdeach above Kile-a-tlea; But, than wood, glen, or torrent, to me far more dear, Is thy crag-crowned forehead, old Carrig-Mocklear!

For there gathered stout hearts in brave Ninety-eight, Undaunted, unflinching, grim death to await; And there did I hope to behold once again, Rushing down from the mountain and up from the plain, The men of Slievardagh, to rally once more In the holy old cause, like their fathers before; And oh saints! how I prayed that the Saxon might hear The first shout of the onset from Carrig-Mocklear!

Yet a maiden might sleep the rough granite between, On the flower-spangled sward, 'tis so sunny and green; 'Tis thus you will find in the stormiest breast Some spot fresh and warm, where love might be guest; And how like a bless'd dream did one autumn eve glide, With my first and my only love there by my side! Ah! no wonder, no wonder I gaze with a tear On the rocks and the flowers of old Carrig-Mocklear!

\* Carraig-Mocleara (pronounced Carrig-Mocklear) was the place chosen for the insurgent camp in '98. It is almost the only part of Sliabh-na-m-ban (Slieve-na-mon) to which the term rugged could be applied.

Recently under penal servitude for political offences. Author of a few beautiful prose sketches of Irish life, and of some excel-

lent Irish ballads.

‡ Properly Coill-a-mheala—the Wood of Honey. § Suedh-finn (pronounced See-feen) is the highest of the Sliebh-na-m-ban hills.

|| A mountain torrent which discharges its waters into the river Anner.

¶ Coill-a-t'-sleibh-the Wood of the Hill.

Ye tell, ye lone rocks, where the Rebel's pike gleamed; Of the wrong unavenged, and the vow unredeemed; And thoughts of old times, with their smiles and their showers,

Come back to my soul with the breath of their flowers. But bright hopes of youth, here for ever we part—
Now I feel dark despair fills your place in my heart—
For ne'er may I see the Green Banner uprear,
Nor thy smile, my lost Mary, on Carrig-Mocklear!

### THE FAIRY WELL.

Dr. George Sigerson.\*

CLOSE by the river-side under the hill,
Twinkles a little well, silent and still,
Glancing and glooming and gleaming, so still!
Half in the sun and the shadow.
O for the little well under the hill,
Smiling so sly, yet how silent and still!
O for the fairy well under the hill,

Half in the sun and the shadow!

Close by the little well sat a young maid, Fair drooping lily beginning to fade, Bowing her forehead, she sighed and she prayed, Less in the sun than the shadow.

All by the little well under the hill,
Smiling so sly, yet how silent and still,
All by the fairy well under the hill,
Half in the sun and the shadow,

<sup>\*</sup> Native of Strabane, Tyrone. Professor of Botany, Catholic University, Dublin. Member of the Linnean Society, London. Author of a volume of translations from the Irish (John O'Daly, Anglesea Street, Dublin); and of scientific works, entitled:— "Some Remarks on the Protomorphic Phyllotype," reprinted from the Atlantis (John Fowler, Dame Street, Dublin); "Relationships of the Infloresences," reprinted from the Royal Irish Academy's Proceedings (Dublin University Press, N. H. Gill); "Cannabiculture in Ireland: its Profits and Possibilities" (Wiliam B. Kelly, Graffon Street, Dublin).

Down on its bosom a bitter tear fell; Troubled it grew, then—oh, wonder to tell!— Two parting lovers are seen at the well,

Less in the sun than the shadow.
All by the little well under the hill,
Smiling so sly, yet how silent and still;
All by the fairy well under the hill,

Half in the sun and the shadow. Sighed the young maiden:—"Ah, tell to me true,

Was it for ever—and ever adieu?

Long is he parted from me and from you,

Leaving my heart in the shadow.
Tell me, O fairy well under the hill,
Smiling so sly, yet how silent and still,
Tell me, O fairy well under the hill,
Half in the sun and the shadow."

Down on its bosom the bitter words fell; Brighter it grew, and—oh, wonder to tell!—. Two merry lovers are seen in the well,

More in the sun than the shadow! Tell us, O little well under the hill, Smiling so sly, yet how silent and still! Tell us, O fairy well under the hill,

Was it now, only a shadow?

### THE LUNAR RAINBOW.

REV. THOMAS HINKS. THOU moonlit arch of softest light, That, on the tearful cloud of night, Resteth so tranquilly:

I love to see thy fragile form

Bending in beauty o'er the storm,
And smiling from on high.

Nephew of Sir Francis Hinks, who took a leading part in those struggles which eventuated in the establishment of the legislative independence of British Canada. Grandson of the Rev. Thomas Dix Hinks; still remembered in Ireland for his scientific attainments and force of character, and who was chiefly instrumental in founding THE ROYAL CORK INSTITUTION.

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The bow of day is brighter far;
Yet thou, companion of the star,
Art dearer far to me:
Born in the dark and dreary hour,
Cradled aloft in cloudy bower—
Child of the night—I hail thee!

The wat'ry clouds that float on high,
Shrouding in gloom the midnight sky,
Are brightened by thy bow;
And thus, in sorrow's darkest hour,
Some light of Heav'n breaks through with power,
And gilds the tears of woe!

There is no lot in life below—
No scene of anguish and of woe,
To us poor mortals given,
However dull and drear its hue,
But has its bow of promise too—
Its ray of light from Heaven!

### THE SNOWDROP.

#### REV. THOMAS HINKS.

FAIR flower! that 'midst the lingering storms and snows Of winter, and the early smile of spring, Rearest thy pensile form—pale fragile thing! Bending beneath each chilling blast that blows From the rude icy North—rough winter throws Its snows upon thee; while the spring impearls, Within thy cup, its name in softest tints Of gleen. Child of two seasons! who that knows Thee, loves not to behold thy graceful form Wooing the sunlight—shrinking from the storm? Thou art the herald of a brighter time, Rearing thy flag on winter's dreary way; Thou com'st, like spirit from a fairer clime, Predicting joy 'midst death and sad decay.

### THE POTATO-DIGGER'S SONG.

THOMAS C. IRWIN.\*

COME, Connel, acushla! turn the clay,
And show the lumpers the light, gossoon!
For we must toil this autumn day,

With Heaven's help, till rise of the moon.

Our corn is stacked, our hay secure,

Thank God! and nothing, my boy, remains,

But to pile the potatoes safe on the flure, Before the coming November rains.

The peasant's mine is his harvest still;

So now, my lads, let's dig with a will :--Work hand and foot,

Work spade and hand, Work spade and hand,

Through the crumbly mould;

The blessed fruit
That grows at the root
Is the real gold of Ireland!

Och! I wish that Maurice and Mary, dear, Were singing besides us this soft day! Of course, they're far better off than here,

But whether they're happier, who can say? I've heard when its morn with us, its night

With them on the far Australian shore;— Well, Heaven be about them with visions bright,

And send them childer and money galore.
With us there's many a mouth to fill,

And so, my boys, lets dig with a will:—
Work hand and foot,

Work spade and hand, Work spade and hand

Through the brown dry mould;

The blessed fruit That grows at the root

Is the real gold of Ireland!

\* Resident of Dublin. Author of "Versicles" (Hennessy, Dublin); "Poems" (McGlashan and Gill, Dublin), &c.

Ah, then, Paddy O'Reardon, you thundering Turk, Is it coortin' you are in the blessed noon? Come over here, Katty, and mind your work, Or I'll see if your mother can't change your tune. Well, youth will be youth, as you know, Mick, Sixteen and twenty for each were meant;-But, Pat, in the name of the fairies, avic, Defer your proposal till after Lent: And as love on this island lives mostly still On potatoes—dig, boy, dig with a will :— Work with hand and foot, Work spade and hand, Work spade and hand Through the harvest mould; The blessed fruit That grows at the root

Down the bridle-road the neighbours ride, Through the light ash shade by the wheaten sheaves;

Is the real gold of Ireland!

And the children sing on the mountain side,
In the sweet blue smoke of the burning leaves,
As the great sun sets, in glory furled,
Faith, it's grand to think as I watch his face—

If he never sets on the English World

He never, lad, sets on the Irish Race.

In the West, in the South, New Irelands still
Grow up in his light—come work with a will:—
Work hand and foot,

Work spade and hand,
Work spade and hand
Through the native mould;
The blessed fruit
That grows at the root
Is the real gold of Ireland!

But look! the round moon, yellow as corn, Comes up from the sea, in the deep blue calm; It scarcely seems a day since morn; Well—the heel of the evening to you mam!
God bless the moon! for many a night,
As I restless lay on a troubled bed—
When rent was due—her quieting light
Has flattered with dreams my poor old head.
But see—the baskets remain to fill!
Come, girls, be alive—boys, dig with a will:—
Work hand and foot,
Work spade and hand,
Through the moonlit mould;
The blessed fruit
That grows at the root,
Is the real gold of Ireland!

#### THE SPINNING WHEEL.

#### RALPH VARIAN.\*

I won his heart; I am not poor; I'm rich upon this clay-cold floor; The flaxen twine, and love I reel, With murmurs of the wheel.

The evening dusk, the moon shone in; With throbbing heart I sat to spin; The flaxen twine, and love I feel,
And murmurs of my wheel.

The shadow came between the moon;
The One I longed for morn and noon;
He said, he loved the flaxen reel,
And murmurs of the wheel.

"O, Moyria, Moyria, heart of mine!
Tis woven with thy golden line;
Forever I would hear and feel,
The murmurs of thy wheel.

\* Of Cork.

"O, Moyria, Moyria, Girl a Roon! The sun shall gild no crescent moon, Ere I shall build, by Toon's fair side. Sweet shelter for my bride.

"Where Toon, " 'mid osiers, meets the Lee, Ten acres planted tidily; A cot, whose roof the green leaves hide, Sweet shelter for my bride!"

"O, Owen, Owen, by the tear That glitters on this brown hand here, Thy love confessed, not grief at all, Made this sweet tear-drop fall !"

I won his heart; I am not poor! I'm rich upon this clay-cold floor! The flaxen twine and love I reel. With murmurs of the wheel!

No power on earth our lives can part; He felt the murmurs of my heart! Forever he shall hear and feel The music of my wheel!

## THE MERRY CHRISTMAS FIRE.+ Dr. R. D. JOYCE !

Air: "The First Night I was Married."

In summer time my heart is glad, In autumn low or gay. But there is sweet, and nought of sad, When Christmas comes alway: And never bliss more sweet than this Can happy man desire, Than sit a-near his true-love dear,

A tributary of the Lee, near Macroom.
 † "Ballads, Romances, and Songs," by Robert Dwyer Joyce,
 M.D.—Dublin: James Duffy, Wellington Quay.
 † Native of Limerick. Recently departed these shores for the United States of America.

By the merry Christmas fire.

In summer time the vales are bright
With glancing leaf and flower,
And autumn spreads its amber light
On many a lovely bower;
And sweetly sing the birds in spring,
Like tune of fairy lyre;
But far more dear, my true-love near,
And the merry Christmas fire.

From the Christmas fire the gay flames dart,
And glance, and glow, and whirl,
Like the fire of love within my heart
For my own sweet Irish girl.
Oh! gladdest boon, to sit full soon,
Where young hearts ne'er could tire—
All fondly near my true-love dear,
By the merry Christmas fire!

## GOOD MORNING.

Dr. John T. Campion.\*

THE willows droop along the Nore,
And bow down o'er its flowing,
And blossoms paint its winding shore,
'Mid summer perfumes glowing;
And sunbeams smile, and bright birds sing,
Like flowers the sky adorning,
And bending down upon the wing,
They bid my love—"Good morning!"
Good morning—Good morning!
As if with sweet and lyric string,
They bid my love good morning.

Of Kilkenny. Author of several racy tales and sketches of Irish life, of "Traces of the Crusaders in Ireland," and if several spirited ballads.

The breezes blow along the Nore,
'Mid teeming fruit trees creeping,
As if to whisper fairy lore
Where loneliness is sleeping;
Upon their lips are perfumed sighs
That give the senses warning,
As gently roving through the skies,
They bid my love—"Good morning!"
Good morning—Good morning!
As if with magic melodies,
They bid my love good morning.

The swallows swoop along the Nore,
And dip their bosoms, gliding;
As if some joyous news they bore,
And wantoned in their priding;
As if were their's both time and tide,
For heeding or for scorning;
But in their speed, and in their pride,
They bid my love—"Good morning!"
Good morning—Good morning!
Yes, whilst they mock at road or guide,
They bid my love good morning.

# THE STILE BY THE BROOKLET AT BALLINATRAY.\*

#### RALPH VARIAN.

'TIs the stile by the brooklet at Ballinatray; With furze-bush resplendent—marsh marigolds gay; Where globes of the campion in clusters hung bright, Filling young hands with beauty—young hearts with delight,

Where, with steps like a young steed, we folded the

By the brook, and the river of Ballinatray.

A delightful locality on the famous Southern Blackwater, a few miles above Youghal.

With globes of the campion\* beguiling the way, I saw her step over the blossoming spray:
The starwort she twined in her brown wavy hair;
The golden-eyed blue flower was glittering there—
With song she moved on; but she slipped on her way,
And my help she took kindly at Ballinatray.

Dear lambent flames hover above that old stile: The wealth of affection—the light of a smile! Her hand placed in mine shot the heavenly ray—A star for the brow of the stormiest day!—A ray, in my heart, to light, should I stray, To my own beloved girl, and Ballinatray.

The stile by the brooklet at Ballinatray,
Wears a halo of glory wherever I stray—
In the free States and backwoods a vision of light;
It gilds all my rough toils with hope and delight.
I long for the year, when with rapture I'll say—
"I've a safe home for you, love, at Ballinatray!"

#### THE DESOLATION.

(From the Irish of Andrias M'Marcus, cct. A.D. 1602).

DR. GEORGE SIGERSON.

LONE—our Land this night is lone! Hear ye not sad Erinn's moan? Maidens weep and true men sorrow, Lone the Brave Race, night and morrow.

- Lone this night is Fodhla's plain, (Though the foemen swarm amain), Far from Erinn, generous-hearted—
  Far her flower of sons is parted.
- A clustering wild-flower of great beauty of outline: petals whitish, calyx elegantly striped and inflated, so that young people amuse themselves with making a sharp report with it on the back of the hand.

They have crossed the Spanish foam, To their great Forefather's home; Though from populous Erinn gone, They have left behind not one!

Great the hardship! great the grief! Ulster wails Tir-connell's Chief, From Eman, west to Assarue, Wails gallant, gentle, generous Hugh.

Children's joy no more rejoices, Fetters silence Song's sweet voices; Change upon our chiefs, alas! Bare the altar, banned the Mass.

Homes are hearthless, harps in fetters, Guerdons none for men of letters; Banquets none, nor merry meetings, Hills ring not the chace's greetings.

Songs of war make no heart stronger, Songs of praise inspire no longer; In great halls, at close of days, Sound no more our fathers' lays.

On Bregia's plain is heard no more The great Milesian deeds of yore; Unsung the rout o'er hill and hollow, When Denmark fled and gay Gael follow.

Thus is Erinn's sad estate, This, henceforth, must be her fate; Long the ban will lie upon her, Helpless long in hard dishonour.

Now come—it must, alas! be said— Egyptian rule upon her head; The faithless host round Troja's wall's, The fate of Babylonian halls. The foeman camps in Neimid's plains; Who can break our heavy chains? What Naesi, son of Conn, shall prove A Moses to the land we love?

She has none who now can aid her, All have gone before the invader; Banba's bonds and cruel cross Steal the very souls from us.

#### AMONG THE HEATHER.\*

#### WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

ONE evening walking out, I o'ertook a modest colleen, When the wind was blowing cool, and the harvest leaves were falling.

"Is our road, by chance, the same? Might we travel on together?"

"O, I keep the mountain side," she replied, "among the heather."

"Your mountain air is sweet, when the days are long and sunny,

When the grass grows round the rocks, and the whinbloom smells like honey;

But the winter's coming fast, with its foggy snowy weather,

And you'll find it bleak and chill on your hill, among the heather."

\* There is an old Ulster song which opens thus:-

As I was coming home from the fair of Ballymally, O! I met a comely lass, she was fairer than Diana, O: I asked her where she lived, as we roved on together, O, "The bounie mountain high (she replied) among the heather, O!

Mr. Allingham, with the instinct of a true poet, has seized this strain, and made it into a perfect little poem.

She praised her mountain home; and I'll praise it, too, with reason,

For where Molly is, there's sunshine and flowers at every season.

Be the moorland black or white, does it signify a feather,

Now I know the way by heart, every part, among the heather?

The sun goes down in haste, and the night falls thick and stormy;

Yet I'd travel twenty miles to the welcome that's before me;

Singing hi for Eskydun, in the teeth of wind and weather!

Love'll warm me as I go through the snow, among the heather.

#### THE FAIRY WHIRLWIND.

Dr. John T. Campion.

ANKLE-DEEP in dust, the little Irish girl, With eyes of plaintive hazel, teeth of gleaming pearl, Tramps the noiseless highway, silent in the even, Gazed on by the concave of the thinking heaven, Plucking wayside flowers, purple, pink, and tinted, Fresh from Nature's coffers, bright and newly minted.

From the wavy meadows, like an organ tuning, Cuckoo notes, afar, on the air are crooning; Weary crows fly home, cawing with the labour, "Save you," "Save you kindly," neighbour passes neighbour.

The magpie on its prowl, in the fir-tree hidden, Stares upon the homestead, down on meats forbidden; And, creeps the limber weasel, out upon the pathway, Humping, hoping something toothsome coming that way. Ankle-deep in dust, the roving Irish girl, Stooping 'mid the hedge rows, where, like living beryl, Velvet moss and herbage carpet every angle, Where the violets hide, where the woodbines dangle.

Beneath a row of alders, thick and berry-laden, With her clustered flowers, stands the Irish maiden, Looking up the roadway, where the dust, in motion, Ebbs and heaves and tumbles, like a troubled ocean; Now, in spiral twirls, rising up, and twining Like robed spirit girls, all of earth resigning.

Now, in one swift column, startling the even, Shooting skyward, wildly, like a bolt to heaven—'Tis the fairy whirlwind, terrible to mortals, Hurrying some being to eternal portals! Sudden is the heart-beat, in her alder bowers, Of the dark-eyed damsel—from her hand the flowers Drop, in dread alarm, as she upward gazes At the shadowy column entering the mazes Of the fleecy vapours waiting to receive it. Horrid thought! to know—in that heart, believe it—Had she been within that grey dusty whirl, 'Twas up! as sure as sin! with the wee poor girl.

## I KNOW WHERE.

#### Anonymous.

I KNOW where a warm heart glows
With Friendship's noble fire,
Within whose flames all sadd'ning woes
Shall find a ready pyre.
An honest clasp was on my hand,
A kind word in mine ear,
A welcome to my Native Land,
My Emerald Erinn dear!

I know where a bright smile beams
To light me on to Love,
And wreathes around me mystic dreams,
Descending from above.
A fine bright eye of Celtic blue
Hath spoken love to me—
And I will be to it as true
As that Love's purity.

I know where a cot doth stand;
There honeysuckles twine;
And there we will go hand in hand
When my Beloved is mine.
And there contented life shall fade—
As sunniest lives must do—
Nor o'er our souls shall pass a shade
That love with not shine through.

## CEAN DUBH DEELISH.\*

(From the Irish.)

SAMUEL FERGUSSON, M.R.I.A.

PUT your head, darling, darling, darling,
Your darling black head my heart above!
Oh, mouth of honey, with the thyme for fragrance,
Who, with heart in breast, could deny thy love?
Oh, many and many a young girl for me is pining,
Letting her locks of gold to the cold wind free—
For me, the foremost of our gay-young fellows;
But I'd leave a hundred, pure love, for thee!
Then put your head, darling, darling, darling,
Your darling black head my heart above!
Oh, mouth of honey, with the thyme for fragrance,
Who, with heart in breast, could deny thy love?

<sup>\*</sup> Ceandub dileas-Dear black head.

## MAVOURNEEN ACUSHLA MACHREE.\*

#### ELLEN FORRESTER.

THERE are words which we cherish till life's latest day, Though the lips that once breathed them have faded away;

Words simple and fond, how they cling round the heart!

Like a halo of love that can never depart; And of all these fond phrases, the sweetest to me— Is the Gaelic "Mavourneen acushla machree."

Soft and sad as the music that steals from afar,
When the summer winds sigh 'neath the pale evening star,

Those dear words float back o'er my life's troubled sea, "Mayourneen! Mayourneen! Acushla machree!"

I have mourned, one by one, the bright hopes of my youth:

I have wept o'er the grave of affection and truth; Still, like dew on my heart, falls the sweet memory Of the days when I first heard "Acushla machree."

And still when fierce oaths on my startled ear fall, When my heart's warmest feelings are turning to gall, I recall the loved voices that often to me Have whispered—"Mavourneen acushla machree."

I recall the blest days that have long passed away, When a mother's soft hand on my youthful head lay; And a mother's sweet voice, as I stood at her knee, Would murmur—"Mayourneen acushla machree!"

Momournin a cuisle mo-croide.
 † Of the North of Ireland—residing at present in Manchester.
 Author of "Simple Strains." — London: Henderson, Fleet Street.

And now, when my own little ones I caress, No dull English phrase can my feelings express; But up from my heart like some old melody, Burst the Gaelic "Mavourneen acushla machree."

## SWELL—SWELL YOUR SONG.

RALPH VARIAN.

SWELL—swell your song, sweet ardent bird— Seek not the sheltering nest! Start not away, bright gentle herd— Break not your fleecy rest!

Close not your lids, ye-gentle flowers— Blue sky, still span the scene— Rich dyes of summer evening hours, Still linger o'er the green!

For Mary's soul-lit, blooming face Speaks of your notes and dyes, And every charm receives new grace Reflected from her eyes!

## THE WELL OF THE OMEN. Dr. Robert D. Joyce.

AT morn, up green Ard-Patrick,\* the Sunday bell rang clear,

And downward came the peasants with looks of merry cheer.

With many a youth and maiden by pathways green and fair,

To hear the Mass devoutly and say the Sunday prayer; And the meadows shone around them, where the skylarks gay were singing,

And the stream sang songs amid the flowers, and the Sunday bell was ringing.

<sup>\*</sup> Near Limerick.

There is a well sunk deep by old Ard-Patrick's wall, Within it gaze the peasants, to see what may befall.

Who see not there their shadows shall die within the year;

Who see their shadows smiling—oh, they'll have merry cheer!

There strayed the youths and maidens, where the soft green grass was springing,

While the stream sang songs amid the flowers, and the Sunday bell was ringing.

Out spoke wild Richard Hanlon:—"We'll see what may befall"—

'Twas to young Bride McDonnell, the flower among them all,—

"Come see if our's be sorrow or merry wedlock's band!"

Then took the smiling maiden all the lily hand,

And there they knelt together, their bright looks downward flinging,

While the stream sang songs amid the flowers, and the Sunday bell was ringing.

They looked into the water—no shadows shone below; The dark, dark sign of evil! Ah, could it e'er be so? Full lightly laughed young Richard, although his heart was chill.

And with fair Bride McDonnell, and all went down the hill

To hear the Mass devoutly, with the soft airs round them ringing,

While the stream sang songs amid the flowers, and the Sunday bell was ringing.

Sweet months, despite the omen, in sunny bliss flew o'er, And sometimes thinking on it, but made them love the more:

But when across Ard-Patrick they sought the lowland plain.

Into the well's dark waters they never looked again;

There never with the maidens they sat, fair garlands stringing,

While the stream sang songs amid the flowers, and the Sunday bell was ringing.

The storm and flood were over—they left us with dismay;

The ford's great rocks were loosened, 'neath Eastmore's torrent gray;

And clasped in death together—oh, sad the tale to tell!—

Were found young Bride and Richard, drowned by the Robber's Well.

Oh, false and cruel water, so merry downward flinging, How cans't thou sing amid the flowers while the deathbell loud is ringing?

From old Ard-Patrick's ruins loud sounds the piercing keen:

By the sad Well of the Omen a deep, deep grave is seen,

Where side by side together they've laid the early dead, And the Mass they've chanted o'er them, and the requiem prayer is said.

There was woe and bootless sorrow in many a bosom clinging,

But the stream sang songs amid the flowers, while the death-bell loud was ringing.

## KATE OF GLENKEEN. IAMES MCKOWEN.\*

JAMES MICKOWEN.

By the banks of the Barrow residing, Are girls with the dark raven hair; And where the black waters are gliding The maidens are faithful and fair;

Author of the serio-comic song, "The Old Irish Jig," at page 9 of this volume; and of the "The Old Irish Cow," "My Sailor Boy," &c., also in this volume.

But, of all Erin's pure-hearted daughters, I'll tell your the one that is queen— She dwells by Agivia's bright waters— The lovely young Kate of Glenkeen.

She is pure as the dewdrops that cluster
Round the heathbell that blooms on Slievemore,
Her eye hath the diamond's lustre,
That studs the grey breast of Benmore;
Than her voice the soft South is not sweeter,
When breathing o'er spring's robe of green;
Or Errigal's fawn is not fleeter
Than lovely young Kate of Glenkeen.

The snow I have seen freshly fallen
On Slievemish's top as I stood;
The wild rose I've seen on Slievegullen,
Just cleaving its emerald hood;
And that snow from the cloud newly driven,
And that flower of the mountain so sheen,
Are the colours that nature hath given
The cheek of young Kate of Glenkeen.

'Tis sweet, when the sun is saluting
The heights of the misty Kocklayd';
'Tis sweet, when its first ray is shooting
Through lonely Glenullen's green shade;
But O, there's an hour that is sweeter—
When the star of the evening is seen,
And its bright twinkle tells me I'll meet her—
The lovely young Kate of Glenkeen.

AUTHOR'S NOTE.—Kate of Glenkeen was no ghost, but was a pretty and innocent country girl, whose name was Kate Dempsey, who lived at Glenkeen in the County Derry, now five or six and twenty years ago, and who was called Kate of Glenkeen in order to distinguish her from other Kate Dempseys in the same neighbourhood. At the time above mentioned, I was on a visit to a relation of mine, who then resided in the County Derry; and while on that visit I first saw and heard of Kate of Glenkeen. The appellation struck me as being very beautiful; so on my journey home, while sitting on the top of a stage-coach, I struck off the rough draft of my song. . "Knocklayde"

is a mountain near the town of Ballycastle, County Antrim. ... "Slievemish" is also a mountain in County Antrim, and is the mountain where tradition says St. Patrick herded swine when he was a slave of some great chieftain. ... "Benmore" is a bold headland on the Antrim coast, where, tradition says, there is a diamond that can be seen sparkling at night by the fishermen at sea; hence the allusion in my song:—

"Her eye hath the diamond's lustre, That studs the grey breast of Benmore."

#### SONG OF THE AMERICAN TRAPPER.\*

Anonymous (Clio).

DEAR Linda, first of Western maids, Fair queen of prairie-flowers,
Since first we danced in forest-glades,
Among primæval bowers,
New hopes elate my glowing heart,
New charms around me rise;
For thee this bow propels the dart—
The moose-deer for thee dies.
"I'll hunt the panther over the plain,

The lion's cub I'll bind in a chain,
And the wild gazelle, with its silvery feet,
I'll give thee for a playmate, sweet!"

The osprey's plume, thy hair to bind,
I'll bring thee from on high;
To yield thee fur of rarest kind,
The sable fox shall die;
This rifle true for thee shall ring,
The bison down shall reel,
The blade I bear in wampum-belt
Thy foeman's heart shall feel!
"I'll hunt the panther over the plain," &c.

• From an Irish-American publication.

A light canoe for thee I'll hew From trunk of forest-tree; The honey for thy feast I'll bring From hive of prairie-bee; Thy wigwam of the willow-tree I'll bind with bison-hide; Thy couch of eider-down shall be Meet for my peerless bride.

"I'll hunt the panther over the plain," &c.

#### MAY.

#### RALPH VARIAN.

THE springtide has come with its sunshine and showers, And the zephyrs move in through the spray, And they pause, as they pass, to make love to the

That are smiling a welcome to May-Sweet May!

That are smiling a welcome to May.

The lime wins the bees with its rich luscious store. Over tree-roots, with primroses gay, And the hyacinths\* wildly throng up from the floor, To welcome the advent of May-Sweet May!

To welcome the advent of May.

Bright rays from the white clouds have drooped down below,

To shine in the stitchwort's array; And the rough-coated furze, with sunshine a-glow, Shoots out blossoms of honey to May-Sweet May!

Shoots out blossoms of honey to May.

The bluebell, or wild hyacinth.
 † A star-like wild-flower, with snow-white petals: stem very slender, about three feet in length, which supports itself by stitching its way through the tangled hedges of May.

The charmed dandelion, in dazzling light,
Laughs up from the well-trodden way;
While speedwell's\* soft blue, on the tender fields bright,
Sings a national welcome to May—
Sweet May!
Sings a national welcome to May.

The gum on the buds, on the leaf, on the bark,
Like manna drops down on the way;
And flowers on the great trees of forest and park

• Breathe a concert to beautiful May—
Sweet May!

Breathe a concert to beautiful May.

Dim streaks of the morning have strayed down below,
On Glengariff's boulders of grey,
To play in the cups of geraniums that blow
In wildering festoons to May.

Sweet May!
In wildering festoons to May.

The grey silver mist wings the seeds on the walk,
And tempts the dear children to play;
Who puff the light down from the globes on the stalk,
And count the swift hours of the day.
Sweet May!
And shout out their welcomes to May.

The amber-rayed girl, and raven-winged boy, Are trilling a sweet Irish lay, As they carelessly bound or flit on with joy, In bareheaded welcomes to May— Sweet May! In bareheaded welcomes to May.

 A beautiful little blue wild flower—very abundant in meadow and pasture land.
 † The wild pencilled geranium—abundant in the South of Ireland.

## MAY.\*

CONDON.

LOVELY month of May!
Fragrant sunny season,
Decked with blossoms gay,
Hanging green-leaved trees on:
How it glads the heart
To behold thy brightness,
Causing it to dart
With a joyous lightness!

O dear month of May,
Lovely are thy bowers,
Where with pencil-ray
Sunlight tints the flowers;
Where the morning breeze
Wakes the scented ether,
Gently waves the trees,
And stirs the dewy heather!

Loved wert thou, dear May,
In my boyhood's dreaming,
When my young heart gay
With rich fancies teeming,
I went forth to gaze
On thy verdant meadows,
Lit with sunny rays
Or darken'd by the shadows!

And more fair you seem
Now to me than ever,
When youth's gliding stream
Swells to manhood's river;
Sprinkling flowers upon
Its broad surface flashing,
As it rushes on
To the ocean dashing.

From a little volume of poems, by a young man named Condon (who died recently in Cork), published by Mulcahy, Cork. See also a local ballad by him in this volume.

But though fair and bright,
Fragrant odours breathing,
With a crown of light
Round thy young brows wreathing;
Though thy mantle fair,
Gemmed with blossoms blooming,
Scents the breezy air
With exquisite perfuming.

Yet I love thee best,
Not for thy green bowers,
Where the sunbeams rest,
Nor for thy bright flowers;
But that thou are here,
Lovely season, given
To our Mother dear—
Mary, Oueen of Heaven!

## BLOOMING MAY.\*

ELLEN FORRESTER.

WITH a wreathe of flowerst
On her forehead fair,
Drops from sunny showers
Flashing in her hair—
Over mountains hoary,
Over meadows gay—
In her pride and glory
Comes the blooming May.
Rosy, radiant May!
In her pride and glory,
Comes the rosy May.

From a little volume of songs and ballads by Ellen Forrester.
 Published in London by James Henderson, Red Lion Court,
 Fleet Street.

<sup>†</sup> This beautiful and simple idealization of the Month of May has been set to music (with his usual poetical feeling and elegance of accompaniment) by Mr. McDermott, Professor of Music, Dublin.

Pale-browed care and sadness
At her presence fly.
Hark! what sounds of gladness
Echo through the sky.
Little children, singing,
Meet her on her way,
And the woods are ringing
With the voice of May!
Sweet, melodious May!
Hark! the woods are ringing
With the voice of May!

"I am coming, coming,"
Is the song she sings;
And the schoolboy roaming,
Where the cowslip springs,
Hears soft footsteps falling
'Mid the blossoms gay,
And low voices calling,
"Welcome, merry May!"
Elfin tongues are calling,
"Welcome, merry May!"

"I am coming, coming,"
Over hill and dell,
Where the bee is humming
Round the heather-bell;
Where the hawthorn flingeth
Flowers from every spray,
And the skylark singeth
"Welcome, merry May!"
Fair, fresh, fragrant May!
Blithe the skylark singeth
"Welcome to the May!"

Meet her, pretty maiden;
Meet her, happy youth;
See, with treasures laden,
From the sunny South,

Over mountains hoary,
Over meadows gay,
In her pride and glory
Comes the flower-crowned May!
Blushing, smiling May!
In her pride and glory
Comes the flowery May!

## THE CLOSING SCENE.

JOHN FISHER MURRAY.\*

[From the Northern Whig:—By his friends he will be remembered as a man of great and varied powers, gifted with a rare and original humour, and possessed of a stering integrity of character. His nature was singularly kindly and unselfish, and his charities numerous and unostentatious. The following beautiful lines, which are now for the first time published, were composed by him a few weeks ago, when in apparently perfect health. They possess an unusual interest, as they might be supposed to have been inspired by a presentiment of his approaching death.]

WHEN fading fast from all we see, We contemplate life's closing scene, Dreaming no more of what may be, Remembering sadly what hath been.

What now shall cheer this dreadful day— What now irradiate the gloom; Accompany in death's dark way— Contented lead us to the tomb?

Some cruel word best left unsaid, Some vengeance better left undone; Some message, from thy dying bed, Of mercy to an erring one.

<sup>•</sup> In "Street Ballads and Popular Poetry of Ireland," there is an address to "The Furze Bush," by this writer. In this volume is a ballad of his, "The Sister of Charity."

A simple life, an honest heart, A cheerful, hospitable grace; Courage to act a manly part— Spirit to feel for human race.

An honourable life, hard pressed
By sore temptation, yet maintained;
The conscious virtue of the breast,
The narrow thorny path retained.

Alert to serve at need a friend, To aid, or, harder, to reprove; The dead or absent to defend, The living to believe and love.

These are thy treasures; this thy store Will only serve where they are gone, Who are not dead, but gone before, And whom thou soon shalt look upon.

These, fading fast from all we see, Contemplating life's closing scene, Shall give thee hope of what shall be, In recollecting what hath been.

## I SIT IN A PALACE ON ITALY'S STRAND.

J. S. DRENNAN, M.D. (Son of Dr. Drennan of 1798.)

I SIT in a palace on Italy's strand, The wine in my chalice, the lute in my hand; But the strain that I sing is from far o'er the sea— "Aileen mavourneen, acushla machree!"\*

For high halls revealing their splendour in vain, My lone mountain shielding now holds me again; And gems, gold, and marble—O! foreign are ye, To "Aileen mayourneen, acushla machree!"

<sup>\*</sup> Eilin mo mournin acuisle mo croide.

Though flattery woo me, it wins no reply; Though love may bend to me, I yield but a sigh ;-'Tis a sigh for the whisper beneath the old tree— "Aileen mavourneen, acushla machree!"

Loved land of my childhood! its waywardness o'er, This heart, once so wild, would now break on thy shore,

If to soothe its last throbbings, once more I might be,

"Aileen mayourneen, acushla machree!"

#### TO MY WIFE.

JOHN WALSH.\*

It is sweet to list in the summer's heat To the honey bees, When they drain the crimson-lipped flowers that wreathe All the drooping trees. It is sweet to sit at the close of day By the upland leas, Where floats the scent of the scythe-cut hay On the evening breeze.

But sweeter far than the summer time. To my weary life, Is she—the queen of my manhood's prime, And my plighted wife. Her fond love haunts me like some bright dream, That we see at night, When angels' faces around us beam

With a holy light. They say the wells in the Eastern lands Like the islands rise,

And beam as fresh 'mid the arid sands As Paradise:

 Recently teacher of an elementary school, Cappoquin, Co. Cork.

And that sun-scorched pilgrims who reach their banks Stand in mute amaze,

And raise their hands toward heaven in thanks, Through the torrid blaze.

But far more welcome than cooling springs To the Arab's gaze,

Is the flood of sunshine my darling flings Upon toil-worn days;

And richer far is the treasured love Of my heart's bright queen,

Than the bubbling well, with its palms above,
To the Bedouin.

And when at times, through the endless striving, My strength is gone,

With scarcely the shade of a hope surviving To bear me on,

She bravely comes to my aid, reviving
The dreams of youth,

And cheers me on with her smile, to strive in
The cause of truth.

## OH! MY BIRD.

(From the Irish.).

MARY EVA KELLY (MRS. IZOD O'DOGHERTY).

Air: "The Cuilinn."

OH! my bird of the white breast and soft-swelling form.

Thou canst not cling near me amid the wild storm; Thy sweet voice of music would falter and die 'Neath the darkness and cold of the sad winter sky.

The bright fluttering plumes thou art used to unfold, 'Mid fair summer flowers and warm skies of gold, Would fall 'neath the drenching rain shattered and torn, Tho' my fond circling arms should not leave thee forlorn.

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Oh! the place of our rest, was it not calm and fair? And now by the spoiler's dark hand 'tis laid bare. No more shall we rove in the hazel shades green, Where the strawberry buds in their beauty are seen.

Far from me thou must wander, until the mild spring Shall soft-budding blossoms and gentle airs bring; Thou canst not be near me—oh, loved as thou art,—Tho' thy nest shall be warm in the depths of my heart.

## ABBEY ASAROE.\*

#### WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

GREY, grey is Abbey Asaroe, by Ballyshannon town, It has neither door nor window, the walls are broken down:

The carven stones lie scattered in briar and nettle-bed, The only feet are those that come at burial of the dead: A little rocky rivulet runs murmuring to the tide, Singing a song of ancient days, in sorrow, not in pride; The bore-treet and the lightsome ash across the portal grow.

And heaven itself is now the roof of Abbey Asaroe.

It looks beyond the harbour-stream to Bulban mountain blue;

It hears the voice of Erna's fall—Atlantic breakers

High ships go sailing past it; the sturdy clank of oars Brings in the salmon boat to haul a net upon the shores;

<sup>\*</sup> Asaroe (Eas-Aedha-Ruaidh), Cataract of Red Hugh—a famous waterfall on the river Erne, where King Hugh is said to have been drowned about 2,300 years ago,—gave name to the neighbouring Abbey, founded in the twelfth century.

† "Bore-tree," a name for the alder tree (sambacus nigra).

And this way to his home-creek, when the summer day is done,

The weary fisher sculls his punt across the setting sun;

While green with corn is Sheegus hill, his cottage white below;

But grey at every season is Abbey Asaroe.

There stood one day a poor old man above its broken bridge;

He heard no running rivulet, he saw no mountain ridge;

He turned his back on Sheegus hill, and viewed with misty sight

The Abbey walls, the burial ground with crosses ghostly white.

Under a weary weight of years he bowed upon his staff,

Perusing in the present time the former's epitaph;

For, grey and wasted like the walls, a figure full of woe,

This man was of the blood of them who founded Asaroe.

From Derry Gates to Drowas Tower, Tirconnell broad was their's;

Spearmen and horsemen, bards and wine, and mitred abbot's prayers;

With chanting in the holy house which they had builded high

To God and to Saint Bernard—whereto they came to die.

No workhouse grave for him, at least! the ruins of his race

Shall rest among the ruined stones of this their saintly place.

The fond old man was weeping, and tremulous and

Along the rough and crooked road he crept from Asaroe.

#### THE FRYING-PAN.

#### RALPH VARIAN.

Air: "Jack wouldn't sell his fiddle."

I WENT from room to room to find my Maryanne,
And in the kitchen, sure, she held the frying-pan.
I said, "My darling girl! let me do all I can;
I love but only you!" when—down the dripping ran.
The screeching blaze upcurled—she drew her gown
away—

And yet I softly said, "Ah! name the wedding day." Her face away she turned, and yet I saw the play Between a tear and smile, which on her lashes lay.

#### CHORUS.

Well sing the kettle and urn, well sing the frying-pan, But, better than them all, we'll sing of Maryanne; For Maryanne is good, like apple jam refined, And sound in heart and core, and lovely in the rind. Sing ridum diddledum diddledum ridum derum do, Well take the frying-pan, and banish old Sambo.

"Dear Uncle Ralph, refrain! you should not teaze me so:

You know I'm pre-engaged to my black doll, Sambo." "Ah, nonsense, Maryanne! he has no heart to woo; And, in the rainy day, he'll not provide for you. He has a woolly head, a black and ugly nose, And when he tries to stand he turns in his toes.

- CHORUS-Well sing, &c.

I caught her in my arms, and to the garden ran, And in the summer-house I kissed my Maryanne. The redbreast hopped about, the timid hare out ran, The blackbird cleared his throat, and whistled—"Maryanne!" I whistled in her ear a tale of love so deep I never can forget, though snoring in my sleep; And in the coming years, should clouds be dark above, The fragrant frying-pan shall murmur of our love; Or screech of happy days, when we were in our prime, And thought it not amiss to dance and spin a rhyme.

CHORUS-Well sing, &c.

#### SEPTEMBER.

Anonymous.

Among the stubbled corn
The blithe quail pipes at morn;
The merry partridge drums in hidden places,
And glittering insects gleam
Above the reedy stream,
Where busy spiders spin their filmy laces.

At eve cool shadows fall
Across the garden wall,
And on the clustered grapes to purple turning;
And pearly vapours lie
Along the eastern sky,
Where the broad harvest moon is redly burning.

Ah, soon on field and hill,
The wind shall whistle chill,
And patriarch swallows call their flocks together,
To fly from frost and snow,
And seek for lands where blow
The fairer blossoms of a balmier weather.

The pollen-dusted bees
Search for the honey lees,
That linger in the last flowers of September;
While plaintive mourning doves
Coo sadly to their loves
Of the dead summer they so well remember.

The cricket chirps all day,
"Oh, fairest summer, stay!"
The squirrel eyes askance the chestnuts browning;
The wild-fowl fly afar
Above the foamy bar,
And hasten southward ere the skies are frowning.

Now comes a fragrant breeze
Through the dark cedar trees,
And round about my temple fondly lingers
In gentle playfulness,
Like to the soft caress
Bestowed in happier days by loving fingers.

Yet though a sense of grief
Comes with the falling leaf,
And memory makes the summer doubly pleasant,
In all my autumn dreams
A future summer gleams,
Passing the fairest glories of the present!

## MARRIED FOR MONEY.\*

#### HENRY M'D. FLETCHER.

I MARRIED for money, I married for lan', I got what I married, but I missed a man; I have lashins to live on, and nothing to do, With a husband I loathe and a life to rue.

O, I was a saucy, extravagant belle, And I jilted the lad that I loved right well, For one that could keep me up idle and gay, And now I may cry salt tears my day.

<sup>•</sup> From "Poems, Songs and Ballads," published by James Reed, Belfast. The only counterpart of this song, we recollect, is in the Munster Gaedhlic, when a young man bewails his mistake in marrying a caileach for her cows.

He's a meddling, peddling, sneev'ling elf, That niver loved sowl but his own sweet self; A tyrant with weemen, a coward with men— How different that from my own brave Ben!

Better wrapped in a rug on a bean-straw bed, By the boy of your fancy to boulster your head, Than be curtained with silk and be nestled in down, When it is not by love but the law you're boun'.

O girls, be warned by your comrade Anne, And marry no mortal for money or lan', What's lashins to live on and little to do With a husband you hate and a marriage you rue?

## MY FATHER.\*

Dr. Drennan (of 1798).+

WHO took me from my mother's arms, And, smiling at her soft alarms, Showed me the world and Nature's charms?

Who made me feel and understand The wonders of the sea and land, And mark, through and the Maker's hand?

• "Glendalouch, and other Poems," by the late Dr. Drennan, with Additional Verses by his sons. Dublin: William Robertson, Upper Sackville-street.

the of those Presbyterian gentlemen who, in 1798, honourably distinguished themselves by aspirations and labours in the cause of Irish liberty. Author of "The Wake of William Orr," in Charles Gavan Duffy's Collection of Ballads; and of the popular song, "When Erin first rose from the Soft-Swelling Flood."

Who climbed with me the mountain's height, And watched my look of dread delight, While rose the glorious orb of light?

Who from each flower and verdant stalk Gathered a honey'd store of talk, And filled the long, delightful walk?

Not on an insect would he tread, Nor strike the stinging-nettle dead— Who taught, at once, my heart and head?

Who fired my breast with Homer's fame, And taught the high heroic theme That nightly flashed upon my dream?

Who smiled at my supreme desire To see the curling smoke aspire From Ithaca's domestic fire?

Who, with Ulysses, saw me roam, High on the raft, amidst the foam, His head upraised to look for home?

"What made a barren rock so dear?"
"My boy, he had a country there!"
And who, then, dropped a precious tear?

Who now, in pale and placid light Of memory, gleams upon my sight, Bursting the sepulchre of night?

O! teach me still thy Christian plan, For practice with thy precept ran, Nor yet desert me, now a man.

Still let thy scholar's heart rejoice With charm of thy angelic voice; Still prompt the motive and the choiceFor yet remains a little space, Till I shall meet thee face to face, And not, as now, in vain embrace—

My FATHER!

#### EIGHTEEN-FORTY-EIGHT.

WILLIAM DRENNAN (son of Dr. Drennan of 1798).

THE birth of another year, ghastly with graves, For famine stalks on through the hovels of slaves. A funeral wail! But my heart feels so blank! Slaves, fill me out wine such as Thrasea drank,

When he and Helvidius, monarchs in worth,
Sat crowned on the day that gave Brutus to earth.
Oh, those Romans of old! and this chain's weary
clank!

Slaves, pour me out wine such as Thrasea drank!

The torture of Tantalus, ever to read Of Greece and of Rome—of the word and the deed. High Heaven! have we souls?—among men do we rank?

Slaves, lavish such liquor as Thrasea drank.

In a bowl of beechwood, or my land's kindly clay,— Men are starving—hence, goblet of silver! away! There were blood on your brim, there were tears in the draught—

Slave, crown it with wine such as Thrasea quaffed!

Bead the bowl—fill it high—higher—up with it yet!
He drank to remember—I drink to forget.
We have crouched to be famished—at insult have laughed;—

Slaves, this is not wine such as Thrasea quaffed!

#### THE GREEN RIBBON.

Dr. R. D. JOYCE.

Air: "The Green Ribbon."

I MET my love in the woodland screen
With fond and sweet caresses;
I gave my love a ribbon green,
To bind her yellow tresses.
She loosed each long lock's shining fold,
O'er her neck of snowy whiteness;
And she bound the green with the yellow gold,
In braids of glossy brightness.

It was beside a murmuring rill,
Which through the woods descended;
And over peaceful vale and hill
The sun shone calm and splendid.
Oh! often 'mid those leafy bowers
In sweet blooms I arrayed her;
But lovelier far than summer flowers
The bright green ribbon made her.

Then oh! she minded how the green Was oft triumphant waving,
When long ago beneath its sheen
Our sires the foe were braving.
I'd brave red death, on sea or land,
To change our country's story,
And gladly die at my love's command,
To give the green new glory.

But ne'er was heart of maiden yet
Than her's more true or fonder;
And aye she pines in sad regret,
While far away I wander.
Oh! still through every changing scene
Our fond love shall be glowing,
While the leaves shine as that ribbon green,
And the wild rill's tide is flowing.

## SONG FROM THE BACKWOODS.\*

TIMOTHY D. SULLIVAN. †

DEEP in Canadian woods we've met,
From one bright island flown;
Great is the land we tread, but yet
'Our hearts are with our own.
And ere we leave this shanty small,
While fades the Autumn day,
We'll toast old Ireland!
Dear old Ireland!
Ireland! boys,
Hurrah!

We've heard her faults a hundred times, The new ones and the old, In songs and sermons, rants and rhymes, Enlarged some fifty-fold.

- A writer in the New York Irish People of March 9th, 1867, referring to this song, relates the following interesting incident:—
- "I may also mention that the evening echoes were disturbed in Virginia many a time and off, when Captain Downing sat 'at his tent door,' and led off this popular chant, the entire Irish Brigade taking up the chorus. On the night after the bloody battle of Fredericksburg, the Frederial army lay sleepless and watchful on their arms, with spirits damped by the loss of many gallant comrades. To cheer his brother officers, Captain Downing sang his favourite song. The chorus of the first stanza was taken up by his gallant regiment; next by "The Brigade;" next by the division; then by the entire line of the army for six miles along the river; and when the Captain ceased, it was but to listen with undefinable feelings to the chant, that came like an echo from the Confederate lines on the opposite shore, of

'Dear old Ireland! brave old Ireland! Ireland! boys, hurrah!'"

† Of the Dublin Nation newspaper. Author of "Dunboy, and other Poems." Dublin: John F. Fowler, Crow-street. And of "National Poems." Dublin: A. M. Sullivan, Abbey-street.

But take them all, the great and small,
And this we've got to say:—
Here's dear old Ireland!
Good old Ireland!
Ireland! boys,
Hurrah!

We know that brave and good men tried
To snap her rusty chain,
That patriots suffered, martyrs died,
And all, 'tis said, in vain;
But no, boys, no! a glance will show
How far they've won their way;
Here's good old Ireland!
Lov'd old Ireland!
Ireland! boys,
Hurrah!

We've seen the wedding and the wake,
The pattern and the fair;
The stuff they take, the fun they make,
And the heads they break down there,
With a loud "hurroo" and a "pillalu,"
And a thundering "Clear the way!"
Here's gay old Ireland!
Dear old Ireland!
Ireland! boys,
Hurrah!

And well we know, in the cool grey eves,
When the hard day's work is o'er,
How soft and sweet are the words that greet
The friends who meet once more:
With "Mary machree!" and "My Pat! 'tis he!"
And "My own heart night and day!"
Ah, fond old Ireland!
Dear old Ireland!
Ireland! boys,
Hurrah!

And happy and bright are the groups that pass
From their peaceful homes for miles,
O'er fields, and roads, and hills, to Mass,
When Sunday morning smiles;
And deep the zeal their true hearts feel,
When low they kneel and pray;
Oh, dear old Ireland!
Blest old Ireland!
Ireland! boys,
Hurrah!

But deep in Canadian woods we've met,
And we never may see again
The dear old isle where our hearts are set,
And our first fond hopes remain!
But come, fill up another cup;
And with every sup let's say—
Here's lov'd old Ireland!
Good old Ireland!
Ireland! boys,
Hurrah!

## LOVELY MARY DONNELLY.

#### WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

"OH, lovely Mary Donnelly, its you I love the best! If fifty girls were round you, I'd hardly see the rest; Be what it may the time of day, the place be where it will,

Sweet looks of Mary Donnelly, they bloom around me still.

Her eyes like mountain water, that's flowing from a rock.

How clear they are, how dak they are! and they give me many a shock;

'Red flowers warm in sunshine and wetted with a shower,

Could ne'er express the charming lip that has me in its pow'r.

The dance o' last Whit-Monday night, exceeded all before,

No pretty girl for miles around was absent from the floor;

But Mary kept the belt of love, and O! but she was

She danced a jig, she sung a song, and took my heart away.

When she stood up for dancing, her steps were so complete,

The music nearly killed itself to listen to her feet;

The fiddler mourned his blindness, he heard her so much praised,

But blessed himself he wasn't deaf when once her voice she raised.

And evermore I'm whistling or lilting what you sung, Your smile is always in my heart, your name beside my tongue;

But you've as many sweethearts as you'd count on both your hands,

And for myself there's not a thumb or little finger stands.

Oh, you're the flower o' womankind, in country or in town,

The higher I exalt you the lower I'm cast down; If some great lord should come this way, and see your beauty bright,

And you to be his lady, I'd own it was but right.

Oh, might we live together in a lofty palace hall, Where joyful music rises, and where scarlet curtains fall!

Oh, might we live together in a cottage neat and small,

With sods of grass the only roof and mud the only wall!

Oh, lovely Mary Donnelly, your beauty's my distress, It's far too beauteous to be mine, but I'll never wish it

The proudest place would fit your face, and I am poor and low,

But blessings be about you, dear, wherever you may go!"

### THE OLD MAN'S BLESSING.\*

LADY WILDE.

MINE eye is dull, my hair is white,
This arm is powerless for the fight;
Alas! alas! the battle's van
Suits not a weak and agēd man.
Thine eye is bright, thine arm is strong—
'Tis youth must right our country's wrong;
Arise, my son, and proudly bear
This sword that I was wont to wear;
Firm grasp the hilt, fling down the sheath—
A thousand years their wrongs bequeath
To thy young heart, thy hot revenge—
Kneel down and swear thou wilt avenge.

May thy hand be fierce as Ate's,
Fighting for our old Penates;
May thy glance be lightning flashes,
May thy words be thunder crashes;
May that earnest, haughty frown,
Like weapon, strike the foeman down;
May thy smile of scorn be
Blasting as the Upas tree.
Boldly, like Olympian God,
Hurl the tyrant from our sod,—
Let their wail be "Ichabod!"

<sup>\*</sup> Poems by Speranza (Lady Wild). Dublin: James Duffy, Wellington Quay, and Paternoster Row, London.

Be to them destruction glooming—Be to them a vengeance looming, Hair-suspended o'er their race, Like the sword of Democles. Let thy daring hand free us, Like that son of old Azeus, Who purged his land for evermore From the blood-stained Minotaur. Fear not death, but fear dishonour; Yield thy country all but honour. What more fitting warrior's shroud, Than the foeman's standard proud?

Heed ye not their glozing words, Fear ye not their myriad swords; Never make ye peace with them Till ye chant their requiem.

Ha! I hear thy héart's pulsation Throbbing vengeance for our nation; Ha! I see thy dark eyes shine With a fury leonine—

Burning brow and clenched hand—
Quivering lip and naked brand—
Arise! arise! my patriot son,
By hearts like thine is Freedom won!

# THE LUNAR RAINBOW.

A Scene at Glanmire.

RALPH VARIAN.

Air: "Cruiskeen Lawn."

THE lunar rainbow, bright
On the cloudy brow of night,
Was shining o'er the water's swelling tide;—
By Glanmire-hill it gleamed,
While the harbour watchfires beamed
In golden wands, the drifting mariner to guide—
In green and golden wands upon the tide.

### CHORUS:

Brilliant guide-lights beaming, Glorious shadows streaming; The rainbow on the dark and cloudy brow of night— Love's rainbow on the cloudy brow of night.

In shades that deepened still,
Lay Cork beneath the hill,
Its line of radiant diamonds shining bright.
I grasp a friendly hand,
And murmur, it is grand—
The rainbow hues shall gild our dark clouds of night,
And stars guide our little boat aright!

Brilliant, &c.

Affliction's troubled dream
Oft made more brightly beam
The rays which love and friendship can illume.

The forest's gloomy bower
Feeds the frail wood-sorrel's flower;
Night censors waft the sweetbrier's exquisite perfume,
The primrose lifts its bright glance in the gloom.

Brilliant, &c.

Fair heads with midnight tresses,
Dear hearts with fond caresses,
And eyes of light to cheer the gloomy room;
With childhood by our side,
With little hands to guide,
Affliction cannot make this earth a shrouded tomb;
The rays from heaven's planets pierce the gloom.

# CHORUS:

Brilliant guide-lights beaming,
Glorious shadows streaming;
The rainbow on the dark and cloudy brow of night—
Love's rainbow on the cloudy brow of night.

# ON HEARING A ROBIN SING.

### BRIAN DILLON.\*

When twilight, darkening into night,
Throws round my cell its sombre shade;
And thronging memories, sad or bright,
Slowly come, and slowly fade;
Then sweetly through my prison bars
An old friend sings a song to me—
An old song, from the far-off times
Of youth, and home, and liberty.
Sing, Robin Redbreast, sing;
While listening to thy minstrelsy,
Through prison bars my soul will wing
To Ireland over the sea.

To boyhood's happy, happy days,
To-budding life's flower-crowned morn;
Through wood and glen of Ballyvolane,
Bright with gold furze and blossomed thorn,
Blithe straying with my early friends—
From school and cares of world free—
Lone wanderers now in many a land,
And exiles, moored by many a sea.
Sing, Robin Redbreast, sing;
While listening to thy minstrelsy,
Through prison bars my soul will wing
To Ireland over the sea.

Ah me! 'tis many a year ago—
How quickly happy time will fly—
Since songs burst forth of liberty,
And tender love that ne'er should die;
'Twas in the shade of the hanging wood,
Where murmuring rivulets eddy and flow,
While the click-click of the old mill-wheel
Made chorus in the valley below.

Of Cork. Imprisoned for a political offence.

Sing, Robin Redbreast, sing; While listening to thy minstrelsy, The green glen echoes o'er me fling The magic of their melody.

The school-boy when he robbed thy nest,
In the joyous wild bird-nesting time,
Would start at the sight of thy blood red breast,\*
And grow pale at the thought of his crime,—
That crimson stain was a sacred charm
To shield thee well from every foe;
And thy bright eye gladdened my mother's cot,
When our poor roof-tree was piled with snow.
Sing, Robin Redbreast, sing,

Sing, Robin Redbreast, sing,
While listening to thy minstrelsy,
I hear those thrilling bells that ring
So grandly on the "pleasant Lee."

The song has ceased—the rising wind,
Sighing the forest trees among,
In cadence low and fitfully
Is hymning night's dark mournful song;
And in my soul is ever singing,
Echoing there for evermore,
Songs my beloved ones used to sing
Ere I was banned my native shore.
Sing, Robin Redbreast, sing,
In twilight grey thy song to me,
And my soul through prison bars will wing

SONG OF AN IRISH TRADESMAN'S WIFE.

To Ireland over the sea.

RALPH VARIAN.

THE man I love is six-foot high, With breadth and strength enough; A ruddy cheek, a soft brown eye, Where lurks the smile of love!

<sup>•</sup> There is a tradition that the Robin reddened his breast, on the Day of Crucifixion, with the blood of our Saviour, which gives a sacred character to the bird.

And what though riches flee from me?

My heart holds pure delight;

Though little here the world may see,
I'm lovely in his sight!

What balm is in his hearty love! How bright his ready wit! And mirth will smile and play above, While at his feet I sit!

He gave my mother's cottage hall Fair pictures, dear to me; My father loved to see him call To bind the drooping tree.

Now winter evenings are not long; The busy needles fly; And Tom outpours a pleasant song, While I am sitting by.

He sings the "Cauleen Rue"\* for me, And "Molly Bawn Astore,"† And when he sings "Old Ireland free," I love him more and more!

And look at our young baby here, So round, and sleek, and fair; I scarce can see for happy tear, That glitters in the air.

The only fault in Tom I see, Two years ago did slip; It was that he did marry me In his apprenticeship.

'Tis for that fault I like him best— His boundless love for me! Our young hearts had life's early test, And managed with small fee.

\* Cailin Ruad. † Molly Bau a Stoir.

O, pleasant now is the full pay,
To me so proudly given,
When he comes home on Saturday,
So jaded in the even.

But soen, ah, soon, he freshens up, With babe upon his knee; And drinks the fragrant, cheering cup, Prepared for him by me.

And now I wish my sisterhood,
What Heaven sent to me—
A young and honest husband good,
From vice and folly free.

### THE FAREWELLS.\*

(From the Irish.)

WILLIAM O'CONNOR SANG, (Native of Tipperary-1776.)

DR. GEORGE SIGERSON.

Air: "Edmund of the Hills."+

FAREWELL to the hills, and farewell the gay glen,
And farewell to thyself, Tipperary!
To Seamas and Seaan, two bright fearless men,
My heart sends a hundred unchary.
We used, long ago, to vault and to chase,
And to run after swimming the river,
And o'er smooth springy bogs the foot-ball to chase—
Here's farewell to such longings for ever.

\* From "Popular Poetry of Munster—second series." O'Daly, Dublin. + The music of this air is given in the "Popular Poetry," together with a sketch of the life of the author of the song. Farewell to the river—my love, Lois na n-gall,—
To each green where we spent out our leisure,
To the high voice of glenns, to my countrymen all
That we left in the old days of pleasure.
My good health did flee since I came o'er the sea;
They ne'er talk of the days of our childhood,
Of the goal, of the Gael, of the Brigid-tide ale—
O, farewell to my home and the wildwood!

Old Munster farewell—hill, valley and dell,—
My friends fare ye well altogether;
And to Culach for aye where we once were so gay,
And could quaff, beside joy, a brave mether.
My good health did flee since I came o'er the sea;
They ne'er talk to me here of fair Maethill;
I've lost the gay bound—the light foot on the ground,
Since I left ye, blue Suir and old Raehill!

Farewell the two Williams who mourn me yet,
And Patrick, farewell to you, surely;
Farewell to the priests whom I left with regret,
Farewell to their words spoken purely.
O'Brien, with us here was thy health all the year,
And each day drank with deepest emotion;
Farewell from my soul to the torture and dole,
That drove the brave chiefs o'er the ocean.

My Philip adieu! I've ne'er forgot you,
And adieu to your neighbours and nearest;
Adieu, too, I send to my hill-dwelling friend,
And forty farewells to my dearest.
Till the dark floods abate that us separate,
I'll love thee with fondest devotion;
With hand on my glass, here's to the sweet lass!
"A bright health from over the ocean."

# THE HARE'S FORM.

Dr. J. T. CAMPION.

Under the broad blue hill,
Up from the meadow—
Half in the shadow;
Near a sweet whispering rill,
Never an instant still,
But with a music-thrill,
Bubbling on ever;
Under the broad blue hill,
Nooked in and warm,
Coped by a ferney frill,
Lies the Hare's form.

There, on a bed of moss,
Is puss's pillow—
Velvety yellow;
Soft as the flower floss—
Bright as the golden gloss—
Rich as its anther-cross,
Where the bees swarm.
Under the broad hill,
Where the south-winds have will,
Chasing the northern chill,
Lies the Hare's form.

Over her anxious head,
Arches the brier,
Higher and higher;
And the wild dog-rose, red,
Densing the cosy shade,
Hiding the bowery bed
From the rude storm.
Under the broad blue hill,
Flanked by the tawney bell
Of the field-asphodel,
Lies the Hare's form.

Just at poor puss's nose,
Peeps in the wild broom,
Making a mild gloom;
Courting the bramble-rose
That with heart open glows,
And then a-blushing throws
Down a love-leaflet.
Under the broad blue hill,
Down whils the leaf, until,
Twinkling and twirling still,

On the fur, warm— On my poor puss's brow Pops the love signet now, Causing a precious row In the Hare's form.

Up stand her ears erect! In are her paws drawn— Staring her eyes grown; As with the rose-leaf decked, Frighted and crimson-flecked, And her quick heart-throb checked, Crouched in alarm Stands she, with fur astare, Shivering and faint with fear; While, between either ear, Rests the red rose-leaf. Flushed at the harm! Thus, by a love token, Oft is peace broken-Often is fear woken, Like the Hare's form.

Under the broad blue hill,
Up from the meadow—
Half in the shadow;
Where the deep gorse abounds,
Where the wierd echo sounds,
Where, o'er the haunted grounds,

Moonlight elves swarm;
Where, at the streamlet's edge,
Tufts the sloe-berry sedge
O'er the wild lilied-ledge,
Lies the Hare's form.

### THE ROSE OF KILCLAWAN.

Anonymous. (M. M. S.)

Down in yon valley I once used to wander—
Down in yon valley, when summer was green;
In that moss-covered valley, each day growing fonder
Of the sweetest of maidens, my own loved Cathleen.
I've loved her since childhood, I'll love her for ever,
For she's been an angel of comfort to me;
The ties that our hearts bind nothing can sever—
The Rose of Kilclawan, my Cathleen Machree.\*

The last time we parted I well do remember
Our own native mountains were white with the snow;
It was in the dark dreary month of December
I should leave my darling, and away from her go.
She fell on my bosom, her tears like rain falling,
She vowed she'd be faithful and constant to me;
With one fond embrace I then left her wailing,
And parted from Erinn and Cathleen Machree.

By night or by day I think on my charmer,
She is always before me, in joy or in pain;
The more I think on her my affection grows warmer,
And I long for the hour when I'll see her again.
But time it flies slowly, and sorrow hangs o'er me,
And the way is far distant across the deep sea,
But, oh I'tis my hope there are bright days before me,
To spend with my darling, my Cathleen Machree.

<sup>\*</sup> Caitlin mo croide.

Machree.

Fair are the flowers in the vale of Kilclawan,
Sweet breezes blow o'er the hills of Clashmore;
Dear is the old house where I spent life's sweet dawn,
But dearer than all is the maid I adore.
Lovely and dearest, when will the day come?
Blest is the hour that will bring thee to me;
Hope, blessed hope, whispers: Soon will your, May
come,
And a long line of summer months with Cathleen

# BONNIE TWINKLING STARNIES.

JAMES McKowen.\*

Bonnie twinklin' starnies!
Sae gentle and sae bright—
Ye woo me and ye win me
With your soft and silver light.
Now, peepin' o'er the mountain—
Now glintin' in the streams—
Now kissin' the red heather-bell
All with your winsome beams.
Bonnie twinklin' starnies!
Sae gentle and sae bright—
Ye woo me and ye win me
With your soft and silver light.

Bonnie twinklin' starnies!

When gloamin' sheds its tinge,
And strings the crystal dew-drop
Around the gowan's fringe—
How often do I linger,
With keen and anxious eye,
To watch your bonnie faces
Come glintin' frac the sky.
Starnies! twinklin' starnies!
Sae gentle and sae bright—
Ye woo me and ye win me
With your soft and silver light.

\* Author of "The Old Irish Jig" etc., in this vol.

Bonnie twinklin' starnies!
Bright guardians of the skies—
How can we dream of wickedness
Beneath your sleepless eyes?
Cold and pulseless is the heart,
And deeply fraught with guile,
That does na feel the "lowe o' love,"
When ye look down and smile.
Bonnie twinklin' starnies!
Sae gentle and sae bright,—
Ye woo me and ye win me
With your soft and silver light.

AUTHOR'S NOTE.—"There is a kind of Scotch dialect spoken in these parts of the County Antrim, and this little song is written, as you will see, in a sort of Scotch."

### INVITATION TO KITTY.

### HENRY McD. FLETCHER.\*

[We introduce to our readers the following song, in honour of JAMES MCKOWEN (who writes sometimes under the nom de plume of "Kitty Connor,") author of "The Old Irish Igi," "The Old Irish Cow," "Kate of Glenkeen," and such others. We have many tributes to The Departed—we are great in Laments; here we are true to living worth—not ashamed to show how it moves us. We record the fact that "The BLACK NORTH" is represented in this Lee and Glenkeariff Bark, in the pleasant features of ELIZABETH TREACY, ELLEN FORRESTER, GEORGE SIGERSON, FISHER MURRAY, JAMES MCKOWEN, HENRY FLETCHER, and FRANCIS DAVIS.]

COME Kitty dear, to the dingles of Down! Come to the hills where the heather is brown! Linnet of Lagan, what spell woven round thee, So long in the meshes of silence has bound thee?

<sup>\*</sup> Manager of a mill at Belfast—formerly employed as teacher in an elementary school. It gratifies us to be the first to introduce him to notice in a people's edition of songs and ballads, such as this. There is graceful feeling and sufficient originality in all he does to attract and fix the attention.

Come, for thy magical trills I would hear: Melody wakes with the morn of the year; April is hymned by ten thousand wild voices, Whose heart the young princess of beauty rejoices.

Dykes deck their foreheads with primroses pale, Sweet smelling savours ascend from each vale; Daisies laugh out from the meadow's bright bosom, Round hillocks high-crowned with the gorse's gold blossom.

Fresh as our infancy, fair as our hope, Beams the green beauty of summit and slope; Waved by the south winds round anemones sighing, Far flash the mock-suns of the broad dandelion.

Cuan's broad lough in calm loveliness smiles, Kissing the banks of her bird-haunted isles; Round her fair shores the first swallows are wheeling, And the cuckoo's first notes through the sycamore pealing.

Standing on Scraba, steep, towered, and hoar, Haunt of Patricius, the shepherd of yore, Mona's dim isle in the offin before us, And a choir of loud larks in the firmament o'er us.

Gazing aloft over Bangor and Ards, Homes of our holy old sages and bards, Lays from thy lips, whether plaintive or cheering, Like incense shall mount on the music of Erin.

Come, for my spirit is lonely and drear, E'en, mid the mirth of the jolly young year; Come, for beside thee the heart groweth lighter, And joy is more joyful, and beauty is brighter!

# THE GLEN OF BALLYVOLANE.\*

### RALPH VARIAN.

I LOVE that dear glen, whose wild garden shows The bright cherry blossom and sweet-brier rose; Where shrub-trees abound, all drooping with flowers, And horse-chestnut blossoms receive the soft showers.

I love that dear glen, where the mossy well hides The coolest of crystals, in hottest noontides; Where streams, by its side, bear the dark flowing hair't Of water-plants, braided with snow blossoms fair.

I love that dear glen, where, in well-trodden line, The whirring wheel twists the white hempen twine, And streams murmur on, to "The Groves of Blackpool," By ways that, in summer, are shady and cool.

I love that dear glen, where the primrose is found, With soft amber bells, ringing perfume around; Where gems of the sand-pit in summer showers gleam, By the lake, and the wood, and the swift-flowing stream.

I love that dear glen, where the soft grasses wreathe Round their white swelling bosoms the green silken sheathe;

Where, 'mid the sweet meadows, those shadows abound, Whole lithe silken spirals rise high o'er the ground.

"The Glen," as it is familiarly called, or "Springfield," its more polished designation, or "Dodge's Glen," its vulgar name, is a spot of considerable beauty, situate about one mile northeast of the City of Cork, in the ploughlands of Ballyvolane.

<sup>† &</sup>quot;The water anemone;" which plant looks like dark green hair, flowing along beneath the waters with the current of the stream, but throws up to the surface slender light green stems, which, floating on the surface of the water, bear bright green leaves, differently shaped from the "dark green hair" beneath, and numerous beautiful fragile white flowers.

I love that dear glen, where those pasture-fields gleam, The food of our eyes, with their fresh vivid green; Where vetches and shamrocks in bloom we discern, Near the bright golden furze and fair branching fern.

I love that dear glen, where the dappled cow feeds, Sunk low, to the knees, in rich dewy fields; While, high o'er the ditches, the crops cheer the sight, And blackbird and green-linnet sing with delight.

I love that dear glen, where the cuckoo all day Shouts out his bland notes o'er the blossoms of May; Where lakes sleep in dreams, when the moon floods the earth,

And groups of the ash-tree stand breathless as death.

I love that dear glen, where the bindweed's white bells In clusters hang thick around hedgerows and dells; Where foxgloves, in state, hold their fairy-caps out, And woods fling their burnished leaves bravely about.

I love that dear glen; for my Molly is there, White, crimson, and low; plump, modest, and fair; Snug, nestled in cot, with its bright warm thatch, And sweet leafy branches, and blossoms to match.

I love that dear glen when winter is keen, And white snow piled high near the green holly screen; For, close to that screen, the blue smoke wreathes fair, And the scent of the turf-fire comes warm on the air.

I love that dear glen, for the hatch-door will swing, And the heart of my Molly most tunefully sing, When twilight brings down my swift steps to the tree, Where the laurel-hedge shelters my Molly and me.

I love that dear glen, where the kind word is stored, And the fond mother stirs bright cups on the board, And the wholesome brown cake from the hot griddle flings.

While Bob puffs the fire, and the black kettle sings.

I love that dear glen, where the song and the glee, The laugh, and the dance, and good humour are free; And where serious thought startles the tear from the eyes.

When hope for dear Erin and Freedom arise.

### CARROLL BAWN.\*

[1798.] John Casey.

'Twas in the town of Wexford
They sentenced him to die;
'Twas in the town of Wexford
They built the gallows high;
And there one summer morning,
When beamed the gentle dawn,
Upon that cursed gibbet
They hanged my Carroll Bawn. †

Oh, he was true and loyal!
Oh, he was proud and fair!
Aud only nineteen summers
Shone on his golden hair;
And when his gallant brothers
Had grasped the pike in hand,
Where the Green Flag streamed the fairest,
He stood for native land.

I saw him cross the heather
With his bold companie,
And, from the rising hill-side,
He waved his hand to me.
Then on my wild heart settled
A load of woe and pain;
Mavrone, ‡ its throbbings told me
We'd never meet again.

<sup>•</sup> From "A Wreath of Shamrocks; Ballads, Songs, and Legends." Dublin: Robert S. M'Gee, Lower Sackville Street. † Cearabarnail bán.

† Mo-brón.

They fought the Saxon foemen By Slaney's glancing wave; But brutal strength o'erpowered The gallant and the brave, And in the flight which followed That day of misery, Sore wounded he was taken— My Carroll Bawn Machree.

Oh, fareer gair! that ever
I saw the dreadful sight,—
His locks all damply hanging;
His cheeks so deadly white.
What wonder if my ringlets
Were changed from dark to grey,
Or if the blessed hand of God
Had taken my life away?

'Twas in the town of Wexford
They sentenced him to die;
'Twas in the town of Wexford
They built the gallows high.
With form erect and manly,
And look of scornful pride,
For Ireland's faith and freedom,
My true-love nobly died.

The meadow path is lonely,
The hearth is cold and dim,
And the silent churchyard blossom
Blooms softly over him;
And my heart is ever yearning
For the calm rest coming on,
When its weary pulse lies sleeping
Beside my Carroll Bawn.

# LOVELY IRISH JANE.

### MICHAEL SEGRAVE.\*

O sweet the breeze of budding spring, And sweet the scented grove, Where little birds so blithely sing, And blissful lovers rove! But sweeter music thrills the air Than spring's enraptured strain, When her kind voice salutes my ear— My lovely Irish Jane!

Her cheeks display the blush that glows
On budding flowers of May,
Th' untrodden snow that southward shows
Among the flowers of May;
The primrose-banks unfolding wide—
Her hair a shining train;
In youthful glow doth sweetly glide
My lovely Irish Jane!

The river gleams with crimson pride
To meet the morning air,
And radiant is my Irish bride
With blushes fresh and fair;
Dear blooming maid of Erin's Isle—
Of spring's sweet shamrock-plain;
And true love nestles in thy smile—
My lovely Irish Jane!

<sup>\*</sup> Author of "The Eviction," in "The Popular Poetry, Street Ballads, and Household Songs." A working man, at present resident in England.

### MARY.

### M. MACDERMOTT.\*

LOVE me, dearest Mary!
No honey speech I own,
Nor talisman to win you, save
This true, fond heart alone.
I cannot offer rank or gold—
Such things I never knew—
But all one human heart can hold,
Of love I'll give to you,

Mary!

Of love I'll give to you.

For you were aye unto me,
From boyhood to this hour—
That sweet to which all bright thoughts cling,
Like bees around a flower;—
The whispering tree, the silent moon,
The bud beneath the dew,
All, by the fairy hands of love,
Were linked with thoughts of you,
Mary!

Were ever linked with you, love;
And when I rose to part
From scenes that long had nursed my soul,
From many a kind old heart—
Though sad to hearth, and vale, and stream,
And friends to bid adieu—

Were linked with thoughts of you.

Yet still my soul in silence wept
Until I thought of you,

Mary!

Until I thought of you.

\*Author of the ballads, "The Irish Exiles," "The Coolen," &c Now resident in the United States of America.

Oh! since 'mid life's unquiet,
Through many a wintry storm,
What lay, like hope, within my breast,
And kept its currents warm?
What, when the night shone gemmed with stars,
Was brighter than the blue,
And sweeter than my toil-earned sleep?
The memory of you,

Mary!

The memory of you.

And now I've won a home, dear,
Not very grand or high,
But still with quite enough to meet
The day that's passing by;
With one bright room where we might sit
And have a friend or two—
Ay, bright I say—for, oh, 'tis lit
With hope 'twill yet see you,
Mary!
With hope 'twill yet see you.

Then love me, dearest Mary!
No honey speech I own,
Nor talisman to win you, save
This true, fond heart alone.
I cannot offer rank or gold—
Such things I never knew—
But all one human heart can hold,
Of love I'll give to you,
Mary!

Such love I'll give to you.

### THE EVER-YOUNG FOREST.

Dr. George Sigerson.

Sing, O my soul! some grand old lay, Some chivalrous deed of story,
'Till my heart, now sad, be strong and gay,
Illumed by the light of glory!
'Till my brow, bowed down, be uplift again,
And my thoughts arise in defiance,
And go forth from this world of meaner men
Into the Realm of Giants!

Forth, for awhile, from faded flowers,
And dust around and before us,
To the Ever-young Forest's emerald bowers,
And the Beautiful Voices' chorus.
Afar, there are springs, o'er whose margin green
We may bend—who are thirsting, truly;
And beholding the gloriful Heaven's sheen,
Drink—and be strengthened duly.

O wondrous—wondrous music of leaves,
From stately tree and bright blossom,
Thou'st fallen like dews of summer-tide eves
O'er this sultried flow'r in my bosom!
Arise once more on pinions blue,
Sweet dove, from thy nest i' The Forest,—
Sweet breeze, bear hither—bear hither anew,
The pureness thou one time borest.

The hot, dull haze, that weakens and dims, Shall vanish at thy appearing.

Now! now! thy odours embathe my limbs, Faint molodies burst on my hearing—

The Ever-young Bowers, at last, I'm among!

O, the Beautiful Voices glory!

I could follow—and follow for centuries long!

Like the Monk of the Golden Story!

# THE UNINSCRIBED TOMB OF ROBERT EMMET.

### Anonymous.

"Pray tell me," I said, to an old man who strayed, Drooping o'er the graves which his own hand had made, "Pray tell me the name of the tenant who sleeps Beneath yonder lone stone, where the sad willow weeps; Every stone is engraved with the name of the dead, But yon black slab declares not whose spirit is fled.

In silence he bowed, then he beckoned me nigh, Till we stood o'er the grave—then he said with a sigh: "Yes, they dared not to trace e'en a word on this stone, To the memory of him who sleeps coldly alone; He told them—commanded—the lines o'er his grave Should never be traced by the hands of a slave.

"He bade them to shade e'en his name in the gloom, Till the morning of freedom should dawn on his tomb; 'When the flag of my country for liberty flies, Then, then let my name and my monument rise!' You see they obeyed him—'tis thirty-two years, And they come still to moisten his grave with their tears.

"He was young, like yourself, and aspired to o'erthrow The tyrants who filled his loved island with woe! They crushed his bold spirit. This earth was confined—Too scant for the range of his luminous mind." He paused, and the old man went slowly away, And I felt as he left me an impulse to pray.

Grant Heaven I may see, ere my own days are done, A monument rise o'er my country's lost son; And oh! proudest task, be it mine to indite The long delayed tribute a freeman must write. Till then shall its theme in my heart deeply dwell, So peace to thy slumber, dear shade fare thee well.

# MY IRISH WIFE.

### JAMES KENNEDY.\*

I GOT her in the County Clare,
My gra geal machree /†
Her hazel eyes, and auburn hair,
And laugh of silver glee,
No Irish lad with half a heart
Could for his life resist.
I have had some poor one's blessing,
Or my fortune I'd have miss'd;
She's worth her weight in yellow gold,
She's the charm of my life,—
My spirited, my beautiful,
My staunch, sweet Irish wife.

If you'd see us in the evening,
When our day's work is done;
The house cleaned up, the fire bright,
The children's merry fun;
Then to hear her sing the "Coolin," ‡
'Twould cure you of all pain—
The very birds without grow mute
To listen to the strain.
No matter how I am bow'd down,
With care, and toil, and strife,
She cheers me in the dullest mood—
My charming Irish wife.

I've dropped the smoking long ago, And given up the beer— Vile customs that have long sustained Cursed English int'rests here. I used to wear their broadcloth too, In Fair and Sunday guise,

<sup>\*</sup> Of Glasgow. † Grad geal mo croide. ‡ Ancuitfion.

But I have cast it long aside
For our good Irish frieze;
For Elley hates them bitterly—
Their flag, their drum, and fife;
Pipes, cloth, and gin; as so much sin—
My noble Irish wife.

We have four sons, four comely youths
As you would wish to see,
O! how she teaches them the Creed
That Ireland should be free,
Until their eyes of fiery brown
Dilate—anon, o'erflow
With tears—as from her lips they learn
The tale of Ireland's woe;
And then she prays a fervent prayer,
That God may spare her life,
To see them staunch men every one—
My true-soul'd Irish wife!

# A FEW YEARS AGO!

FRANCIS DAVIS.

WE met not thus—we met not thus,
A few years ago;
No icy forms so fettered us
A few years ago.

Oh! have we traced in sunless sand
The days we've seen go by,
When Truth was passed from hand to hand,
And Love from eye to eye;

When friendship reared, through gloom or glow, A spring-bloom where we met? Oh! say her flowers, though tipped with snow,

Have honey in them yet— Have odour in them yet;

Originally a muslin weaver of Belfast. Author of "Miscellaneous Poems and Songs," and of "Lispings of the Lagan."—Belfast: John Henderson.

And should it not be so? How oft we said They'd never fade, A few years ago!

We felt not thus—we felt not thus, A few years ago;

A silken chain was song to us

A few years ago;
When fervour winged young friendship's sigh,

While music heaved each soul, Till honest tears from feeling's eye,

Like trembling felons stole. Oh, by those cheeks that turned away,

Oh, by those cheeks that turned away, Or blushed for being wet,

Our hearts, though withering, let us say, Have feeling in them yet—

Have truth within them yet;
And should it not be so?—
Where'er we ranged
They kept unchanged,
A few years ago!

We looked not thus—we looked not thus, A few years ago; The world had little furrowed us

A few years ago;
But brightness leaves out every brow,
Our spirits, too, grow cold,

We cannot nurse young friendships now, Then should we slay the old?

Ah! here, by every love and truth Our severed souls have met;

Let's hold the flow'rets culled in youth—

There's honey in them yet— Their odour's round us yet;

And should it not be so?—
We'll soon be classed
With things that passed

A few years ago!

### LEE MOUNT.

### RALPH VARIAN.

THESE wide-spreading laurels that bend to the Lee, How snugly they shelter my Mary and me! Now spring brings the laurel's white blossoms to view, And bathes the green sod in a noon-tide of dew. The redbreast builds here, on this moss-covered mound:

Here purple and yellow and white shrubs abound; Here wavelets glide by, with a murmur of glee, At foot of my cot, in this bend of the Lee.

O, white is the bosom of Mary machree!

And round is the form of my Mary machree!\*

And low is her voice, and her song sweet and free

As chant of the redbreast that sings to the Lee!

The cottage-fire guiding my pathway at night—
The sparkling faggot, so cheery and bright;
The round robin here, on this bank of the Lee,
All speak to my heart of my Mary machree.
The star that falls back of the dark heaving cloud,
Nor cares for the love of the star-gazing crowd;
The flower that breathes sweetly where dark shadows

My Star, and my Flower—my Mary machree!
O, white is the bosom of Mary machree!
And round is the form of my Mary machree!
And low is her voice, and her song sweet and free
As chant of the redbreast that sings to the Lee!

And her's are the kind words, embosomed in truth; The downy cheeks, bright with the blushes of youth; The foot-fall, as light as these soft summer showers Which gleam through the sunshine and freshen the flowers.

<sup>\*</sup> Mo croide.

The bud of the daisy, round, crimson, and white; The strawberry, blushing, half hid from the sight; The trout, seeking shades in the clear flowing Lee, All speak to my heart of my Mary machree!

O, white is the bosom of Mary machree! And round is the form of my Mary machree! And low is her voice, and her song sweet and free As chant of the redbreast that sings to the Lee!

### BARNEY.

### MARY R. VARIAN.

OH, pleasant the morning, and pleasant the noon,
And pleasant the evening to me!
The morning is sweet, for my love's eyes I meet,
And a fond kiss my Barney—

My Barney gives me,
And a fond kiss my Barney gives me!

The noon-tide is pleasant—so busy and gay;
My home is delightful to me!
I guard it—I care it with rapture all day,
And Barney's light heart bounds for me—
Bounds for me;
And Barney's strong hand works for me.

How peaceful the evening when labour is done,
And weary feet home bend their way!
The sun is declining before the young moon,
And the fresh buds and blossoms are welcoming
May! sweet May!
And I list what my Barney can say!

### TAKE IT EASY.

### ELLEN FORRESTER.

A ROBIN redbreast had a snug little nest
In a thicket so close and so warm;
And he wondered, no doubt, as he slyly looked out,
And beheld the wild tricks of the storm;
But he never was sad, though the weather was bad—
He was happy as happy could be—
Still he sang when it blowed, and he laughed when it
snowed—
What a blithe little robin was he!

snowed—

What a blithe little robin was he!

"Oh, life is made of ups and downs,
Of tranquil days and breezy, O!

But whether fortune smiles or frowns,
Its best to take it easy, O!
Always take it easy, O! always take it easy, O!"

"Twas robin's song, the whole day long—
"Its best to take it easy, O!"

At night he had dreams of the pretty moonbeams, As his head nestled under his wing— Pleasant dreams of the flowers, and the bright sunny hours

That were sure to come back with the spring.
Then he sat every morn on the big withered thorn—
The ancient white thorn that grew near him—
And he poured such a lay, that I stopped on my way,
Many a morning, on purpose to hear him.

"Oh, life is made of ups and downs,
Of tranquil days and breezy, O!
But whether fortune smiles or frowns,
Its best to take it easy, O!
Always take it easy, O! always take it easy, O!
Blow foul or fair, a fig for care—
Its best to take it easy, O!"

Now I think, on my word, that the dear little bird Was wiser than people much older;
For sure as I'm here, when the weather's severe,
If we fret 'twill seem colder and colder.
Then, whatever winds blow, let us sing as we go,
And laugh at grim care when we meet him;
IIe's a surly old boor—not so bad, to be sure,
If with steady good humour we greet him.
"Oh life is made of ups and downs,
Of tranquil days and breezy, O!
But whether fortune smiles or frowns,
It's best to take it easy, O! always take it easy, O!
Come rain or snow, come weal or woe,
It's best to take it easy, O!

# THE TRUE KING.

[A.D. 1399.]

AUBREY DE VERE.

IIE came in the night on a false pretence;
As a friend he came: as a lord remains.
His coming we noted not—when or whence:
We slept; we woke in chains!
Ere a year they had chased us to dens and caves;
Our streets and our churches lay drowned in blood;
The race that had sold us their sons as slaves,
In our land our conquerors stood.

Who were they, those princes, that gave away
What was theirs to keep, not theirs to give?
A king holds sway for a passing day:
The kingdoms for ever live!
The tanist\* succeeds when the king is dust:
The king rules all, yet the king is nought.
They were traitors, not kings, who sold their trust—
They were traitors, not kings, who bought!

<sup>·</sup> A Celtic lord or chieftain.

Brave Art M'Murrough! arise, 'tis morn!
For a true king the Nation waited long.
He is strong as the horn of the unicorn—
The true king, who rights our wrong!
He rules in the fight by an inward right.
From the heart of the nation her king'is grown:
He rules by right; he is might of her might;
Her flesh, and bone of her bone!

### THE HILLSIDE.\*

### ANONYMOUS.

THERE'S a home beneath the hill,
Sheltered close from wind and weather;
Close beside it sings a rill,
Bordered all with sun-dried heather.
There a maiden at the door,
Swings her wheel and warbles lightly,
While the sunbeams on the floor
Dance around her warm and brightly.

There's a youth upon the hill
Comes to see his maiden nightly,
When the evening breeze is still,
And the dew-drops glitter brightly.
He herds kine upon the hill,
And he trusts to chance to lead them,
But my life upon his skill,
When the good men's arms we need them.

There's a plain beneath the hill,
With a mountain gorge before it,
Where the boys come down to drill,
When the starlights sparkle o'er it.
For they say that every hour
Should be marked by some endeavour,
While the days that glide away
Are but moments gone for ever.

<sup>\*</sup> From The Cork Constitution.

There is a well beside the hill,
Wreathed all with summer flowers,
Where the air their odours fill,
After balmy summer showers;
Where the brown hare limps around,
With the thrush above him singing,
And the moss-green rocks all round
On the grass their shades are flinging.

But that pleasant singing rill
Shall be soon with gladness laden,
When the herdsman from the hill
Weds his blushing Irish maiden.
She shall sit before her door,
Singing lighter still and lighter,
While the sunshine on the floor
Dances brighter still and brighter.

# I LOVE THEE NOT FOR RANK OR GOLD.

(American Review.—July, 1851.)

# Joseph Brennan.

I LOVE thee not for rank or gold,
For land or social fashion;
I have lived too long with the gallant and bold,
I have learned too much from the great of old,
To coin a true man's passion.

I love thee not for thy wavy hair,
Which falls in shadowy showers;
Not for the figure, so debonair;
Not for the footstep, light as air,
Or the step of spring over flowers.

I love thee not for the loving eye,
So full of earnest beaming,
Which has caught its hue from the deep blue sky,
When the feathery clouds in slumber lie,
And Nature's soul is dreaming.

I love thee not for the noble brow,

Where the shadow of thought reposes;

Not for the bosom, like sifted snow;

Nor the cheek where rival flow'rets glow—

The lilies beside the roses.

I love thee not for the gentle lays
Which thrill my bosom thorough,—
The faint, sweet echoes of olden days,
Ere life had proved a troubled maze
Of endless hope and sorrow.

I love thee for the trace of care
Which on your forehead hovers,
Like a shadow from your clustering hair;
For the mystic sorrow sleeping there
No eye but mine discovers.

And for the ghost of by-gone fears
Which is floating still above thee;
For the secret sorrows and silent tears;
For the mystery of your early years,
I love thee, dear, I love thee.

# MY BOAT.

Dr. R. D. Joyce.

Air: "I'll build my love a gallant ship."

My boat is like the sea-gull white
That skims o'er strand and swell;
It looks so bright and sails so light,
And stems the tide so well.
The soft wild gale fills out its sail,
And wafts it towards the sea,
And floats me down from Cork's fair town,
Upon the pleasant Lee.

I sit within that bonnie boat
When love o'er me has power,
When sea-birds float with shrilly note
At sunset's golden hour;
Then from the shore, green towering o'er,
Love seems to pilot me,
To muse alone on my loved one,
Upon the pleasant Lee.

When first my boat upon the tide
A thing of life out came,
With conscious pride, upon its side,
I placed my true-love's name;
And since, each day, that name the spray
Has washed full wild and free,
But still each line undimmed doth shine,
Upon the pleasant Lee.

A trim new sail my boat shall have When summer days come on,
And swift and brave she'll walk the wave,
More stately than the swan;
For then my bloom-bright maid shall come
With love and joy to me,
And side by side we oft shall glide
Upon the pleasant Lee.

# BALLYGIBLING.

RALPH VARIAN.

Air: "Ballinafad."

SWEET floral bells ringing,
Gay wild blossoms swinging,
Ye know when my Patsy is coming to me!—
Low murmuring fountain,
Grey mists of the mountain,
Ye know when he leaves the lone meadow to me!

O, pleasant the village, O, fair the good tillage,

My heart joys to see the rich summer among!
And golden fields drooping,

When reapers are stooping,

And Patsy's kind voice cheers the work-people on!

O, bright the day bounding, With sweet whistle sounding,

That skims through the pond and the rushes to me!

That rustles the laurels, And lifts up the sorrels,

And brings my own Patsy in blushes to me!

In sweet Ballygibling,

His white sheep are nibbling The grass that is dewy and tender and bland;

His cattle are lowing,

He's ploughing and sowing,

His voice shouting clear on his own farm-land.

What though it be so?—

He's graceful and nimble, and swift in the dance.

Napoleon, we know, Was said to be low.

'Tis head, heart, and hand, can thrill here as in France.

His forehead is white,

And his blue eyes are bright,

And his head shines in light as the primroses fair!
When he sports in the sun.

With his dog and his gun,

My heart bounds to see when he courses the hare.

O, I like, and yet fear, From his sweet lips to hear

Of dawnings of hope for our dear native land; And I know that few could

Do more than he would

To serve her with strength of a true heart and hand.

As the sweet summer goes, I care not who knows

That the day of our wedding is soon drawing nigh, When the joy-bells shall ring, And the villagers sing,

As that long-wished-for morning dawns out of the sky.

#### A LAY OF THE FAMINE.

#### ANONYMOUS.

[There is infinite force and beauty in the following fugitive ballad.]

HUSH! hear you how the night wind keens, around the craggy reek?

Its voice peals high above the waves that thunder in the creek.

"Aroon! arouse thee, and hie thee o'er the moor!

Ten miles away, there's bread they say to feed the starving poor.

God save thee, Eilleen bawn asthore,† and guide thy naked feet,

And keep the fainting life in us till thou come back with meat.

God send the moon to show thee light upon thy way so drear,

And mind thou well the rocky dell, and heed the rushy mere."

She kissed her father's palsied hand, her mother's pallid cheek,

And whirled out on the driving storm, beyond the craggy reek.

<sup>\*</sup> A ruín, a ruín. † Eilean bán a stoir.

All night she tracks, with bleeding feet, her rugged mountain way,

And townsfolks meet her in the street, at flushing of the day.

But God is kinder on the moor than man is in the town,

And Eilleen quails before the stranger's harsh rebuke and frown.

Night's gloom enwraps the hills once more, and hides a slender form,

That shudders o'er the moors again, before the driving storm.

No bread is in her wallet stored, but on the lonesome heath

She lifts her empty hands to God, and prays for speedy death.

Yet struggles onward, faint and blind, and numb to hope or fear,

Unmindful of the rocky dell, or of the rushy mere.

But, ululu /\* what sight is this?—what forms come by the reek?

As white and thin as evening mist upon the mountain's peak.

Mist-like they glide across the heath—a weird and ghostly band;

The foremost crosses Eileen's path, and grasps her by the hand.

"Dear daughter, thou hast suffered sore, but we are well and free;

For God has ta'en the life from us, nor wills it long to thee.

So hie thee to our cabin lone, and dig a grave so deep,
And underneath the golden gorse our corpses lay to
sleep.

• Fuillshid.

Else they will come and smash the walls upon our mould'ring bones,

And screaming mountain birds will tear our flesh from out the stones.

And, daughter, haste to do thy work, so thou may'st quickly come,

And take with us our grateful rest, and share our peaceful home."

The sun behind the distant hills far-sinking down to sleep.

A maiden on the lonesome moor, digging a grave so deep.

The moon above the craggy reek, silvering moor and wave,

And the pale corpse of a maiden young, stretched on a new-made grave.

## FAIR-HILLED, PLEASANT IRELAND.

EDWARD WALSH.\*

TAKE a blessing from the heart of a lonely griever, To fair-hilled, pleasant Ireland;

To the glorious seed of Ir and Eivir,†
In fair-hilled, pleasant Ireland;
Where the voice of birds fills the wooded vale,
Like the mourning harp o'er the fallen Gael.

And oh! that I pine, many long days sail, From fair-hilled, pleasant Ireland!

+ Eibber, or Eivir, the son of Ir, who, with his brothers, the sons of Milesius, shared Ireland between them. Ir, and his son Eivir, had Ulster for their share.

<sup>•</sup> Edward Walsh lies intered in The Mathew Cemetry, Cork; a graceful monument, a Celtic cross, marks the site—erected at the expense of the admirers of his genius, chiefly amongst the working classes of Cork City.

There are numerous hosts at the trumpet's warning,
In fair-hilled, pleasant Ireland;
And warriors bold, all dangers scorning,
In fair-hilled, pleasant Ireland.
Oh, memory sad! oh, tale of grief!
They are crushed by the stranger past all relief,
In fair-hilled, pleasant Ireland!

## FEITHFAILGE.\* T. C. IRWIN.

'Twas on a soft blue summer morn. When o'er the ocean spacious Warm vapours slept, and lambs new shorn Basked in the sunshine gracious; When young birds o'er the grass-green corn Were trying their weak winglets; That on the hawthorn-scented air I heard her music laughter rare. And saw beside her cottage there The bright-eyed colleen, blithe and fair, Whose lovers named her from her hair— "A honeysuckle of ringlets." Oh! be it mine, in storm or shine, But once to see you daily, I said: dear, beauteous, bright, divine, Spirit of joy more sweet than wine. Rose-cheeked, white-bosomed girl of mine-Oh, golden-browed Feithfailge!

" "Feithfailge" is an Irish feminine name, signifying "a

Honeysuckle of Ringlets."

The day I saw her first, my heart Left me; and with love only I wandered on the hills apart, And with the night stars lonely; Tears from my eyes would often start When for a day I missed her. And all my thoughts were bent to please This girl, whose ringlets drew the bees From the blossomed chestnut trees: Whom I have worshipped on my knees, And given the world her hand to squeeze, Or think—oh !—that I'd kissed her ! And oft, oghone, at midnight lone, When set the low moon palely, From sleep I started with a moan, To find the form I clasped was gone, And hushed your lips' low murmuring tone-My dreams' delight—Feithfailge.

More love than gave I her, no boy
Ere gave his sweetheart tender;
I'd gone through death to make her joy,
Or be her chosen defender.
But when I met with her so coy,
Love made me—to my sorrow—
Somehow—I know not why—alway
My tongue forbore to say its say

Somehow—I know not why—alway My tongue forbore to say its say, Although she wouldn't have said nay; Until next year, from o'er the sea Returned, I met her marriage gay,—Oh wirra, wirra, wirra! Dark was the hour I lost this flower, That smiled on me so gaily, Whom I had taken without dower Of money, cattle, land, or power; Whom I had loved as loves the shower The cowslip in the morning hour—My heart's lost light—Feithfailge!

### CLONDALLAGH.

J. FRAZER.\*

ARE the orchards of Scurragh
With apples still bending?
Are the wheat-ridge and furrow
On Cappaghneale blending?
Let them blend—let them blend!
Be they fruitful or fallow,
A far dearer old friend
Is the bog of Clondallagh!

Fair Birr of the mountains,
Thy forest and river,
And miniature mountains,
Seemed round me for ever;
But they cast from the past
No home memories to hallow
My heart to the last—
Like the bog of Clondallagh!

How sweet was my dreaming
By Brosna's bright water,
While it dashed away, seeming
A mountain's young daughter!
Yet to roam with the foam,
By the deep reach or shallow—
Made but brighter at home
The turf fires from Clondallagh!

If whole days of a childhood—
More mournful than merry—
I sought through the wild-wood
Young bird or ripe berry,
Some odd sprite, or quaint knight,
Some Sinbad, or Abdallah,
Was my chase by the light
Of bog-fire from Clondallagh!

<sup>\*</sup> A working cabinet-maker of Dublin. Author of "Poems for the People."—Dublin J. Brown, Nassau-street.

There the wild duck and plover
Have felt me a prowler,
On their thin rushy cover,
More fatal than fowler;
And regret sways me yet,
For the crash on her callow,
When the matched hurlers met,
On the plains of Clondallagh!

Yea, simply to measure
The moss with a soundless
Quick step was a pleasure—
Strange, stirring, and boundless;
For its spring seemed to fling
Up my foot, and to hallow
My spirit with wing;
O'er the sward of Clondallagh!

But alas! in the season
Of blossoming gladness,
May be strewed over reason
Rank seeds of vain sadness!
While a wild, wayward child,
With my young heart all callow,
It was warmed and beguiled
By dear Jane of Clondallagh!

On the form with her seated,
No urchin dare press on
My place, while she cheated
Me into my lesson!
But soon came a fond claim
From a lover, to hallow
His hearth with a dame,
In my Jane from Clondallagh!

When the altar had risen
From Jane to divide me,
I seemed in a prison,
Though she still was beside me;

And I know more the true,
From the love, false or shallow,
The farther I flew
From that bride and Clondallagh!

From the toils of the city,
My fancy long bore me,
To sue her to pity
The fate she brought o'er me!
And the dream, wood and stream,
The green fields and the fallow,
Still return, like a beam,
From dear Jane of Clondallagh!

#### WINDLASS SONG.\*

#### WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

HEAVE at the windlass!—heave O, cheerly, men!
Heave all at once, with a will!
The tide's quickly making,
Our cordage is creaking,
The water has put on a frill—

Heave O!

Fare you well, sweethearts!—heave O, cheerly, men!
Shore gamborado and sport!
The good ship all ready,
Each dog-vane is steady,
The wind blowing dead out of port—

it of port— Heave O!

Once in blue water—heave O, cheerly, men!
Blow it from north or from south—
She'll stand to it tightly,
And curtsy politely,
And carry a bone in her mouth—

Heave O!

\* William Allingham's "Songs of the Sea-shore" are particularly happy—this has the freshness of the salt-water breeze about it. Short cruise or long cruise—heave O, cheerly, men!
Jolly jack tar thinks it one;
No latitude dreads he,
Of white, black, or red sea,
Great iceberg, or tropical sun—
Heave O!

One other turn, and heave O, cheerly, men!
Heave, and good-bye to the shore!
Our money, how went it?
We shared it and spent it;
Next year we'll come back with some more—
Heave O!

#### CUSHLA-MO-CHREE.\*

JOHN FRANCIS WALLER, LL.D.

By the green banks of Shannon I woo'd thee, dear Mary,

When the sweet birds were singing in summer's gay

From those green banks I turn now, heart-broken and dreary,

As the sun sets, to weep o'er the grave of my bride. Idly the sweet birds around me are singing;

Summer, like winter, is cheerless to me;
I heed not if snow falls, or flow'rets are springing,
For my heart-light is darkened—my Cushla-mochree!

Oh! bright shone the morning when first as my bride, love,

Thy foot, like a sunbeam, my threshold crossed o'er; And blessed on our hearth fell that soft eventide love, When first, on my bosom, thy heart lay, asthore!

<sup>\*</sup> Cuisle mô croide-Pulse of my heart.

Restlessly now, on my lone pillow turning, Wear the night-watches, still thinking on thee; And darker than night breaks the light of the morning, For my aching eyes find thee not, Cushla-mo-chree!

Oh! my loved one! my lost one! say, why didst thou leave me—

To linger on earth with my heart in the grave?

Oh! would thy cold arms, love, might ope to receive me,

To my rest 'neath the dark boughs that over thee wave.

Still from our once happy dwelling I roam, love, Evermore seeking, my own bride, for thee; Oh, Mary, wherever thou art is my home, love, And I'll soon be beside thee, my Cushla-mo-chree!

## THE IRISH MOTHER AT HER CHILD'S GRAVE.

#### ELLEN FORRESTER.

My very heart-strings, sure, will burst asunder— O, woe is me!

Damp is the sod that thou art sleeping under— Asthore mochree.\*

Narrow and dark the bed where thou art lying, All cold and lone;

And the wild winds above thee shrieking, sighing, Ochone! mochree!

The frost is nipping thee, my tender blossom, In that cold place;

Mavourneen, come and nestle in my bosom

Thy poor chill face.

\* A stoir mo croide.

+ Uc on, mo croide.

Thine empty cradle stands beside the fire,
In the cold cot;
They would have moved it, but at my desire
They touched it not.

Then come! I'll clasp my arms so close around thee,
And bear thee home;
Thy father says he will not live without thee;
Come, darling, come!

I speak to thee, achora!\* don't you hear me?
My heart will break;
Why art thou mute, my babe, and I so near thee?
Alanna, † speak?

My gentle love-bird, thou art fled for ever;
Thy song is o'er;
Thy voice is hushed, and I shall hear thee never—
Oh, never more!

The sunshine of my life has all departed;
Thy day is gone;
The night has come; and I am broken hearted—
Ochone! ochone!

## THE LITTLE SIMPLE GIRL.

#### RALPH VARIAN.

I SING not of a planet fair,
On brow of cloudless night;
Of brilliant birds and blossoms rare,
Enthroned in eastern light;
Nor yet that web, with jewels bright,
Festooned in sweet-brier tree,
All deeply woven in the night,—
'Tis not the theme for me.

\* A carad. † A Leanab. † Uc on, uc on

I sing a little simple girl,
Who spreads no web profound;
The beamings of whose eyes impearl
Glengariff's fairy-ground.
Whose voice, in words, embowers delight,
Whose songs spontaneous flow,
The music of whose foot-fall light
Can make a sunset-glow.

This little girl, with spells of fays,
Has scared my nightly rest;
And filched, with heedless, careless ways,
The heart from out my breast.
Now o'er Glengariff's mountains high
From me she shall not flee,
I'll steal her heart, and, laughing, cry—
"You first stole mine from me!"

I've tracked her o'er the glorious mound,
Through caves and mystic dells.
A human heart, with love profound,
Is subject to my spells;
A heart with playful brilliant shade,
A planetary sphere,
A sweet-brier rose in cottage-glade,
Whose root is centred here!

#### KITTY NEIL.

## FRANCIS WALLER, LL.D.

"AH, sweet Kitty Neil! rise up from your wheel; Your neat little foot will be weary from spinning; Come, trip down with me, to the sycamore tree—Half the parish is there, and the dance is beginning. The sun is gone down, but the full harvest moon Shines sweetly and cool on the dew-whitened valley; While all the air rings with the soft loving things Each little bird sings in the green shaded alley."

With a blush and a smile, Kitty rose up, the while Her eye in the glass, as she bound her hair, glancing. 'Tis hard to refuse, when a young lover sues,

So she couldn't but choose to go off to the dancing.

And now, on the green, the glad groups are seen, Each gay-hearted lad with the lass of his choosing; And Pat, without fail, leads out sweet Kitty Neil—Somehow, when he asked, she ne'er thought of refusing.

Now Felix Magee puts his pipe on his knee,

And, with flourish so free, sets each couple in motion; With a cheer and a bound, the lads patter the ground—
The maids move along, just like swans on the ocean.
Cheeks bright as the rose—feet light as the doe's—

Now coyly retiring, now boldly advancing;

Search the world all round, from the sky to the ground, No such sight can be found as an Irish lass dancing!

Sweet Kate! who could view your bright eyes of deep blue,

Beaming humidly through their dark lashes so mildly, Your fair-turned arm, heaving breast, rounded form— Nor feel his heart warm, and his pulses beat wildly? Poor Pat feels his heart, as he gazes, depart,

Subdued by the smart of each painful yet sweet love; The sight leaves his eye, as he cries, with a sigh—

"Dance light, for my heart it lies under your feet, love!"

## MY WHITE-HEADED BOY.

RALPH VARIAN.

Air: "The Pretty Girl Milking her Cow."

THE breeze on Benheder\* is pining To play with the primroses fair, Which, to my fond fancy, are shining In folds of his bright flaxen hair;

The ancient name of the Hill of Howth.

And the young lambs skip down from the mountain, To hear the sweet accents of joy, Which gush like a clear silver fountain, From my kind-hearted, white-headed boy.

Not a primrose at home on Benheder,
To cheer the lone depths of its gloom,
Can shine brighter, or milder, or sweeter
Than he, when he enters my room.
O, swift is the fountain that rushes
To the banks, where it trembles with joy;
As fleetly comes home with sweet blushes,
My kind-hearted, white-headed boy.

#### NAN OF HOLLY-PARK.

#### RALPH VARIAN.

WHEN hawthorn buds began to spring
Along the hedgerows dark,
I steered my course, on love's swift wing,
To Nan of Holly-Park.
Though Cork is fair, with fragrant dells,
Its days are long and dark;
For ah, at Howth, near Dublin, dwells
My Nan of Holly-Park!

I saw along the winter-hills
The buds with spring's sweet mark,
But here's the flower my bosom thrills—
My Nan of Holly-Park!
The storms may blow from hilly Howth,
When winter-days are dark;
But ah, I see my own sweet South—
In Nan of Holly-Park!

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I saw enthroned, on green-gold moss,
The fair wood-sorrel flower,
While scarce a leaf had dared to cross
The screens of branchen bower:
A brighter flower sits pillowed here,
With voice to mock the lark,
And sing sweet songs to Ireland dear—
My Nan of Holly-Park!

# "CONSTANT DROPPING WEARS THE STONE."

JOHN FITZ-GERALD.\*

LITTLE things have mighty power—
Insects form the coral reef,
Stone on stone builds up the tower,
Seedlings come to bough and leaf.
Grains of sand hem in the ocean,
Where its wild waves high are thrown,
Trifles keep the earth in motion—
"Constant dropping wears the stone."

"Cast thy bread upon the waters,"
'Twill return in many days,
If you help God's sons and daughters,
Wandering in life's weary ways.
Little deeds, when good, are splendid,
Leaving you near God's bright throne,
When your life on earth has ended—
"Constant dropping wears the stone."

Leaf on leaf in autumn breaking, Leaves the forest brown and sere; Wave on wave 'mid sea-birds shrieking, Hews the sea-caves dark and drear.

<sup>\*</sup> Wood-carver, of Cork.

Little clouds give timely warning,
Ere the tempest blast has blown;
Little trifles bear not scorning—
"Constant dropping wears the stone."

Little pens, if tipped with fire,
Cause the revolution's shock,
Little blows that never tire,
Fell the oak and blast the rock.
Little steps ascend the mountain,
Little wings long leagues have flown,
Little drops fill up the fountain—
"Constant dropping wears the stone."

Little leaks cause ships to founder,
Little sparks explode the mine;
Little men, if they surround her,
Make their land in honour shine.
Little streamlets swell the river,
Little notes on trumpets blown,
Sound the charge where squadrons quiver—
"Constant dropping wears the stone."

Little wrongs seem mean and trifling, Yet they all mount up in time;
Though a nation its wrath be stifling, Some day it bursts sublime.
Step by step you goad a people,
Till yourself like grass are mown,
And the tocsin shakes the steeple—
"Constant dropping wears the stone."

There's a small chain girds the world,
Where the sun gets up or sinks—
Bent and strained and downward hurled,
Tiny shamrocks form its links.
Yet it keeps our sons united,
Till a nation they have grown;
Wrong shall some day be requited—
"Constant dropping wears the stone."

#### UNDER THE SNOW.

#### HESTER SIGERSON.\*

Who lieth in that grave, woman, that your tears down flow;
Who hath found his looked-for rest from the world's woe;

Who so purely shrouded sleeps under the snow—

Tell me if you know?

"Ah! well I know!"

Say, was it some aged one, withered and grey; Sad from life's long journey, weary of delay; Weary of the world's ways, and all earthy show— Glad to go? "No! ah, no!"

Was it then some maiden young, worn and pale,
Who had trusting listened to a false lover's tale;
Who had loved and listened, until lost love laid her low—
Glad to go?
"No! ah. no!"

Ah! then 'twas some widowed one, lonely and sad, Who had buried all her loves, all that she had; And had waited prayerfully on life's ebbing flow—
Glad to go?
"No! ah, no!—

"It was a happy baby, blooming and fair,
With smiling, kissing rose-lips, and bonny bright hair,
And little dancing footsteps—till suddenly laid low
Under the snow.

<sup>\*</sup> Author of "Gardens of Life" and "Connor's Revenge," in "Popular Poetry;" and of "The Grey-Haired Bride," in this volume.

"And he was strong in every limb as baby could be, With little heart so loving, kind, and, oh! so fond to

And merry as the singing lark—till suddenly laid low Under the snow.

"Oh! beneath the snow pale, and the frozen clay,
The happy, happy baby, the lammie of play;
And oh! beside him sleeping, I would I were laid low
Under the snow—

"Oh! beneath the pure snow, with my loving son!"
Still, still gazing earthward, thus she sorrowed on,
When softly from the heavens far a little voice sang
clear,—

"Mother, I am here!"

### HARRY'S AWAY.

#### HENRY M'D. FLETCHER.\*

OH! my sperrits are down, and I'm troubled and pale, And I shiver and quake as I listen the gale— When I think of the ships tossed about on the saye, For my darling's upon it, my Harry's away.

In the day I can't work, and at night I can't sleep, For my heart and my head that it aises to weep. Folk stare at the girl that was happy and gay, But it's hard to be happy and Harry away.

The winds, when I'm up at the midnight alone, In the windeys they sigh, in the chimley they groan; And I always keep list nin' to hear what they say, For fear it's the ghost of my love that's away.

\* Of Belfast. He has recently published a little volume of considerable merit, entitled "Poems, Songs, and Ballads" (James Reed, Victoria-street, Belfast); in many of which he has happily preserved a sprinkling of the Irish idiom, and Irish peasant's pronunciation of the English language.

When I'm knitting I look at the nice rosy tree, That he planted fornent the front windey for me; And the pad he walked up in the dim evening's grey, I love to stroll down it since Harry's away.

And my heart it grows sick, when I call to my mind Iv'ry sentence I said, either cowld or unkind. If the Lord send him back—and for that I will pray—I'll niver spake cross to my love that's away.

Autumn blasts, as ye're strippin' the valley and plain, Ye have wakened worse storms in my timorous brain; But was him back safe, and I'll watch your wild play With delight, when—my Harry's no longer away!

## STEERING HOME.

TIMOTHY D. SULLIVAN.

FAR out beyond the sheltered bay,
Against the golden evening sky,
A brown speck rises, then away
It sinks—it dwindles from my eye.
Again it rises, drawing nigh;
Its well-known shape grows sharp and clear—
It is his bark, my Donald dear.
And oh! though small a speck it be,
Kind heaven, that knows my hope and fear,
Can tell the world it holds for me.

My boat of boats is steering home—
She bends and sways before the wind;
I cannot see the milky foam
Beneath her bows and far behind.
But oh! I know my love will find—
Howe'er the evening current flows,
Howe'er the rising night wind blows—
The shortest course his keel can dart
From where he is, to where he knows
I wait to clasp him to my heart.

Come, Donald, home! see by my side
Your little ones, impatient too.
All day they loitered by the tide,
And prattled of your boat and you;
Into the glancing waves they threw
Some little chips—the surges bore
Their tiny vessels back to shore;
Then would they clap their hands, and say,
The first was your's; and, o'er and o'er,
Would ask me why you stayed away.

Come, Donald, home! the red sun sets; Come to your children dear, and me; And bring us full or empty nets, A scene of joy our hearth shall be. You'll tell me stories of the sea; And I will sing the songs you said Were sweet as wild sea-music made By mermaids on the weedy rocks—Where in some sheltered quiet shade, They sit and comb their dripping locks.

He comes! he comes! My boat is near; I know his mainsail's narrow peak. They haul her flowing sheets—I hear The dry sheeves on their pivots creak. He waves his hand—I hear him speak. Come to the beach, my sons, with me; He'll greet us from her side, and we Shall meet him when he leaps to shore; Then take him home, and bid him see Our brighter deck—our cottage floor.

#### A LOVE SONG TO MY WIFE.

IOSEPH BRENNAN.

[AUTHOR'S NOTE.—From the New Orleans Democatic Review: "Some three years ago, I published in the Democratic Review a few verses, entitled "A Song to My Wife," which have since. been reprinted in more papers than it would be convenient to enumerate: in most instances, and particularly in this city, without the author's name. As the popularity of the trifle is presumptive evidence that it was not altogether worthless, I submit the following rhymes as a kind of a pendant to it."]

COME to me, darling one, nearer and nearer— Time only renders you dearer and dearer. Grief has no chill for the love which is truthful; Years, as they roll, find it brilliantly youthful— Steadfastly scorning a moment of ranging— Changes around find affection unchanging. Brightly it silvers the clouds which are o'er us: Nightly it lights up the pathway before us.

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See you that calm and majestical river,
Stealing on tranquilly, ever and ever—
Beautiful always, in sunshine or shadow,
Breasting the tempest, or kissing the meadow—
Bountiful, too, in its musical flowing—
Source of the green which beside it is glowing;
Soul of the woods which so verdantly bound it;
Seed of the flowers which are laughing around it?

Dear! as that river flows onward and onward, Forcing the seeds of fertility sunward; So has the current of love for you glided, Bright'ning the years which are gathered beside it—Clothing their forms with a raiment of purple; Gracing their heads with the laurel and myrtle; Making each hour, which in quiet reposes, Break into beauty and blush into roses.

Surely that stream has a lesson for lovers:
O'er it a silver-clad sisterhood hovers—
Birds which, illuming the proximate grasses,
Peck into dimples the wave as it passes—
Birds which fulfill their predestinate duty,
Lending their hues to completion of beauty,
Bright in the nooning or dark in the even,
Ultimate tints in the landscape of heaven!

Thus, as our love hurries on to its ending,
Beautiful things with its beauties are blending;—
Fancies which nest in the years by it, dreaming
Silver-clad thoughts which are constantly gleaming;
Gifts which, at evening, the shadow enhances,
Breaking to joys as the morning advances;
Hope for the future, and fond recollection—
Golden-hued guardian of human affection.

But, if some casual wing of ill-omen Glides o'er the wave like the shade of the gnomon;— What if the song-birds at times have been wearied; What if the sunshine has not been unvaried; What if the buds of our spring which departed Left us in solitude weak and sad-hearted; What if we sometimes have moments of weeping Over the little ones death has set sleeping?

Let them sleep on: there are dreams in their slumbers, Soothed by the angels' most musical numbers; Lit by the light of a greatness supernal; Blest by the bliss which alone is eternal. Let them sleep on: they are happy above us, Death cannot make them unable to love us;—Weep not for babes which are benisons o'er us; Grieve not because they are happy before us!

Come to me, darling one, nearer and nearer, Time only renders you dearer and dearer. Grief has no chill for the love which is truthful; Years, as they roll, find it brilliantly youthfulSteadfastly scorning a moment of ranging— Changes around leave affection unchanging. Brightly it silvers the clouds which are o'er us: Nightly it lights up the pathway before us!

NOTE.—The "Song to My Wife," alluded to in the introductory note to the above poem, is given in "Popular Poetry, Street Ballads, and Household Songs."—Dublin: M'Glashen & Gill.

#### SPRING FLOWERS FROM IRELAND.\*

(On receiving an early Crocus and some Violets in a second letter from Ireland.)

#### DENIS FLORENCE MAC-CARTHY.

[Aubrey de Vere, himself a distinguished poet, has written the following criticism on this poem:—"It seems to me to be one of singular—indeed of extraordinary beauty. It has that union of pathos and moral thought, with fineness of execution, which belongs to some of Wordsworth's later poems. The love of our native land has never been expressed with finer feeling, or with a finer handling, than in this poem."]

WITHIN the letter's rustling fold
I find, once more—a glad surprise:
A little tiny cup of gold—
Two lovely violet eyes;—
A cup of gold with emeralds set,
Once filled with wine from happier spheres;
Two little eyes so lately wet
With spring's delicious dewy tears.

Oh! little eyes that wept and laughed,
Now bright with smiles, with tears now dim;
Oh! little cup that once was quaffed
By fay-queens fluttering round thy rim.
I press each silken fringe's fold—
Sweet little eyes, once more ye shine;
I kiss thy lip, oh! cup of gold,
And find thee full of memory's wine.

 See the companion piece to this—"A Shamrock from the Irish Shore," at page 2 of this vol.
 Written at Bologne, 1865. Within their violet depths I gaze,
And see, as in the camera's gloom,
The Island with its belt of bays,
Its chieftained heights all capped with broom;
Which, as the living lens it fills,
Now seems a giant charmed to sleep—
Now a broad shield embossed with hills,
Upon the bosom of the deep.

When will the slumbering giant wake?
When will the shield defend and guard?
Ah, me! prophetic gleams forsake
The once rapt eyes of seer or bard.
Enough, if shunning Samson's fate,
It doth not all its vigour yield;
Enough, if plenteous peace, though late,
May rest beneath the sheltering shield.

I see the long and lone defiles
Of Keimaneigh's bold rocks uphurled;
I see the golden-fruited isles
That gem the queen-lakes of the world;
I see—a gladder sight to me—
By soft Shangánagh's silver strand,
The breaking of a sapphire sea
Upon the golden-fretted sand.

Swiftly the tunnel's rock-hewn pass,
Swiftly the fiery train runs through—
Oh! what a glittering sheet of glass!
Oh! what enchantment meets my view!
With eyes insatiate I pursue,
Till Bray's bright headland bounds the scene—
'Tis Baise by a softer blue!
Gäeta by a gladder green!

By tasseled groves, o'er meadows fair, I'm carried in my blissful dream, To where—a monarch in the air— The pointed mountain reigns supreme; There in a spot remote and wild, I see once more the rustic seat, Where Carrigoona, like a child, Sits at the mightier mountain's feet.

There by the gentler mountain's slope— That happiest year of many a year, That first swift year of love and hope— With her then dear and ever dear, I sat upon the rustic seat— The seat an aged bay-tree crowns— And saw outspreading from our feet The golden glory of the Downs.

The furze-crowned heights, the glorious glen,
The white-walled chapel glistening near,
The house of God, the homes of men,
The fragrant hay, the ripening ear;
There where there seemed nor sin, nor crime,
There in God's sweet and wholesome air—
Strange book to read at such a time—
We read of Vanity's false Fair.

We read the painful pages through—
Perceived the skill, admired the art;
Felt them if true, not wholly true—
A truer truth was in our heart.
Save fear and love of ONE, hath proved
The sage, how vain is all below;
And one was there who feared and loved,
And one who loved that she was so.

The vision spreads, the memories grow—Fair phantoms crowd the more I gaze. O! cup of gold, with wine o'erflow, I'll drink to those departed days; And when I drain the golden cup
To them, to those I ne'er can see,
With wine of hope I'll fill it up,
And drink to days that yet may be.

I've drank the future and the past,
Now for a draught of warmer wine—
One draught, the sweetest and the last,
Lady, I'll drink to thee and thine.
These flowers that to my breast I fold,
Into my very heart have grown—
To thee I drain the cup of gold,
And think the violet eyes thine own.

## THE OLD IRISH COW.

JAMES McKowen.\*

I HAD a cow—my Drimindhu—
When Pat and I were joined together;
And I may say that for a day
She scarce was ever off the tether.
Och! wirrasthru, my Drimindhu,
Your glossy coat all did admire;
My shinin' sloe, your like I know
Will never stand in shed or byre.

But just about last hollantide,
Our Pat he rose one frosty morn;
And, wirrasthru! my Drimindhu
He sold, and purchased a "short-horn."
Och! wirrasthru, my Drimindhu,
Your glossy coat all did admire;
My shinin' sloe, your like I know
Will never stand in shed or byre.

And when the "short-horn" calved at May,
Of "cake" and corn she got her skinful;
But may I never sin if she
Gave at a milkin' half a tinful!
Och! wirrasthru, my Drimindhu,
You needed neither cake nor corn;
On a taste of hay three times a day

You gave a canful night and morn!

• Author of "The Old Irish Jig," "The Song to the Sailor Boy," and of "Kate of Glenkeen," in this vol.

I wipe the salt tears from my eyes—
I feel my cheek with hot shame burnin'—
As the neighbours say to me each day,
"Arrah, Kitty, is there no more churnin'?"
Och! wirrasthru, my Drimindhu,
Grief chokes me and I cannot utter!
On a taste of hay three times a day
"Twas you that gave galore of butter!

Says Pat to me, "Och, gramachree,\*
Her 'pedigree' shows 'Dukes' in dozens;
'The Royal Dane' and 'Lady Jane,'
And the 'Sultan,' too, are all her cousins."
Och! wirrasthru, my Drimindhu,
Such nonsense puts me past my patience;
My darlin' cow, I miss you now,
Although you had no grand relations!

My curse upon them night and day,
And may their grief be great as mine is,
That first brought o'er to Erin's shore
The "short-horn" cows and Cochin-Chinas.
Och! wirrasthru, my Drimindhu,†
From Barrow's shady banks I brought her;
And oft I dream of that fair stream,
And her eyes, placid as its water!

## MY WISHES.

Anna-Mary (Osborne) Dickson.

When in the sultry noon I lie, Deep in the fresh green grass; And hear the fragile flow'rets sigh As breezes pass;

<sup>\*</sup> A grad mô croide. † A Muire astruag mô Drinean Dub.

And see above my head the sky, So bright, serene, and pure, I know a gracious God is nigh— I feel secure.

t

And long to do some worthy deed, By Heavenly strength inspired, From their degraded state to raise And bless mankind.

I long to comfort misery—
To break my selfish rest—
And pour the balm of sympathy
On hearts distressed.

And pray for that beloved land
Who still enchained can sing;
Who, if she had the strength, would fain
To freedom spring.

Though low her gentle heart has drooped, Yet in its depths there lies Sweet islands green of fresh, free thoughts I'll not despise.

To clear each free and verdurous spot,
To make their space extend—
To this divine ennobling lot
My wishes tend!

## THE BANKS AND THE WOODS OF THE LEE.

RALPH VARIAN.

AH, down by the banks and the woods of the Lee, There's dew on the lily, my Nanny machree! There, pillowed in moss, rests the wood-sorrel flower, There shyest birds sing in the sunniest hour!

There, pillowed in moss, rests the wood-sorrel flower,

There shyest birds sing in the sunniest hour!

And shy is my Nanny! Yet, what do I trace? Sweet, clustering kisses at rest on her face! And snug in our cottage, no stranger to see; O, freely she gives all her love-light to me!

While, pillowed in moss, rests the wood-sorrel flower,

And shyest birds sing in the sunniest hour!

Ah, down by the banks and the woods of the Lee, There's dew on the rosebud, my Nanny machree! There, ash-trees are bathed in the sun's golden dye—'There, castles, in grandeur, lean back on the sky! While, pillowed in moss, rests the wood-sorrel flower,

And shyest birds sing in the sunniest hour!

Sweet, sweet was her childhood, in Ardfallen shade, Where uncle and granny a bright shelter made; Where flowers were her playmates, and sunshine and shower

Unfolded the leaslet and coloured the flower!

Now flowers are her playmates, and sunshine
and shower

Unfold the dear leaflet and colour the flower!

We played in the sunshine, we danced in the shade, To music the green boughs and river-reeds made; Or listened at home, by light of the fire, To music and old songs that never can tire!

We listen at home, by light of the fire,
To music and old songs that never can tire!

O! fairer the Lee-banks than banks of the Rhine; For here are the blue eyes, whose love-beams divine Cheer nature from clouds of golden locks bright, Bedewing my pathway in colours of light!

Where, pillowed in moss, rests the wood-sorrel flower,
Where shyest birds sing in the sunniest hour!

And nought on the banks of this river so fair—So stately in form—so graceful in air—So modest and gentle—so steadfast, yet free—As Nanny at home on the banks of the Lee!

Where, pillowed in moss, rests the wood-sorrel flower,
And shyest birds sing in the sunniest hour!

#### A DREAM OF DELGANY.\*

EDWARD IRWIN.

I DREAMT I saw my childhood's home, Bright, as when first I viewed it; The lakes I've crossed, the hills I've clomb, The friends I've known, included.

There was the modest church, whose spire Rose o'er the trees surrounding; Swelled on the breeze its solemn choir, Its solemn organ sounding.

Forth unto church the people trod With books and Sunday faces, And reverend pace, to worship God, And thank Him for His graces.

I recognised amongst the throng Many I once was known to: They knew not, as they passed along, What the small boy had grown to!

I saw the lime bend o'er the spring Where birds to bathe descending, Sang, as they gaily dipped their wing, Notes with its murmur blending.

<sup>&</sup>quot; Poems, Grave and Gay," by Edward Irwin. London: Tallant & Co.

<sup>†</sup> A young man-accountant in a bank at Fermoy.

I saw a cot, around whose door Wild roses drooped neglected; A pretty maid lived there of yore— I turned away dejected.

And, mounting on a hill, surveyed
The country round me lying;
There lay each spot by memory made
Dear till my day of dying.

Each woody glen, and rocky dell,
And mountain cavern darkling;
Each heath-crowned hill, and mossy fell,
And silver streamlet sparkling.

Each ivyed turret, old and grey, Which croaking crows inhabit; Each ruined aisle, where light of day Ne'er scared the timid rabbit;

Each mountain side with music glad, Each grove with leafy shading; Each sunny lawn and valley, clad With verdure never-fading.

In days of childhood, oft among
Those mountains, in my rambles,
I've stood to hear the birds that sung
So sweetly 'mid the brambles;

Till, hanging on each note I heard From bush and thicket swelling, My boy's heart grew to love the bird, And spare its little dwelling.

Then, looking o'er the years I've spent Since 'mid those scenes I wandered, I thank my God I felt content And happy, while I pondered. Nor was it with regret I woke From scenes of real seeming— As morning's light my slumber broke— To find I had been dreaming.

#### BALLINHASSIG.

#### RALPH VARIAN.

Air: "Cruiskeen Lawn."

I BLESS the happy day
When Heaven led my way
To Ballinhassig glen, wild wood, and lawn;
I never can forget
The glen where first I met

My morning-bright, fresh, peerless Molly bawn!
The sheltered cot, and White Lamb of the lawn!

Vision bright—Heart's Delight—
Planet on the brow of night!
Shining o'er the lamb-besprinkled lawn!
Looking in the depths profound,
Through visionary, hallowed ground:
Dear Ballinhassig glen, where foams the waterfall,
And wood-quests sweetly murmur Molly bawn!

The wild birds o'er the lake
Disturbed the reedy brake,
And floating lilies fringing lake and lawn;
The solemn woods above
Were telling lays of love,
Where sweetly sang my own sweet, peerless Molly bawn!
Where sweetly sang my Molly bawn!

Vision bright-Heart's Delight! &c.

The ancient oaks stretched down
Their limbs with ferns brown,
And trailed upon the bright flower-sprinkled lawn;

While through transparent leaves
The light of mellow eve's
In love-rays lingered round my peerless Molly bawn!
Did linger on my Molly bawn!

Vision bright-Heart's Delight! &c.

She sang the song the while
Of our brave and sainted isle;
Her ancient fame—her hope's bright glowing dawn;

And while the blue vault smiled,
My heart beat high and wild

To press the song-lips of my peerless Molly bawn! The song-lips of my Molly bawn!

Vision bright-Heart's Delight! &c.

The moon rose into view,
Above the shades of yew,
Bright and thoughtful as my own Molly bawn;
But yet not half so white
As her bosom's heaving light,
Nor so love-inspiring as my peerless Molly bawn!
Love-inspiring as my Molly bawn!

Vision bright-Heart's Delight! &c.

I clasped her white round form,
All breathing soft and warm—
Not like the cold moon, high above the lawn;
And saw the trembling light
Of her blue eyes dewy bright,

And kissed the love-tears of my own sweet Molly bawn! The love-tears of my Molly bawn!

Vision bright—Heart's Delight! &c.

Her bosom pulses beat
To me such music sweet,
As hushed the throbbings of the waterfall;
Her mild brow, pure and white,
Did tremble in my sight,

As a kind vow I sealed to my peerless Molly bawn! A kind vow to my Molly bawn!

Vision bright-Heart's Delight! &c.

She murmured, "How can we Enjoy felicity,

While Erin's millions perish in the dawn?

Or how, this year above Make vows of deathless love

Fore man to take me for your peerless Molly bawn? Fore God to claim your Molly bawn?"

Vision bright-Heart's Delight! &c.

I said, "My flut'ring dove, Our wings of unstained love Shall never stoop on tyranny to fawn; While for our own dear land

I keep a fearless hand, I'll cherish and support my peerless Molly bawn! I'll cherish my own Molly bawn!

Vision bright—Heart's Delight! &c.

"If Heaven decree this year Sweet liberty appear,

Together we will usher in the dawn : Should clouds protract the date, I'll struggle soon and late

For Erin and my own sweet, peerless Molly bawn! My country and my Molly bawn!"

Vision bright-Heart's Delight! &c.

Her father's cottage white, Its well-known cheerful light,

Was gleaming o'er the dark and dewy lawn; The white and rounded form-

The life-pulse, beating warm, Was throbbing on my heart-my peerless Molly bawn!

My tearful, smiling Molly bawn!

Vision bright—Heart's Delight! &c.

The dear old man was there,
His high head white and bare,
In trellised porch, where parlour lamp-lights dawn;
And Heavenly blessings gave—

Ah, never can they leave

My Sweet Heart—Life Pulse—my own peerless Molly bawn!

My shy, my tearful Molly bawn!

Vision bright-Heart's Delight! &c.

Her sisters trilled within
A laugh that I did win
he White Lamb of their bright an

The White Lamb of their bright and dewy lawn;
Her brother grasped my hand,
And cried, "Man, this is grand,"

And pledged me to my own sweet, peerless Molly bawn! My smiling, tearful Molly bawn!

Vision bright-Heart's Delight! &c.

The village is not far,
With deathless chapel-star,
Where we did see that happy morning dawn;
Whose rites to me did bind

The heavenly beaming mind—
The honey-sweet, kind-hearted, peerless Molly bawn!
The Gold-Flower of the shamrock-sprinkled lawn!

Vision bright-Heart's Delight! &c.

## AN IRISH BEAUTY.

#### ELLEN FORRESTER.

DARK eyes softly beaming, and pearly-teeth gleaming, And black rippling tresses, loose, flowing, and free; A face sweet and simple, and many an arch dimple—
That's Nora, my Nora, sweet Nora Magee.

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A small foot, a neat foot, a dainty and fleet foot, No foot in the dance half so nimble you'd see; As gay as a fairy, and graceful and airy— That's Nora, my Nora, sweet Nora Magee.

Now teasing, now vexing, and always perplexing
The heart that adores her to such a degree;
Now frowning, now smiling, bewitching, beguiling—
That's Nora, my Nora, sweet Nora Magee.

Dark eyes softly beaming, and pearly-teeth gleaming, Capricious, and wilful, and charming is she; In kind mood or cruel, she's always my jewel— My own darling Nora, sweet Nora Magee.

## THE JOLLY COMPANIE.

Dr. R. D. JOYCE.

Air: "The Jolly Companie."\*

OH! we are jolly soldiers,
Of courage stout and true;
Some in strife grown hoary,
And some to battle new.
We're going to the wars
Beyond the Irish sea,
Our green flag o'er us waving,
A jolly companie!
A jolly companie!
A jolly companie!
In bivouac, or wild attack,
A jolly companie!

When we sailed from the harbour, Our hearts were sad and sore For the girls we left behind us Upon the Irish shore.

A fine old air—to which the martial and cheery words of the new song sing right well.

Though the girls in France are fair,
To our own still true we'll be,
As we fight our way to glory,
A jolly companie!
A jolly companie!
A jolly companie!
Around the can, or man to man,
A jolly companie!

Here's a health to good King Lewis,
Our friend for evermore;
And a health to poor Righ Shamus—
May his troubles soon he o'er.
Where'er the pike we'll trail
We'll smite his enemie
To the tune of "Fåg an bealach,"\*
A jolly companie!
A jolly companie!
A jolly companie!
In peace or fight, by day or night,
A jolly companie!

When we look upon our flag-staff
Of the hardy Irish oak,
'Twill remind us of our country
'Mid the battle's dust and smoke;
In danger's stormy gap
Our gory bed may be,
But we'll die like sons of Ireland,
A jolly companie!
A jolly companie!
A jolly companie!
In bivouac, or wild attack,
A jolly companie!

<sup>\*</sup> Pronounced Faugh-a-baullagh, meaning "clear the road." The 87th, or Royal Irish Fusileers, from their use of this warshout, went generally by the name of "The Faugh-a-Baullagh Boys."

### ELEGY ON EDWARD WALSH.

M. HOGAN.

FROM wild Glengariff's fairy strand,
To Avon Dhu's romantic side;
From gentle Banna's amber sand,
To Liffy's darkly winding tide;
From Shannon's border to the sea,
From Suir's bright spring to crystal Nore,
Ye sons of song, come mourn with me—
THE BARD OF LEGENDARY LORE.

Ah, gentle star of genius dear,
Where is thy beam of beauty gone?
Though clouded in thy kindred sphere,
Thy ray with sweetest splendour shone.
As springs the modest mountain-flower
Beneath mild April's dewy ray,
As smiles the wild rose on the briar,
Thy genius smiled, and passed away.

What human heart can read unmoved,
The record of thy dying hour,
When she, thy partner so beloved,
Bent o'er thee like a weeping flower?
Alas! that souls so sweetly twined,
Should from each other's love be torn;
Alas! that hearts so pure and kind
As her's, should sigh and weep forlorn.

By silver Avon's misty wave,

He won the treasure of her love,
And noble was the heart he gave,
Unsullied as the skies above;
And gentle as Lough Sheeling's swan
Was she, his spirit's worshipped bride,
And love and beauty round her shone,
With youth and virtue at her side.

The breathings of his lofty soul
Were turned to music in her praise;
His heart was love's own banquet bowl,
And she the bright wine of his days!
For Erin and his Bridghid fair,
His wild harp's notes were poured alone;
For Erin and his Bridghid dear,
His spirit thrilled with one sweet tone.

Ye hills, and moors, and ferny dales,
By fairy Avon's silver tide,
Ye groves, and banks, and shamrock vales,
No more he'll hail your vernal pride.
His sorrows and his toils are o'er,
And keen privations suffered long;
His gentle heart shall feel no more
The genial powers of love and song.

### THE DEAR OLD AIR.

(From the Irish.)

SAMUEL FERGUSSON, M.R.I.A.

MISFORTUNE'S train may chase our joys,
But not our love;

And I those pensive eyes will prize
The smiles of joy above.
Your tender looks of woe shall still

Delight and console,

Even though your eyes the tear-drops fill

Beyond our love's control.

Of troubles past we will not speak,
Or future woe;
Nor mark, thus leaning cheek to cheek,
The stealing tear-drops flow:
But I'll sing you the dear old Irish air,
Soothing and low,
You loved so well, when, gay as fair,
You won me long ago.

# SHE DWELLS BY A DAISY-BROWED STRAME.

#### HENRY M'D. FLETCHER.

[The Irish patois is gracefully preserved in this song].

OH, she dwells by a daisy-browed strame, In one of the purtiest valleys! The girl I'm not goin' to name,

For she's none of your Jennys or Sallys. So there shan't be a slur or a slight On Derry's wee blossomin' daughter, That's as pure in my heart, and as bright As the sun on the breast of Foyle water.

#### CHORUS:

Her lip, it's the rose of my spring, Her eye, it's the light of my life; By the Vergin, I pity the King That he'll niver get her for his wife!

Wee birds on the bushes all round,
So merrily whistlin' and singin';
Wee calves skippin' over the ground,
Where the shamrock and daisy are springin'—
Your time appears almost as fine
As your forebearers friskin' through Aiden;
But your pleasures are nothin' to mine,
By the side of my innocent maiden.
Her lip, it's the rose of my spring, &c.

Her cheek colours red and then white,
When up the green loanin' I'm comin',
For she drapped a wee saicret one night
By the star that shines first in the gloamin.'
Iver since it, by night and by day,
I'm beside myself fairly with gladness!
And faith, I heerd somebody say,
That love's but a beautiful madness.
Her lip, it's the rose of my spring, &c.

Not a blot on her brightness I see,
She's the goold of perfection all over;
But her faults would be beauties to me,
If a fault I had eyes to discover.
This eve-nin' down by the spring,
Where the moon at her shadow is gazin',
We'll meet when the bat's on the wing,
And the craiks clamour over the grazin'.

#### CHORUS:

For her lip, it's the rose of my spring, And her eye, it's the light of my life; By the Vergin, I pity the King That he'll never get her for his wife!

### MORNING PLUNGE.

### WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

I spring from my lightly-press'd pillow
To tread the gay sunshiny floor;
O welcome, that glittering billow,
Whose surf almost reaches our door!

The cliff, with its cheerful adorning
Of matted sea-pink under foot;
The lark gives me "top of the morning!"
The sailing-boat nods a salute.

Already, with new sea-born graces, Comes many a bright-featured maid; Peep children's damp hair and fresh faces, From straw hats or sun-bonnet's shade.

Green crystal, in exquisite tremble,
My tide-brimming pool I behold—
What shrimps on the sand-path assemble!—
I vanish! embraced with pure cold,

A king of the morning-time treasures To revel in water and air, Join salmon and gull in their pleasures, Then home to our sweet human fare.

There stand the blue cups on white table, Rich nuggets of gold from the hive; And there's Uncle George and Miss Mabel, And Kitty, the best child alive!

Now two little arms round my neck pass, A kiss from a laugh I must win; You don't deserve one bit of breakfast, You unbaptized people within!

#### IN EARLY SUMMER TIME.

Dr. GEORGE SIGERSON.

I WANDERED out into the pleasant greenwood,
One morning very early:
The mist was fleeting, but still around the branches
Clung, softly wreathed and pearly;
The bow'ry hedges of the sweet, sweet hawthorn—
The hawthorn white with blooming—
Waved forth their fragrance o'er the tangled woodbine's
More delicate perfuming;
And all, in truth, was beautiful and bland,
Joy seemed descended and a dweller in the land!

Joy seemed descended and a dweller in the land!

I waded through the ever-singing brooklet,
O'er brown-bright sand and pebbles;
I stood awhile amid it, list'ning silent
Its low tones and its trebles.
The green wide-branching sycamore spread over
Its noble doming-arches;
On that side hummed the wood, o'er this—a cluster
Of young shy-whispering larches;
And all, in truth, was beautiful and bland,
Joy seemed descended and a dweller in the land!

I waded through the gold spots of the sunshine;
I waded o'er the azure
Deep-hollowed of the sky—so barred, and fretted,
And fleckt, beyond all measure,
With branches myriad-leaft: o'er their unquiet
Shadows of translucid greenness
I bore the diamonded, full-brimming chalice
Of Youth's unstained sereneness;
For all, in truth, was beautiful and bland,
Joy seemed descended and a dweller in the land!

Then, on a strong high bough o'erhanging
The ever-singing river,
I climbed and stood; while all around the big leaves
Would musically quiver—
Would tap me gently on the cheek; and after
The little leaflets fleetly
Did flutter into softest, silvery laughter,
Right pleasantly—full meetly;
For all, in truth, was beautiful and bland,
Joy seemed descended and a dweller in the land!

There breathed light voices from each grass and flow'ret—

Each leaf that, swaying, tinkles;
And most bore still the youthful bud-imprinted
Impress of silken wrinkles.

The carollings of birds from sky and forest
Did make the bright air quiver,
As Summer came with all her perfume-bearers,

By hill, and grove, and river; And all, in truth, was beautiful and bland, Joy seemed descended and a dweller in the land.

The sun poured down, o'er meadow-land and mountain,
A cascade, fair and beamy;
And forth my spirit went 'mid all that beauty,
So glory-full—so dreamy.
But soon, poor dove! unto its ark came fluttering—
Weary and swift-returning:

No care-undeluged peak it found—the azure only Did fill it with strange yearning; While all around was beautiful and bland, Joy seemed descended and a dweller in the land!

I drew aside the drapery of foliage,
And gazing down the valleys,
Beheld the glimmer of the far-off, restless ocean,
That ever at the Palace
Of Mountains came, an unbidden guest, and ever
Turned disconsolate and sighing—
O fain it would ascend to the beauteous Summer-bowers.

Whence all the rills are hieing; For all is there so beautiful and bland, Joy seems descended and a dweller in the land!

# THE SAGA OF KING SIGIR\* AND HIS SONS.

#### A LAY OF GALLANT DEEDS.

Dr. George Sigerson.

[Date: Third Century.]

How that they leave Norway.

DANCED the stream, laught the skies, sang the trees merrily;
Whitely the mountain beamed, brightly the berry lay;

South o'er the sparkling sea ran the breeze cheerily, Wasting from Norway Clann Sigir the Bold!

"Spelt thus in ancient Irish MSS. In Norse it is generally written Sigurd, Sigard (ex. King Harold Sigardson, surnamed Hardrada the Obstinate—11th century). The descendants of Sigir, in Ireland, spell it variously Segerson and Sigerson, but invariably preserve the hard sound of the "g"—i.e. the Norse and anti-English sound.

Strange beat the younger hearts-joyful, yet carriers Also of mournfulness; but the old warrior's Voice rang out firm-"Ho, ships! ye are tarriers-

Slow, to the wishes of Sigir the Bold!"

Young eyes were gazing back, tenderly, longingly; Bitterer sorrows, too, filling them throngingly-Fierce love of Right, and fierce hatred of Wronging, lay

Close round the hearts of Clann Sigir the Bold!

Stood the Old Chieftain there, first on the vanward prow; Flashed his glad eyes 'neath his brave, rugged sunward

brow-Terrors of Tyranny! lightning-like onward, now

Bound the wave-horses of Sigir the Bold!

Chasing the sun, and yet on toward the How they brightening sailed the Brim of the Sou'-West sea, flashing and Sea. lightening,

Broad is their furrow trails, turbidly whitening. After the keen ploughs of Siger the Bold!

Many the broad bars of day-time and darkening Through which they bore their hopes, strong and unstarkening;

Many's the billow-rank saw them, and hearkening.

Bowed to their ocean-king, Sigir the Bold! Till, at last, they came crashing and thun-

Their raid upon the Gaulish nobles.

derous Down upon Gaul—the terror was wondrous!

Despots wept, despots cried--" Open, Earth !-- under us-

Yonder the Crown-Trampler, Sigir the Bold!"

Ho, but the Serf grew pale, not tho' with mournful-

Them he had long prayed for, with a deep yearnfulness:

Him they were saviours to—him, without sternfulness, Freed The Deliverer, Sigir the Bold!\*

Few of the feudal chiefs e'er thought their track a gain, Rich was the spoil they bore to their ships back again, Loud was their laughter-shout-" Sails are a-slack again,

"Dart forth ye serpents of Sigir the Bold!"

[The intermediate verses, which, for want of space in a small compilation like this, we are obliged to omit, but which it is to be hoped will shortly be accessible in a collected edition of the author's works, record:—How they went West—How they spoil the Spanish castles—How they met with Eog'an the Brilliant—How the voice of Eog'an for single combat—How the Vikings make friends with the Exile; and continues to]—

Till at the last, they saw, gleaming and The sight glimmering. of Erinn. Mountains arise from the bright ocean's

shimmering-Know ye not Exiles' hearts !-eyes glowing dimmer in Proud, tender rapture—saw Sigir the Bold!

Sweet to those hearts was the keel grating o'er the

Bounding from prow-points, they seem to adore the land:

Bowing, they kiss it, and turn, as on shore they stand— "Welcome to Erinn, Clann Sigir the Bold!"

+ They landed at Great Béare Island; and near this, in Kerry, is another family of their descendants-Segersons.

<sup>\*</sup> The descendants of Sigir in Dunkerque, in France, spell their name Sikerson, and thus preserve the original sound. Part of the success of the Vikings is ascribed by Laing to the support won from the oppressed serfs.

How the ancient chief parts with his seven sons. "Sons," said the old chief then, "go!—each a warrior!
Me from the sea-waves must sever no barrier;

I, with my youngest, will here be a tarrier,—
Death draweth nigh me," quoth Sigir the Bold.

Hiddenly tender was that farewell greeting there— Father and seven sons who might be meeting ne'er; Hot eye and heaving breast showed sorrow unfleeting e'er—

Fears?—Could they weep them?—Clann Sigir the Bold.

Up rose their banner's cry—forth they went readily— Stars seemed to swarm from their spears shining steadily;

Inland they marcht, and on—ah! but a shadow lay
Dark round the hearts of Clann Sigir the Bold.

How they triumphed Knavery!
Still in the van they beamed—Beacons of Bravery!

Fled the Usurper, Conn—dead was all Slavery; High was your honour, Clann Sigir the Bold!

Many the broad bars of day-time and darkening Through which they bore their hopes strong and unstarkening;

Many an enemy saw them, and, hearkening, Bowed to his victors, Clann Sigir the Bold!

Conn acted falsely.
They cross the border.

Till, at the last, they came swooping and harrying
Over the Eiscir\* their brave banner carrying;
Conn had been false in deeds—Eog'an went foraying

Down to avenge, with Clann Sigir the Bold!

<sup>\*</sup> A ridge of mountains dividing South from North Erinn. Pron. Eskir.

All in Mag' Léana\* campt; night came on drearily;
Black were the Sky's banners, shading uncheerily

Stars that, like spear-points, would glitter unwearily—
"Spears of Valhalla," thought Sigir's sons
Bold.

Midnight came; redly the camp fires were glimmering; Sentries paced slowly, now, into its shimmering, Now in the shade they grow darker and dimmer, in Ward o'er the king and Clann Sigir the Bold.

Morn is near; breezes came darker and colder in, Sinks the spent fire into white ashes mouldering, Sentries, o'er-tired, are a-drowse by its smouldering— Safe sleeps the king and Clann Sigir the Bold.

Forth\_peeps the dawn on the mountain streams flashingly:
Shouts arise—battle cries—startingly, crashingly;
On come the foemen—on, on come they dashingly—
Fairet for Freedom, Clann Sigir the Bold!

Out of their sleep they leap—out of the vanguard brave Flash their fire-glances; in front doth their-standard wave;

Back fell the foemen, back—not a blow squandered, gave

Liberty's lightnings, Clann Sigir the Bold!

How The Seven open a way into the centre of Conn's country.

Into Conn's centre they hew and they hack a way.—

Broad is the path, and red; far lies their track away.—

Foemen die; foemen fly; night saileth black away:

Conn sees their onset, Clann Sigir the Bold!

\*Pron. Moy Layna. In Kilbride, King's County. For an account of this battle, see the afore-mentioned publication.
† Vulgo, Farra. Watch.

"Chiefs," cried he, wrathful, "rush, rush, 'gainst this torrent rain;

Wild is the waste they make, fearsome the current red; Wounded—but seven—smite down each abhorrent head;

Wealth to who conquer ClannSigir the Bold!" 🥆

On rush his Chieftains, and close round the Surrounded, warriors;

die. Dread the defence! the wild blows are death-carriers!

Worn their strength, lorn at length, behind their corsebarriers

Die, but unconquered, Clann Sigir the Bold!

Many's the raid they made—Crushers of Knavery!
Famous the fight they fought—Beacons of Bravery!
Still their part act, O heart!—Scouting all Slavery;
Bear the blood pure of Clann Sigir the Bold!

There were Norwegians in Tyrone at the time of the Attacot insurrection—Haverty. They took part with the people against their oppressors. There is still there a family descending from Sigir, with traditions of having come from Spain.

## THE WEDDING OF THE CLANS.\*

(A Girl's Babble.)

#### AUBREY DE VERE.

I go to knit two clans together;
Our clan, and this new clan unseen of yore:
Our clan fears nought! but I go, O whither?
This day I go from my mother's door!

Thou redbreast sing'st the old song over,

Though many a time thou hast sung it before;

They never sent thee to some strange, new lover:

I sing a new song by my mother's door.

\* "The Sisters of Inisfail, and other Poems," by Aubrey de Vere.—London: Longman, Green, Longman, & Roberts.

I stepped from my little room down by the ladder, The ladder that never so shook before; I was sad last night;—to-day I am sadder, Because I go from my mother's door.

The last snow melts upon bush and bramble;
The gold bars shine on the forest's floor:
Shake not, thou leaf! it is I must tremble,
Because I go from my mother's door.

From a Spanish sailor a dagger I bought me; I trailed three rose-trees our grey bawn o'er; The creed and my letters the old bard taught me; My days were sweet by my mother's door.

My little white goat, that with raised feet huggest
The oak-stock, thy horns in the 'ivy's frore,
Could I wrestle like thee—how the wreaths thou
tuggest!—
I never would move from my mother's door.

O weep no longer, my nurse and mother!
My foster-sister, weep not so sore!
You cannot come with me, Ir, my brother—
Alone I go from my mother's door.

Farewell, my wolf-hound, that slew MacOwing,
As he caught me, and far through the thickets bore;
My heifer Alb, in the green vale lowing;
My cygnet's nest upon Lorna's shore.

He has killed ten chiefs, this new chief that plights me; His hand is like that of the giant Balor; But I fear his kiss; and his beard affrights me, And the great stone dragon above the door.

Had I daughters nine, with me they should tarry;
They should sing old songs; they should dance at the door;

They should grind at the querne—no need to marry:— O, when will this marriage-day be o'er? Had I buried, like Moirin, three mates already,
I might say, "Three husbands! then why not
four?"

But my hand is cold, and my foot unsteady, Because I never was married before.

# WHERE, STRETCHED, LIKE GRACEFUL, CROUCHING FAWNS.

#### RALPH VARIAN.

WHERE, stretched, like graceful, crouching fawns, On gold and sapphire-sprinkled lawns, The lovely Innisfallen dawns, I'll meet my darling Montey.

Beneath Ross Castle's ivy-coat, We'll launch our brightly-painted boat; Our flag of green shall wave and float All through Killarney's islands.

I'll take my bugle in my hand, And call the Echoes, sweet and grand, That dwell in the enchanted land Of Glena's woody mountains.

My Montey's voice has sweet tones, too,
To float my fond heart's foldings through,
And wake sweet echoes, ever new—
My darling little Montey.

The man who wrote of speaking-tones, And elocution—Sheridan Knowles— Would find it hard to pick black holes In the sweet voice of Montey.

The man who studies heads—George Combe—Might look with rapture on the dome—The fair, the crescent star of home—The well-shaped head of Montey.

His eyes—twin stars of steady light,
That sweetly part the clouds of night,
To shine down through the branches bright,
And touch my throbbing bosom.

### THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS.

JOHN FITZ-GERALD.\*

Our happy school upon the hill,†
Where first were taught the childish prayers,
That prove through scenes of strife and ill
The solace of our after years—
Thy loving lessons still have power,
When sorely tried by earthly leaven,
To save us in temptation's hour,
And point the narrow path to Heaven.

In every rank, in every grade,
Thy children play no common part—
The skilful hand at every trade,
The ornament of every art;
The chemist, with his mystic lore,
The clever scholar teaching others,
The trader to a distant shore,
Are pupils of the Christian Brothers.

The sailor on the stormy wave,
Who fears that every rolling billow
May sweep him to a watery grave,
The coral rocks to be his pillow,

Author of "The Blarney Stone" in "Popular Poetry," published by M'Glashan and Gill (rs.), and of a little volume of ballads published in Cork. He is a wood-carver.
 † The excellent and spacious schools of "The Cork Christian

<sup>†</sup> The excellent and spacious schools of "The Cork Christian Brothers" are situated on a fine green eminence south of the Lee, as it enters the city of Cork,

Remembers there's a watchful eye
That looks on him as well as others,
As with a thankful, happy sigh,
He thinks upon the Christian Brothers.

The soldier on the battle-field,
With fighting squadrons round him rushing,
Although his spirit will not yield,
The hot tears to his eyes are gushing.
He thinks upon the peaceful word,
'Mid scenes at which our nature shudders,
And spares his conquer'd foe the sword,
Remembering the Christian Brothers.

The exile in a foreign land,
While others dwell in peaceful gladness,
Will linger long upon the strand,
And gaze across the sea in sadness.
His home is by the winding Lee,
Where long ago the best of mothers,
When death o'ertook her, pray'd he'd be
A credit to the Christian Brothers.

# O SWEETER THAN THE FRAGRANT FLOWER.

Dr. Brennan (of 1798).

O SWEETER than the fragrant flower, At evening's dewy close, The will, united with the power, To succour human woes!

And softer than the softest strain Of music to the ear, The placid joy we give and gain, By gratitude sincere. The husbandman goes forth a-field; What hopes his heart expand! What calm delight his labours yield! A harvest—from his hand!

A hand that providently throws,

Not dissipates in vain;

How neat his field! how clean it grows!

What produce from each grain!

The nobler husbandry of mind, And culture of the heart,— Shall this, with men less favour find, Less genuine joy impart.

O! no—your goodness strikes a root, That dies not, nor decays— And future life shall yield the fruit, Which blossoms now in praise.

The youthful hopes, that now expand Their green and tender leaves, Shall spread a plenty o'er the land, In rich and yellow sheaves.

 Thus, a small bounty well bestowed, May perfect Heaven's high plan;
 First daughter to the love of God, Is Charity to Man.

'Tis he who scatters blessings round, Adores his Maker best; His walk through life is mercy-crowned, His bed of death is blest.

#### CHARITY.

Dr. J. T. CAMPION.\*

CHARITY was a little child, Blue-eyed, beautiful, and mild; Full of love and full of light, As the moon is to the night. Tiny foot and snowy hand— Little carved ivory wand— Little vase of something bright, Hid in dress quite cunningly, Had the sweet child, Charity!

Where the aged tottered on— Weak and haggard, cold and wan; Loit'ring in the cheering sun, Shivering in the rayless moon, Wrinkled o'er by icy time, Moaning for his faded prime, Wrapp'd in rags and wretchedness, Lying down in hopelessness; With Vase and Basket there would be The beautiful child, Charity!

Where the sick were like to die, Unheeded all by human eye; Parching with the bleeding mouth, Gasping with the burning drought, Sleepless—raving—sore-opprest, Staring eye and heaving breast, Deserted, sad, and comfortless, In that lone and last distress; With Vase and Basket there would be The beautiful child, Charity!

Of Kilbenny—Author of "The Hare's Form," &c., given in this volume.

With her osier basket white; With her vase of something bright, Hid in her dress quite cunningly— God-loved—pure child—Charity!

#### PADDY TO HIS MISTRESS.

#### Anonymous.

ARRAH, Kitty, I love you to madness!
I swear, by this cross o'er and o'er,
If you let me, I'll kneel down with gladness,
And your beautiful self I'll adore!
The ancients, we're towlt by Heredotus,
Used worship cowld statues of stone;
Then surely less guilty and odd it is,
To worship the rale flesh and bone.

When Paris loved Leda's fair daughter (Oh, he was the deuce of a boy),
Away from her husband he brought her
To lofty and wide-sthreeted Troy;
But I don't intind for to carry
You away o'er the ocean to roam—
But, darlin', I'd ask you to marry,
And be queen of your own little home.

You tell me to wait till the Shrovetide;
But to waste time you know is a sin,
And always in summer the love-tide
Far stronger and warmer sets in.
Och! look to the birds in the bushes,
How each has her husband tho' coy;
Then, Kitty, away with your blushes,
And make sure of your own little boy.

### I'LL SEEK THE PLEASANT BREEZES.

RALPH VARIAN.

Air: "Moll Brook."

I'll seek the pleasant breezes,
Where never fond heart freezes;
And, if my Molly pleases,
I'll crown her ample head,
Where wit and sense are bred,
With daisies white and red.
Oh! she's sitting on my knee now,
Whom I delight to see now,
Who smiled with heavenly glee now—
My darling little Moll.

If doomed from her to sunder,
Her brown eyes fill with wonder;
I see the clouds of thunder,
And showers begin to fall;
And I can't go at all,
I hear so sweet a call.
Oh! she's sitting on my knee now,
Whom I delight to see now,
Who smiled with heavenly glee now—
My darling little Moll.

## THE SOLDIER-BOY.

DR. WILLIAM MAGINN.\*

I GIVE my soldier-boy a blade, In fair Damascus fashioned well. Who first the glittering falchion swayed— Who first beneath its fury fell—

Born in Cork 1794. Was the first Irishman who disclaimed the low, disgusting caricatures which had been written and published in London as the songs of Ireland. Eminent as a contributor to Blackwood's Magasise; subsequently as editor of Fraser's Magasine.

I know not; but I hope to know
That for no mean nor hireling trade,
To guard no feeling base or low,
I give my soldier-boy a blade.

Cool, calm, and clear, the lucid flood
In which its tempering work was done:
As calm, as clear, as cool of mood
Be thou, when'er it sees the sun.
For Country's claim, at Honour's call,
For outraged friend, insulted maid,
At mercy's voice to bid it fall,
I give my soldier-boy a blade.

The eye which marked its peerless edge,
The hand that weighed its balanced poise,
Anvil and pincers, forge and wedge,
Are gone with all their flame and noise;
And still the gleaming sword remains.
So, when in dust I low am laid,
Remember, by those heart-felt strains,
I gave my soldier-boy a blade.

## THE SISTER OF CHARITY.\*

John Fisher Murray.

Not in that home I knew thee once adorning—
That happy home, where thou wert joy and light;
Not in the promise of thy life's gay morning,
When thou wert as a vision of delight—
Ere thou to an eternal love didst give
The vows earth was not worthy to receive—
Did a diviner lustre light thy brow,
Or live within those gentle eyes, than now.

• This may be compared with the beautiful poems on the same subject by Gerald Griffin, and by R. D. Williams—the one published in "The Ballad Poetry of Ireland," edited by Charles Gavan Duffy.—Dublin: James Duffy. The other in "Hayes's Ballads of Ireland."—London: A. Fullerton.

Not in that hour, when, lofty anthems pealing A farewell to our hopes and to thy fears, Weeping, we found thee at the altar kneeling—Beautiful seen amid fast-falling tears—Were thou less lovely, putting far away All of the world thou hadst, its trappings gay; And in their stead, Religion's robe didst don—Over the lowlier heart the lowly garb put on.

The spring of life, the purple bloom of youth,
The light of heavenly beauty lent to earth;
The young heart's joy, the tenderness, the truth,
Days of delight and innocent household mirth;
Friends, parents, home, thy hope of motherhood;
All that the world holds dear, deserved, and good—
All that is loved at home, admired abroad—
These thou didst not bequeath, but gavest to thy God.

The opening bud of life that early blew
For our delight, doth presently expand
In a serener Heaven, and balmier dew,
Too soon plucked from us by an angel hand—
Not all withdrawn. No more for earth to live,
Heaven takes not yet the life that thou dost give;
Spares thee to charity, and us beneath—
Too good for life—too beautiful for death.

Forgive our tears! Since not for thee they flow, For our own loss our eyes the tear disdains; Worldlings, we miss thee to the world below, Grudging the loss that our Creator gains. For we should have thee many chequered years, Joy with our joys, and sorrow with our tears; Wanderers in sin, we weep thy happy rest, And mourners of the world, mourn thee blest.

Handmaid of God!—the early morn beholds
Thee, with delight, thy Maker's work begin;
When from her ebon gate night slow unfolds
Her sable pall, thou hastenest to win

To Him, whose cross shall bear the bale and blame, Some suffering child of sorrow and of shame; The word in season, then, the friend in need; And thou dost raise the fallen, and bind the broken reed.

Vice shrinks into itself when thou art by,
And fallen virtue weeps her lost estate;
Fallen virtue to thy bosom drawing nigh,
Thou with kind words dost oft commiserate,
And water'st with thy tears right plenteously,
If haply these same seeds of grace may lie,
That in due season heavenward may grow,
And mercy, for thy sake, th' Almighty Master show.

The widow is thy mother; and the child,
Motherless, thy dear daughter; and thou art
Of many a desolate man the sister mild,
Stricken in holes and corners by death's dart.
The children of the poor around thee stand,
Gaze in thy ever-loving eyes, and kiss thy saving hand;
But Christ's alone peculiarly thou art—
His are thy life, thy prayers—His all thy heart.

Thou the uncultured garden of the soul,
When baleful weeds infest the immortal flower,
With soft persuasion, with serene control,
Dost timely tend, ere the untimely hour.
The amaranthine flower mortals share
With angels—virtue—well rewards thy care;
This thou redeemest from the grovelling clod,
And bindest to the temple of thy God.

Daughter of Heaven! though never more to raise
Thy gentle eyes to mine; nor may I hear
Thy soft sweet accents, nor the heartfelt praise
Of all thy goodness charm my listening ear—
Thy presence is a blessing. Let me see
Thee in my path, that I may better be:
Oh, for a life like thine! Go, gentle dove,
While my heart follows thee on wings of love!

# AH, KINDLY AND SWEET, WE MUST LOVE THEE PERFORCE!

#### AUBREY DE VERE.

AH, kindly and sweet, we must love thee perforce!

The disloyal, the coward alone would not love thee:

Ah, mother of heroes—strong mother! soft nurse!—

We are thine while the large cloud swims onward

above thee!

By thine hills ever blue, that draw heaven so near;

By thy cliffs, by thy lakes, and thine ocean-lulled

highlands;
And more—by thy records, disastrous and dear,
The shrines on thy headlands, the cells on thine
islands!

Ah, well sings the thrush by Lixnan and Traigh-li!

Ah, well breaks the wave upon Umbhall and
Brandon!

The breeze o'er the upland blows element and free, And o'er fields, once his own, which the hind must abandon!

A caitiff the noble who draws from thy plains
His all, yet reveres not the source of his greatness:

A clown and a serf 'mid his boundless domains, His spirit consumes in the prison of its straightness!

Through the cloud of its pathos thy face is more fair:
In old times thou wert sun-clad—the gold robe thou worest.

To thee the heart turns, as thy deer to her lair, Ere she dies, her first bed in the gloom of the forest! Our glory, our sorrow, our mother!—Thy God

In thy worst dereliction forsook but to prove thee!

Blind, blind as the blindworm—cold, cold as the clod—

Who, seeing thee, see not; possess, but not love

thee!

# THE FLAME THAT BURNED SO BRIGHTLY.\*

Dr. R. D. Joyce.

Air: "Saddle the porty."

THERE was a light in the window pane—
Still burning, brightly burning;
And it gleamed afar over Cleena's main,
On Donald's bark returning.
And he looked up the cliffs between,
Where the hamlet glimmers nightly,
And thought he saw his own Kathleen,
By the flame that burned so brightly.

It was upon All-Hallow's night,
When the candles bright were burning,
That the beams fell from that constant light,
On Donald's bark returning.
It lit like a star the darkening scene,
And made his heart beat lightly;
For he thought he saw his own Kathleen,
By the flame that burned so brightly.

He moored his bark the hamlet near,
Where the candles bright were burning.;
But a mournful wail met his startled ear,
All-Hallow's night returning:
And he heard a name in that piercing keen,
And saw a shroud gleam whitely—
'Twas the waking light of his own Kathleen,
The flame that burned so brightly!

<sup>•</sup> In this ballad the unexpectedly sad termination comes in with great force, when given with natural and animated recitation; and the old Irish air to which it is written is highly characteristic. We have heard it sung by the author, with great expression.

# SAXON PROTESTANT TO A CATHOLIC CELT.

(Inscribed to my friend, Mr. E. Rogers, Belfast.)

HENRY M'DONALD FLETCHER.

SHALL we love one another, my Catholic brother,
Like loyal-souled Irishmen never?
Must the heathenish strife that's consuming our life,
And our country's, keep burning for ever?
Shall the orange and green threaten always between
The hands that should join with heart's kindness?
Must we still go astray on our forefather's way,
That they hedged in their dotage and blindness?

O, I burn with deep shame that I ever became
The dupe of your foes for a minute;
But the knaves with their lies threw a mist on my
eves.

And the hand of the traitor was in it.

For they charged you with blood, till, alarmed, I withstood

No longer the spoil of our nation; And what could I do when no better I knew, But credit the foul accusation?

O, forgive and forget, and our country may yet
Over sorrow and shame be victorious,
If with heart and with hand we unitedly stand
To render her happy and glorious.
And old Erin shall rise, if we're noble and wise,
To a bliss above human prevention;
And the wailing of wrong change to liberty's song,
If we heal the red wounds of contention.

My line you may trace to that Sassanagh race That in war and in pillage were traders; Yet ere their fierce corps violated her shore, Your fathers were Erin's invaders, If my barbarous sires dealt carnage and fires, When their harvests of spoil they were reaping, You have told me with pride of the thousands who died

Where the sword of Heremon was sweeping.

Should I be abhorred though my ancestor's sword
Shed the blood of the blameless like water,
When my very heart bleeds for his terrible deeds—
Persecution, and plunder, and slaughter?
We are both of one race when the ages we trace—
We are sons of the same Island-Mother;
Let us only contest about who can do best
To serve her and save her, my brother.

God bless you! I say, howsoever you pray,
Your faith shall ne'er meet my derision;
Can't we kindly talk o'er such a subject, asthore,
And crush cursed strife and division?
And we'll hate one another, my Catholic brother,
For race or religion—oh never!
And the heathenish strife that's consuming our life,
We'll quench it for ever and ever!

### THE GREY-HAIRED BRIDE.

### HESTER SIGERSON.\*

"'TIS just twenty years, as I well can remember,
Since first by your hearth-stone I opened my pack,
Of a cold rainy day in the month of December—
I sold you a shawl, it was checked, white and black—
And I noticed with wonder your hair silver white,
Though your face it was youthful and comely to see;
And I thought was it sickness, or trouble, or fright,
That caused such strange snow in the summer to be?"

Author of "The Gardens of Life" and "Connor's Revenge" in "Popular Poetry, Street Ballads, and Household Songs."

'Twas thus to Kate Nolan, a wife of Rathgabin, Spoke Bell the old pedlar, one soft evening late, As he sat on the bench by the door of her cabin, And begged she would to him her sad tale relate.

And thus she answered—"God help us! Bell, 'Tis a bitter story I have to tell; Though twenty years have passed by, yet often The bitter grief in my heart will swell.

"Two helpless babes we were left forlorn,
For my mother died when poor Bride was born;
But our father, surely, worked late and early,
And cared us kindly, both night and morn.

"I often saw, when poor Brideen cried,
The tears run down that he'd try to hide;
And he'd sadly murmur, 'Tis for her mother—
Och! the cruel day that my colleen\* died!'

"But soon we thrived 'neath his tender care, And our sweet baby grew tall and fair; Oh, not in the town was a child could match her, With her dark blue eyes and her yellow hair!

"Just sixteen years was my age, no more, When Michael Nolan came to our door; And kindly said, 'If I'd be his bride, He'd love me truly for evermore!'

"I thanked him kindly, as well I may,
For tall and clever was Mike that day!
With his fourteen acres, his three milch cows,
His bags of barley, and rigs of hay!

"But could I leave my poor father then? He getting old, and the child but ten? And she was slender, and pale, and tender As the sorrel-flower in yonder glen!

\* Collan.

"But he swore 'no other his bride should be,'
And for six long years he was true to me;
Though I still kept vowing 'I'd wait for Brideen,
That the self-same day should our wedding see.'

"And, och, mavrone! 'twas too soon it came! A boy from Galway, MacShawn by name, Came courting Brideen—my pretty darling! Sure, 'twas no wonder he'd do that same!

"And she so softly upon him smiled,
That soon with love he was surely wild;
For morn and noon found him hanging near her,
For ever teasing the gentle child!

"Our wedding morn was clear and bright,
And sure our hearts were as gay and light;
And the day was in it was fine and pleasant,
But, och, mavrone!\* for the wedding night!

"In my father's cottage we sat alone— The dinner over, the neighbours gone; And a heavy trouble fell on my heart, Though I tried to smile on Bride MacShawn.

"So half in sorrow, and half in mirth,
The candles lighting, and a blazing hearth,
We laughed and talked, though our tears were
starting,
For we knew no parting since Brideen's birth.

"When, all on a sudden, at the gate outside, Came a shout and a knocking; and my father cried, "Tis the yoes! 'tis the yoes! 'ye have staid too late— Quick! quick! quench the lights, and I'll go to the gate!'

 Oc mô brône.
 The name by which the people designated the Orange Yeomanry of '98. "But the words were scarce spoken when in they came; And with oaths and with curses I could not name, They swore 'We should suffer ere morning light, For our traitorous meeting and our plots at night."

"Poor Brideen, she trembled, and as pale as the dead, She strove in my gown for to hide her head; But me! 'twas the sergeant soon found her out, And came to her side with a drunken shout:—
'Had I known of,' says he, 'such a fair bride as this, I'd have been at the wedding to take the first kiss.' And he swore he would have it, both there and then, And was dragging her out 'mid his ruffian men, When MacShawn, like a wolf, with a yell and a bound, Laid him bloody and senseless upon the ground; And my blessing be with you, MacShawn, for that stroke—

'Tis my grief and my sorrow he ever awoke!

"When the villains they saw their fine sergeant low, They turned on MacShawn, with many a cruel blow; They fell on him like hail with their sabres bright, And a gory corpse they made of him that dreadful night.

And Brideen MacShawn neither murmured nor cried—Like a flower on the sickle, she fell at his side; I thought her in a faint when I lifted her head, But, och hone! my sweet girl—she was dead! she was dead!

"Her tender heart had broken from the horror and the fright;

And we waked them both together on their wedding night-

All in their wedding garments, and their favours white;

And the people far and near came to mourn the sight!

"Twas at the dull dawning of the sorrowful day,
That they told me my brown hair was turned to grey!"

### WHAT ARE THE STARS?

THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER.

"—the sacred Few who would not tame
Their spirits to the Conquerors—but as soon
As they had touched the Earth with living flame,
Fled back, like eagles, to their native noon."—SHELLEY.

What are the Stars, old Scholar, wilt thou tell me, I long to hear their secret story;

For I have seen and known them from my Childhood—
Since then have loved them for their glory.

From Childhood I have loved them for their silence, Old friend, I've loved them for their beauty; Night from night have thought that on those cloudbuilt walls They kept, for God, some solemn duty.

Yes, night from night, above the ancient Temple, Where Soldier, Priest, and Sage are sleeping, I've seen those Stars, like guards with burnished weapons, On those high walls their vigils keeping.

Above the battle-field, where Fame has written Old names of worth with burning finger, I've seen those Stars come forth, like beauteous mourners,

And softly o'er the death-spot linger.

Where'er the scholar-mind may pause in rapture, Where'er brave hearts may one day muster, I've seen those Stars, like seeds in God's own Eden, Bud forth from gloom their leaves of lustre.

Where'er the Past hath left her sacred footsteps,
Where'er fresh hopes, like flowers, are springing,
I've seen those Stars, like birds with golden pinions,
Their sparkling shadows downward flinging.

What are they then, old Scholar, wilt thou tell me?

I long to know their secret story;

For thus I've seen and known them from my Chil

For thus I've seen and known them from my Childhood,

Thus traced them through those fields of glory.

The stars, thou young inquirer—wilt thou trust me?—
The stars thy midnight scenes adorning,

Are those spirits, young and gallant, called away From Earth in Life's fresh, fragrant morning.

Those spirits, young and glowing, free and soaring, Souls with proud thoughts purely beaming, That loved their cradle-land, and sweetly laboured To wake and chase it from its dreaming.

They loved their cradle-land, they read its records— Those grey old records—grey, yet glowing; They tracked from ancient founts a stream of splendour, Down through those rugged records flowing.

And from that deep stream deeply drank those Spirits
Thoughts that bade them loudly "Sleep no more!
From the dust of Ages lift up the island—
To its ranks the trampled flag restore."

# THE DROUCHTEEN—A MAYDAY ADVENTURE.

#### Anonymous.

I sought him in the garden this morning when the dew

Hung fresh, and fair, and rosy on buds of ev'ry hue; 'Neath roseleaf, briar, lily-stalk, and bluebells' trembling shade,

'Neath every leaf, and stem, and tuft, and every green grass-blade.

'Tween currant-bushes then I peered, that drooped with soft green bells,

Whose clustering spray all tremulous with unripe promise swells;

In vain! in vain! the laurel-bush with doubtful hope
I try-

If simple blossoms charm him not, fame surely will, I cry.

I reach the bush, alas for hope! No dear drouchteen is there,

Nor charms of youth, nor wreath of fame my drouchteen can ensnare.

"What will?" I cried, and turned away, for morn had fled apace,

And hungry thoughts all suddenly to dreamy ones gave chase.

I reached the pantry, entered, lo! beside the pantry wall.

Upon an amber-hued drouchteen my eager glance did fall!

Speechless I gazed on what elsewhere I sought for hours—sad chance

That brought me here—then pantry-cheer my charms must enhance!

Not mind, not form has won him—oh, what needs it that I rhyme,

If 'tis by pies and pastry to man's esteem I climb.

Well, be it so, if it must be, good-bye beloved muse, If cooking charms my drouchteen's heart, why cooking will I choose!

NOTE.—The young girls, on the first of May, go into the fields in search of what they call a "drouchteen". . . a snail. Should the first snail found have a shell on his back, they say their fate will be to marry a widower, with a house and family ready made; if a light-coloured snail—a fair man; a dark-coloured one—a dark man.

# NIGHT THOUGHTS IN THE AUSTRALIAN BUSH.

#### Anonymous.

[With pleasure we give this beautiful tribute to the scenery of Australia, and to the feeling for the Old Land of the Irish-Australian, the unknown author of these beautiful lines.]

THE jewelled bosom of mother night Is bending around the earth; Her child she lulls to repose as soft As the hour of Eden's birth.

And what is night, but the wing of Him Who the heavens and earth hath made—A wing let down to enfold the earth In its silent starry shade?

I'd rather be where these glorious stars Are shining, so great and bright, Than mix with the mirth of city halls, Where the diamonds reflect the light.

Neither jar, nor glare, nor stunning din, In this place distract the breast; But the forests' primal stillness breathes Its deep and unbroken rest.

Unbroken—though strange nocturnal birds
Their notes capricious raise;
And the shy opossum leaves its tree,
And around my pillow plays:

Unbroken—although the kangaroo Bounds past me to feed and play; And heedless of rifle or boomerang, He lives, and for me he may: Unbroken—although a pulse of air The gum-leaves stirreth among, And the flying squirrels sudden leap Awakes the buggery-gong.

The bushman slept; and the God he sought Made his sleep secure and sweet, Though spear-armed savage stalked near his head, And the snake glid near his feet.

He floated away in golden dreams, And reached the Emerald shore: And clasped to his heart the cherished ones From whom he would part no more.

He saw, by the banks of Stroll's sweet stream, A tree-girt mansion rise, Where bright-eyed little ones climb'd his knees For the tales of other skies.

Again, as a youth, he lived the scenes Of his early golden days; He saw the meaning of Jacob's dream, When lo! he woke with praise.

He awoke; and morning's golden beam Through the trees shone clear and warm, And squirrel, opossum, and kangaroo, Were scanning the stranger's form.

## WHEN I WAS A BOY.

#### RALPH VARIAN.

Air: "When I was a Boy."

WHEN I was a boy in "the glen of the Mountain Moor,"

Swiftly the summer hours flew o'er my head; Mountain brooks called me from play by my cottagedoor,

The morning breeze rustled the leaves of my bed; The honey-bee singing, the floral bells ringing, With gauzy-winged kindred through sweet pastures led,

And all things so wondrously fair—
The crimson-cased "golden cow" there,
The buttercups glowing with light,
The woods, and the songs of delight!
But youth and its swift hours have fled,
My home and my kindred are dead;
Yet I cherish, with heart and with hand,
Good Hope for my dear native land.

Near Lismore, the cottage looked down on the Avondue:

Fair mountains, bosom-linked, blossomed above;
Folded their spring-groves in dim dells of purple hue,
Where warbled the linnet and murmured the dove.
O, fair were the sisters, and gallant the brothers,
Who fostered my young heart in home-scenes of
love!

At early dawn, white lambs were seen, Like daisy-buds gemming the green; The slim wagtail sipping the stream, And balanced with tremulous gleam. But youth and its swift hours have fled, My home and my kindred are dead; Yet I cherish, with heart and with hand, Good Hope for my dear native land.

Our blossoming acres were blighted one cloudy night, Famine and pestilence stalked o'er the land, The sickness struck down my dear kindred before my sight,

And I scarce recovered to lend them a hand.

O, wild was the sighing, the moan of the dying,
Pestilence finished what gaunt famine planned!

Now borne on the Western gale,
I hear the low tremulous wail,
When childhood, with lack-lustre eye,
Found the sweet founts of life cold and dry.
O, youth and its swift hours are fled,
My home and my kindred are dead;
Yet I cherish, with heart and with hand,
Good Hope for my dear native land.

A peasant-hand raised the green banner of Liberty—I camped in the gorge of the mountain with him; And many a stout-hearted Irishman went with me, But the star of Old Ireland that year burned dim; And here night and morning I watch for the warning, To break o'er the wild ocean's tremulous rim.

Yet, borne on the Western gale,
I hear the low heart-rending wail,
When childhood, with lack-lustre eye,
Found the sweet founts of life cold and dry.
O, youth and its swift hours have fled,
My home and my kindred are dead;
Yet I cherish, with heart and with hand,
Good Hope for my dear native land.

# MY PHELIM.\*

HENRY M'DONALD FLETCHER.

THEY say we must part—
Will you bear it—my Phelim?
They shall shiver this heart,
Ere they tear it from Phelim!

\* This touching and impassioned address of the author to his country I feel much pleasure in presenting to my readers.

My angel, my guide,
On the steep of love's heaven,
Must thou from my side
By the soulless be driven?

Thou, who, like that light In the dawn of creation, Didst rise on the night Of my heart's desolation.

As the summer-born flowers
In woody vales springing,
As a morn without showers
To the joyous lark singing.

As her perch to the door
When the gloamin' is nearing,
To my spirit thy love
Is all precious and cheering.

For this the soul burns
In Ulidia's\* lorn daughter,
As the hunted roe yearns
For the crystaline water.

All joy may depart
From this bosom for ever,
But thee from my heart
They shall sunder—oh never!

On its altar shall glow
Each emotion for Phelim,
Till death overthrow
Its devotion to Phelim!

• Ulster.

#### GOUGANE BARRA.

#### RALPH VARIAN.

Air: "There was an Old Woman."

THE seven fair lakes that reach Inchegeela,
In arms of the Lee brightly spanning the ground—
We passed them—and onward to Gougane's famed
fountain;
But dry barren hills were frowning around.
"O, Ulick! O, Ulick! the Lee—look here!"
Her blue eyes welled a crystal tear;
Her white bosom, too, was heaving, I know,
And strawberries, ripe-red, her sweet cheeks aglow!
Acushla! acushla! agragal mochree!\*
I'll take you where the sweet waves be;
I'll show you the wild hills stretching to see
The lone Lake, whose heart feeds the beautiful Lee!

Dear Molly! I know it—it is our own river,
Here dwindled to merely a light goblet-rill;
But up in the mountains a broad lake 'tis flowing,
Where endless light fountains its bright waters fill.
There fairly—there rarely—a broad lake of light,
'Tis shining like the queen of night
In lonely space—a bright morning star,
That owns its own patron—the Sainted Finn Barr!
Acushla! acushla! agragal mochree!
I'll take you where the sweet waves be;
I'll show you the wild hills stretching to see
The lone Lake, whose heart feeds the beautiful Lee!

<sup>\*</sup> Acuisle-acuisle agrad geal mô croide.

# THE "DARK GIRL" AT THE "HOLY WELL."

#### JOHN KEEGAN.\*

[It is believed that the waters of St. John's Well, near the town of Kilkenny, possess supernatural healing powers; and that when Heaven wills the performance of cures, the sky opens above, at the hour of midnight, and Christ, the Virgin Mother, and St. John, descend in the form of three snow-whites, and pass, with the rapidity of lightning, into the depths of the fountain. No person, but those destined to be cured, can see this miraculous phenomenon; but everybody can kear the musical sound of the wings as they rush into the well, and agitate its waters.]

"MOTHER! is that the passing bell?
Or yet the midnight chime?
Or rush of Angels' golden wings?
Or is it near the time—
The time when God, they say, comes down This weary world upon,
With holy Mary at his right,
And at his left St. John?

"I'm dumb! my heart forgets to throb,
My blood forgets to run;
But vain my sighs—in vain I sob—
God's will must still be done.
I hear but tone of warning bell,
For holy priest or nun;
On Earth, God's face I'll never see!
Nor Mary! nor St. John!

<sup>\*</sup> Author of the beautiful ballads, "Caoch the Piper," and "The Holly and Ivy Girl," in the shilling vol. "Popular Poetry, Street Ballads, and Household Songs."—Dublin: M'Glashan and Gill.

"Mother! my hopes are gone again— My heart is black as ever! Mother! I say, look forth once more, And see can you discover God's glory in the crimson clouds— See does he ride upon That perfumed breeze—or do you see The Virgin, or St. John?

"Ah, no! ah, no! Well, God of Peace, Grant me Thy blessing still; Oh, make me patient with my doom, And happy at Thy will; And guide my footsteps so on earth, That, when I'm dead and gone, My eyes may catch Thy shining light, With Mary and St. John!

"Yet, mother, could I see thy smile,
Before we part below;
Or watch the silver moon and stars,
Where Slaney's ripples flow;
Oh! could I see the sweet sun shine
My native hills upon,
I'd never love my God the less,
Nor Mary, nor St. John!

"But no! ah, no! it cannot be;
Yet, mother! do not mourn;
Come, kneel again, and pray to God,
In peace let us return.
The Dark Girl's doom must aye be mine,
But Heaven will light me on,
Until I find my way to God,
And Mary, and St. John!"

## FLORENCE.

#### MARY DOWNING.\*

DEAR Florence, his heart is so loving and gay, And his blue eyes would dazzle dark sorrow away; And his voice, full of music, 'tis sweet as can be, But sweetest when talking low love-tales to me!

Oh! light is the step with which Florence goes by, And kindly his glance as a smile from the sky; And ready his hand is to give or to aid, And faithful his heart to his own Irish maid.

Most girls in the village are richer than I, And many a fairer walks under the sky; But little he heeded, for Florence well knew That never a heart beat more loving and true.

And once, when my sister just bid me good-night, And spoke of his beauty, so gladdening and bright, I thought—there's a dearer than all you have said— 'Tis the love in his heart for his poor Irish maid.

For though Florence is courtly to win and to please, And gay as the skylark, and kind as the breeze, Alas! for my weak thoughts, most fondly they twine Round the frank, loving heart that is plighted to mine.

Died recently at Cork. She poured forth in "The Nation," when under the editorship of Charles Gavan Duffy, several sweet bursts of simple songs and ballads. Before her demise, she also published a little volume of sacred songs.

#### MORNING.\*

1848.

## RALPH VARIAN.

THE cloud has fled that rested here, And I can sweetly sing; For Morning at my prison bars Flaps her bright dewy wing.

Some living friends are barred from me, But she—the loved and tried— My early friend, the subtle Morn, She cannot be denied.

Over the town that slumbers deep— Out near the heaving sea— Beyond the castle and the height, I see the winding Lee.

In the sharp light of morning bright,
The birds are ballancing,
And bathing in delicious air,
On full expanded wing.

The cattle are awake, and take
The fresh and dewy grass—
The breezes light creep through the trees
That flutter as they pass.

The clouds of red and burnished gold With purple sails float by— Float through the depths of azure hue, As perfumed breezes fly.

\* The author was confined in Cork City Gaol for four months of the autumn of '48, under the suspension of the *Habeas Corpus* Act, for having taken some part in the National demonstrations in which William Smith O'Brien, Michael Doheny, and others were engaged.

From land of dreams—from worlds unseen—Where loved ones lie at rest—Fair beings, clothed in robes of white
Fly to my heaving breast.

I look upon the sleeping town,
Where clouds and shadows fall,
In faith that yet shall wake from death
The land that nursed us all.

I go from whisperings with the morn— From visits angels pay— And greet within my prison-bars THE SMILE OF HAPPY DAY.

## LOVE AND NATIONALITY.\*

M. HOGAN, +

Air: "Rory O'More."

OH! pleasant and bright was the sweet summer day, When I sat with sweet Kitty, among the green hay; With no one to witness a meeting so sweet, Save the sky overhead, and the flowers at our feet.

To their plain rustic meal the brown mowers were gone,

And Kitty and I in the fields were alone; I waited and watched to be near her all day, For my heart to the maiden had something to say.

Her hand—like a blossom embrowned by the sun— I stole to my lips, and then pressed with my own; And her cheek, like the throne of the morning, grew bright,

When Heaven is strewn with its roses of light.

<sup>\*</sup> From "Lays and Legends of Thomond."—Limerick: Munster News Office.
† A working man of Limerick.

"Now, tell me, my sweet little flower-queen!" I said, Why did you stay from me all day in the mead? Twenty times I stole near you, while tossing the hay, And you spoke not, but moved, like a fairy, away!"

Her hand sought her brow, and lay motionless there, Like a snow-spirit's wing in the night of her hair; And she paused, like a flower in the sun's fiery beam, When the honey-bee woos it, but breaks not its dream.

Her eye, from her hand, like a rising star stole, And flashed in my face all the rays of her soul; As, with grief in her accent, but scorn in her glance, She said—"You had Peggy, last night, at the dance!"

"I had—and I swear by the loving and true— I only danced with her while waiting for you; The reels were so fine, and the jigs so well played, I'd dance to a mile-stone if wanting a maid.

"And 'tis well for the floor—my white lily of Clare!— For I'd tear it till daylight, if you had been there; But I care not for Peggy, your thoughts are all wrong, And you'll pay for the error, a kiss or a song!"

"Then I'll give you a song"—and she sung sweet and well—

As rich as a lark and as clear as a bell; As if all the balm-breath of the meadows about Had turned into music, and burst from her mouth.

The song was of Erin—her chains and her tears— Her visions of Freedom—her hopes and her fears; And each note, as it died on the light summer-wind, Like the dream of first love, left its sweetness behind.

Oh, blest be thy soft mouth of roses and pearls! Come—come to my bosom—my star of all girls! If all Erin's daughters would breathe such wild songs, Her sons were not slow in avenging her wrongs.

#### MO VOHIL DOUN.\*

#### RALPH VARIAN.

His black eye oft is smiling soft,
As dimples on the face of Lee;
His black silk lash hides not the flash
That beams the light of life to me.
Bright flashes of the northern light—
Gemmed windows, golden in the misty haze—
The rainbow on the clouds of night—
Are speaking of my dark Boy's winning ways!
As Autumn bright, and Starry Night,
The wide-spread influence of Mo Vohil Doun!
Through vale and town his voice floats down,
With rays of glory for the Coming days!

His hair is black as raven's back,
Or ripest berry of the thorn;
His teeth are white as pearls bright,
His breathing words are fresh as morn.
The woodland cave with flowers wreathed o'er—
The fruited holly in the morning rays—
The shells that sparkle on a sanded shore—
Are speaking of my dark Boy's winning ways!
As Autumn bright, and Starry Night,
The wide-spread influence of Mo Vohil Doun!
O'er shadows brown, his voice floats down,
With rays of glory for the Coming days!

His songs, like waves of ocean caves,'
As deep and strong, as clear and light;
He sings the songs of Ireland's wrongs,
And listening eyes with tears are bright.

<sup>\*</sup> Pronounced thus in Munster-properly spelled Mo Buacail Donn.

The songs of home on foreign shores—
Kind welcomes thrilled with sweet prolonged delays—
The singing bee, in honey flowers—
Are speaking of my dark Boy's winning ways!
As Autumn bright, and Starry Night,
The wide-spread influence of Vohil Doun!
Through shadows brown, his voice floats down,

With rays of glory for the Coming days!

He's straight and tall as castle-wall,
Yet gentle as a lamb at play;
His strong right will is with me still—
O! he is mine, my Trust and Stay.
The golden flashes struck at night
From waves that echo on the shelving bays—
The sea-plants, bathing in the light,
Are speaking of my dark Boy's winning ways!
As Autumn bright, and Starry Night,
The wide-spread influence of Vohil Doun!
Through vale and town, his voice floats down
With rays of glory for the Coming days!

# MY SAILOR BOY.

## JAMES McKowen.

THERE is beauty in Willie's soft smile—
There is love in my Willie's blue eye—
And his voice has the ring of the song-bird's in spring,
And he's straight as the feathery rye.

I know that the wild cherry's bloom

Took its tint from his brow, that's so fair;

And the nuts of Glendhu, they have borrowed their hue

From my true-lover's clustering hair.

I've found out for myself the fair star
That the mariner loveth to view;
And through the lone night I watch its pale light,
For my sailor's eye rests on it too.

And I'll listen the wind of the South,
As it talks with the leaves on the tree;
For that merry South breeze has come over the seas,
And I'm sure it has tidings for me.

# A BATTLE PRAYER.

JOHN SAVAGE.\*

GOD of the righteous! God of the brave! Strengthen our arms, our country to save; Lead us to victory's peace-giving charms: God of the righteous! strengthen our arms!

God of the people's cause! God of the free! From hearth and hill-side we look up to Thee; Make us, when battle-clouds thunder and roll, Titans in body, and true men in soul.

God of our hopefulness! God of the right! Be to us armour and courage in fight! Lift us on valorous fervour to be Terror and wrath to the foes of the free!

God of humanity! God of the heart! Let not the man in the soldier depart; And when beneath us the ruthless foe reels, Teach us the mercy the true hero feels.

Gird up our loins then, O Lord! for the truth, The safety of age, and the freedom of youth; Lead us to victory's peace-giving charms: God of the righteous! strengthen our arms!

<sup>•</sup> Author of "Sybil, a tragedy;" "Faith and Fancy."— James R. Kirker, New York. At present resident in the United States—brother-in-law of the late Joseph Brennan.

#### COMING HOME FROM MASS.

#### ELIZABETH WILLOUGHBY TREACY.

COMING home from Mass! What thoughts those simple words call forth!

As here I sit the live-long day beside my cottage hearth,

The treasured gems from memory's mine, like goldsands in the stream,

Through the warm current of my tears but brighter, fairer gleam.

I see no ruin on the green, the chapel still stands there,

The village chimes are ringing through the clear and frosty air;

And mark you group of peasant girls—God bless them as they pass—

No fairer sight could meet your gaze—they're coming home from Mass.

The autumn leaves that fall around, are faded, seared, and dead—

Unlike the flowers on memory's waste, whose bloom has never fled.

The very embers on my hearth with undimmed radiance glow,

Their kindly glances seem to light the forms loved long ago.

The streamlet glancing through the fern speeds singing on its way,

Amid the foam-girt islets—fitting home for sprite and fay.

I used to think ('twas childhood's dream) how happy
I should be,

As queen of one lone fairy isle—unconquered, proud, and free.

<sup>\*</sup> Ballymeana, County Antrim. Author of a little volume of patriotic poems, published in Belfast.

I longed to share the wild-bird's sway, whose mossbuilt palace stood,

Like citadel of elfin chief, above the mimic flood-

To gather from the rainbow sward the sweetest flowers that grow,

And twine them in a matchless wreath to crown my childish brow;

But dearer fancies soon were mine, I still a queen would reign,

My heritage one brave, leal heart, I loved, nor loved in vain—

The tell-tale blush, the stolen kiss, the whispered word, alas!

The happy time is gone since we came hand in hand from Mass!

Old scenes again come thronging back, as billows 'fore the storm,

Casting, like seaweed on the strand, some dear remembered form;

A ringlet from a fair young brow, a bright eye dancing free,

These are the rescued relics flung from memory's fearful sea.

Once more I lead the village dance—sought, loved, admired of all—

The shamrock scarcely bends its stalk beneath my light footfall;

But hush—a whisper in my ear, "the moments swiftly pass,

Your promise, Kathleen,\* don't forget, when coming home from Mass!"

I see the Soggarth's kindly smile, I hear the blessing given,

Which shone around my daily path, a guiding light to Heaven;

He takes my trembling hand in his, the blush on cheek and brow

Reveals the secret of my heart—disguise were idle now. For me no ruin haunts the green, no pastor's grave is near:

The pealing of the village chimes in fancy still I hear: Fresh flowers are strewn before my steps, all cheer me as I pass,

Upon the bridal morn, as we are coming home from

## LONGING.

JOHN WALSH.

I WISH I was home in Ireland,
For the Summer will soon be there,
And the fields of my darling Sire-land
To my heart will be fresh and fair.

Down where the deep Blackwater Glides on to its ocean rest, And the hills, with their green-clad bosoms, Roll up from the river's breast.

To sit where the waters murmur To the birds in the bending trees, While the silver wavelets glitter, Stirred by the evening breeze.

To watch while the silent fisher Quivers his trembling line, Where the trout from the golden river Bound to the red sunshine.

While the song of the distant milker Comes down with the evening cloud, And the mist from the lowland valleys Steals up like a snow-white shroud.

\* Author of the lines, "To My Wife," in this vol.

To muse where the deep Blackwater, Like a courser, comes bounding in With a rush, through the marble arches That span it by Cappoquin.

Where the dews on the woodlands glitter, And the rocks rise so tall and grand, And where all living things are happy, But the sons of that hapless land.

For they sit by the stranger's waters,
As did Israel's sons of yore,
And their harps are hung on the willows,
And their hearts, they are crushed and sore.

As if from a plague-struck country,
Far off flies the sun-brown Gael,
And his voice in the land that bore him
Is sunk to a fainting wail.

Like leaves in the Autumn tempest, Or clouds in the wintry wind, Is he sweeping from green Old Ireland, While the tyrant remains behind.

To waste his young life in sadness, And toiling from day to day; To long for a glimpse of Erinn, Ere he sleep in his bed of clay.

I wish I was home in Ireland,
For the flowers will soon be there,
Clothing each vale and highland,
And loading the perfumed air.

For in spite of the Saxon's scowlings, The land to my heart is dear, And to be but one day in Ireland, Were worth a whole lifetime here.

# IN MEMORIAM.\* WILLIAM SMITH O'BRIEN.

Anonymous (Una).

SADLY across the Western wave was borne
The low deep murmur of a mighty grief—
The anguish'd wail wrung from a nation's soul
O'er the cold ashes of her worshipp'd chief;
And countless lips and hearts caught up that sigh,
As mournfully it floated to our shore:
Our country bows her head in woe to-day—
One of her noblest, bravest, is no more.

Well may she mourn: never truer heart
Bled for her sorrows, struggled for her cause;
Braved, suffer'd for her, unheeding both
The world's keen censure and its vain applause.
Nor does she hold her boundless homage back,
Because in vain he strove for native land,
Because the narrow, cold, and selfish sneer'd
At deeds too great for them to understand.

Too vast and deep and noble is her love
To measure it out coldly by success;
While other nations crown their victors, she
Her wreathless heroes worships not the less;
And he whose dust she gathers to her breast,
Whose great high soul to purer realms has flown,
Will be enshrined within her heart of hearts
Long as she sits upon her ocean throne.

And she will miss him—oh, how sadly now—
Though other sons are left to be her stay!
For who, alas! can take the place of him
Whose voice is hush'd, whose sleep is in the clay?

<sup>&</sup>quot; With pleasure we present this beautiful tribute to the memory of William Smith O'Brien,

Whose presence, like a radiant morning star,
Illumed the inky blackness of her night,
And pointed out, beyond the gates of gloom,
The sunrise blaze of Freedom's longed-for light?

But still his spirit with her shall abide;
Such lives as his are never lived in vain,
For others, following his steps, shall win
At last the glorious goal he strove to gain.
And when, up through the countless starry spheres,
Shall peal a ransom'd nation's grateful voice,
Chanting its hymn of praise to Freedom's God,
We know that he shall hear it and rejoice.

Oh, lofty spirit! grand, majestic soul!
Unselfish, truthful, earnest, noble, pure!
Link'd with our country's name thy name shall live,
And as her rocks thy memory shall endure.
And long shall Erinn bend with sadden'd brow
Where o'er thy place of rest the wild winds rave:
It needs not rain nor dew, nor angel's tears,
To keep the green grass bright upon thy grave.

# MY OWN FRIEND.

#### REV. CHARLES WOLFE.\*

[These beautiful lines to "His Own Friend," may be taken as the author's tribute to the genius of his native land].

My own friend, my own friend!
There's no one like my own friend;
For all the gold
The world can hold,
I would not give my own friend.

• Born in Dublin, 1791. Author of "Monody on the Death of Sir John Moore," &c. Buried at Queenstown, Cork, 1823.

So bold and frank his bearing, Boy, Should you meet him onward faring, Boy, In Lapland's snow, Or Chill's glow, You'd say, "What news from Erin, Boy?"

He has a curious mind, Boy— 'Tis jovial—'tis refined, Boy— 'Tis richly fraught With random thought,' And feelings wildly kind, Boy.

'Twas eaten up with care, Boy, For circle, line and square, Boy; And few believed

That genius thrived Upon such drowsy fare, Boy.

But his heart that beat so strong, Boy,
Forbade her slumber long, Boy;
So she shook her wing,
And with a spring,

Away she bore along, Boy.

She wavers unconfined, Boy, All wayward on the wind, Boy; Yet her song All along,

Was of those she left behind, Boy.

And we may let him roam, Boy,
For years and years to come, Boy;
In storms and seas,
In mirth and ease,
He'll never forget his home, Boy.

Oh! give him not to wear, Boy, Your rings of braided hair, Boy; Without this fuss He'll think of us— His heart—he has us there, Boy. For what can't be undone, Boy, He will not blubber on, Boy; He'll brightly smile, Yet think the while Upon the friend that's gone, Boy.

Oh! saw you his fireside, Boy,
And those that round it bide, Boy;
You'd glow to see
The thrilling glee,
Around his fireside, Boy.

There airy, poignant mirth, Boy, From feeling has its birth, Boy; 'Tis worth the groans And the moans, Of half the dolts on earth, Boy.

Each soul that there has smiled, Boy, Is Erin's native child, Boy:

A woodbine flower

In Erin's bower— So elegant, so wild, Boy.

The surly clouds that roll, Boy,
Will not for storms console, Boy;
'Tis the rainbow's light,
So tenderly bright,
That softens and cheers the soul, Boy.

I ask no friend to mourn, Boy,
When I to dust return, Boy;
No breath of sigh,
Or brine of eye,

Should gather round my urn, Boy.

I just would ask a tear, Boy,
From every eye that's there, Boy;
Then a smile each day,
All sweetly gay,
My memory should repair, Boy.

The laugh that there endears, Boy,
The memory of your years, Boy,
Would more delight
Your hovering sprite,
Than half the world's tears, Boy.

# MARY OF CLORAH.\*

EDMUND J. ARMSTRONG. †

In the dewy April weather,
When the tufts were on the heather,
And the feathery larch was green,
Mary, like the young Aurora,
Shone amid the woods of Clorah:
Pride was in her stately mien.

O, her laugh was like the runnel, Babbling in its pebbly channel, 'Mid the glistening moss and fern; But it hushed the stock-dove's sighing, And it set the cuckoo flying, While it scared the lonely hern.

She was all alone, sweet Mary,
Tripping like a winsome fairy
Through the woods at break of morn;
Laughing to herself, and singing
Rustic snatches, that went ringing
Through the glens like laughs of scorn.

When a year had fled, the weather Was as fair, as fresh the heather, And the feathery larch as green; But no pride was left in Mary, And the laughing, winsome fairy Was no more what she had been.

<sup>• &</sup>quot;Poems." By the late Edmund J. Armstrong. London: Edward Moxon & Co., Dover-street,

+ Native of Dublin. Late President of the Undergraduate Philosophical Society of Dublin. Died, 1865; aged 24 years.

O'er her little babe her laughter Burst in fits, but sighs came after; Through her mirth was breathed a sigh. Now she kissed her infant wildly— Now she looked upon it mildly, Through the tears that dimmed her eye.

Then she murmured, "Baby mine, Would my soul were calm as thine! Sleep, my darling little boy: Sleep, the winds about thee moaning; Sleep, nor heed thy mother groaning; Sleep, my own, my only joy.

"Ah! methinks thine eyes of blue
Are more loving, deep and true,
Closed beneath those silken lashes,
Than the smiling eyes that hold
My spirit with their glances bold—
Tempest gleams and lightning flashes.

"Would that I had never strayed,
Wayward, in the greenwood shade,
Singing at the break of morn!
Those dear eyes had never dazed me,
Those sweet words had never mazed me—
Would I never had been born!

"Then I saw him, as a dream, Standing by the brawling stream; And I felt a sudden shiver Seize me as I gazed on him. He was fishing by the brim Of the roaring mountain river.

"Then he turned and took the breath
From my breast, that shook beneath
Those steadfast eyes. He smiled, and then
I was bold and broke the spell,
And passed on proudly—Well, ah! well,
I learned to love that smile again.

"Ah me! I never broke the spell;
My love is more than I can tell:
It burns, it scorches—yet I know
This should not be: my babe, I wrong
Thy father, but I am not strong—
Worn weaker by this hidden woe.

"I never broke my marriage vows;
Thy father is my wedded spouse;
And if my heart be with another,
God knows I've striven, howe'er in vain—
Though baffled by the blissful pain—
I've striven this wrongful love to smother.

"Thy sweet eyes open, baby mine,
And from their depths of violet shine
Such lustres pure of trustful love,
I am rebuked. I dare not dwell
In fancy on the baleful spell
That turns me false to thee, sweet dove.

"Well I love thee, little child,
Soothing with thy glances mild
All my trouble. Thou wilt be
My help, my angel; thou wilt make
Thy father kind for thy sweet sake,
And charm away his cruelty."

Laughing lightly, lightly sighing,
O'er the babe all calmly lying
In her arms, she showered kisses
On its tender mouth and brows;
And she felt a lover's yows
Were not worth a mother's blisses.

Then a step within the wood
Stilled the beating of her blood,
And she clasped her infant tight:
In a dark, tempestuous mood,
The man she loved before her stood,
And her face and lips grew white.

A man of noble gait was he,
As fair a lord as you might see;
And his frown became him well,
When she rose and turned away,
And took the homeward path that lay
Among the wild-flowers of the dell.

He strode on with passion pale,
And her limbs began to fail
When he touched her trembling arm;
Then she uttered a low cry,
But he—"Have comfort: it is I;
Mary, I never meant you harm.

"I loved you with all truth; my love
Is registered in Heaven above;
I would have made you wife, I swore,
And I have never broken vows.
Ha! there's a sadness on your brows—
I never saw that gloom before.

"Ah me! you loved me, then? O, why
Did you not trust me? I would die
To save those saddened eyes from tears.
Your doubts have made a young man old:
Such love as mine may not be told,
Nor will it fade with lapse of years."

She broke in weeping, "Woe is me!
They said you died in Italy—
My mother almost starved;" then, wild
With love, and the keen agony
Of duty, sobbing bitterly,
Fled, moaning, "O, my child, my child!"

Long stood he there in silent woe, And when the sun was dipping low Behind the larches of the glen, He knelt and wept—then passed away For ever. Never from that day He lingered in those woods again.

# THE FRIEND OF THE FAMILY.

O'SLUTHERAM'S PIG. \*

(A Legend).

EDWARD IRWIN.+

#### PART I.

MORNING came—as morning will— Shedding its beams on tower and hill; Lighting up the river with smiles, Till it ran on laughing for miles; Peeping into the shadiest bowers, And kissing the lids of the sleeping flowers; Waking the lark, that waked the linnet, That waked the flower with the butterfly in it, That carried the news that 'twas time to rise To worms and beetles, and bees and flies.

Some simple folks lie down when it's dark. And rise in the morn with the linnet and lark; While others there are for a lark who go, And don't go to bed at all, you know. But the wisest of all a medium course pursue, And do as the beetles and butterflies do-Get up when shops open and flowers unfold, When honey's at hand, and hot rolls are sold. Terry O'Slutheram rose at cock-crow— I do so myself I should let you know, Not always the first time he crows, 'tis true, For he sometimes crows, to give him his due,

† A young man, recently accountant in a bank at Fermov. now a resident of America.

<sup>&</sup>quot;Poems, Grave and Gay," by Edward Irwin.—London: Tallant & Co. This comic ballad was recently read with great effect at "a Penny Reading" at Cork.

Lusty and loud, for an hour or so
Before I awake to hear him crow—
Jerry stood airing his shins at the pump,
Of boiled potatoes rubbing a lump,
By way of soap, to his bristly face,
Which (holding his nose) he shaved apace.
On the spout of the pump he perched a glass,
That had seen better days, but now, alas!
Was like some men in this world of ours—
Minus silver, and minus reflecting powers;
So mottled it was, as Jerry looked in,
He saw half a nose, no mouth, and some chin;
But still he good-humouredly rasped away,
Till his wife cried, "Jerry, come to your tay!"

Patsy and Mary, and father and mother, Sat down to breakfast and helped each other; The table was laid with scrupulous care, And the viands agreeably varied were. Stirabout, with some milk, took father, Mother took milk, and stirabout rather; Patsy took stirabout—bread to be; And Mary took milk by way of tea. Then Pat took milk, and Mary stirabout; The cat, seeing this, began to purr about. Father—for sake of a change, no doubt— Took stirabout, then, the milk without, While mother took milk; and, nothing loth, They, finally, all took a little of both. When the cat and dog had had their plateful, Terry, with looks devoutly grateful, Gave thanks for the meal, as a Christian ought—or, He might have called it, the meal and water.

The banquet over, the patriarch rose— Grief at his heart, and a scar on his nose; The scar was small, but the grief was big, For that was the day to sell the pig: The family circle would broken be, For one of the family quite was he; In the chimney-corner he warmed his phiz, And the second best bed in the house was his. Gentle folks may the feeling despise, But, if they had a pig, he'd open their eyes: To the poor he's a friend not easy to match—He pays the rent and mends the thatch; Seed-potatoes are bought by the pig, And cabbages small, that grow to be big; He buys the hens that lay the eggs, And helps to cover the children's legs; His virtues are many and long to tell, But the poor Irish peasantry know them well.

Now Jerry owes rent, his efforts fail To raise the wind by the day of gale; So off to the fair the pig and he go, And what happened them there—I'll let you know.

## PART II.

As Jerry O'Slutheram went to the fair, The neighbours looked after his carriage and pair, While he held the whip and handled the rein. And tried his spirited beast to restrain; For, in commoner speech, a carriage erect, And pair of good legs, he had, I expect; Though his whip was only a birchen twig, And his rein a straw rope from the leg of the pig. And spirit enough the pig had to show, For he went everywhere a pig shouldn't go: He went between a man and his wife, Thus severing those who were joined for life; He frightened some geese, and gave a shock To a couple of hens, that incensed the cock; A dog that was dreaming of bones unpicked, Was awoke by him, to think he was kicked: And finally, just when near the fair, He sulky grew, and wouldn't go there.

Seeing that whooping, and jumping, and yelling, And flapping his coat, on the pig were not telling, Jerry faced home—the pig wouldn't go there, But backed, tail foremost, into the fair.

Pigs from all parts were there by dozens—Like the people of Kerry, they all were cousins—Pigs so fat that they staggered about, Pigs so lean that they seemed all snout; Pigs with pale faces, from family griefs; Pigs with rings in their noses, like Indian chiefs; Dapper young pigs whose tails were curled, And elderly pigs who had seen the world; Pigs with a morbid length of ear, Stretched by the very strange things they hear; Small-eyed pigs, with plenty of cheek, That wouldn't go on, but cried we-e-e-k! we-e-e-k! Then suddenly dragged their drivers along, For pigs that were weak, in a way quite strong.

Groups of men were selling and buying; Women were into the peep-shows prying; Bargains were bawled of pipes and boot-laces, Gingerbread-nuts, and gentlemen's braces; And a fellow who owned a steaming pot, Announced to the crowd 'twas beef he'd got, And made an offer, availed of by many, Of giving a "prod in the pot" for a penny. There you might see a hungry thief Aim with a fork at a piece of beef, Getting—'mid shouts from great and small—A potato, some cabbage, or nothing at all.

To vary the scene, there rose a shout— A bull was coming—look out! look out! On the bull tore through the thick of the fair, And tossed Jerry Slutheram high in the air; And lucky it was that he came down Plump in the muddiest place in the town. Sometimes a mistake is called a bull, And of such the Green Isle is said to be full; But Jerry, just then, his oath could take That that was a bull, and no mistake. The pig, set free by this little mishap, Scampered about some food to snap, And gulping down some garbage he met, Was captured by Jerry, who was aching yet.

Every one liked O'Slutheram's pig—
It wasn't too small, nor yet too big;
But though 'twas the sort to please the eye,
It wouldn't appear 'twas the sort to buy;
For Jerry grew sad, the day waxed old,
And evening came with the pig unsold.
The sun, in a heat from his noontide race,
Bathed in the sea his burning face;
While evening flew, on her shadowy wings,
To warn to bed all beautiful things.
Then the daisy closed its crimson lid,
And the violet went to bed when bid;
But the streamlet leaped in its bed with delight,
And babbled it wouldn't sleep that night.

Jerry, meanwhile, both weary and sore, Tapped with his stick at his cabin door; But there he must tap, till I've time to tell What further him and his pig befell.

#### PART III.

In the drawing-room Mrs. O'Slutheram sat, Knitting a pair of stockings for Pat; Pat at the parlour fire was sitting, Smoking a pipe while his mother was knitting; Mary was giving the pots a wipe In the kitchen, while Pat was smoking his pipe. But, as one little room in their cabin small Served them for "parlour, kitchen, and all," Mother and daughter their industry plied. And Pat smoked his pipe—all side by side. By way of giving their modesty fitting room, A partition of mud divided the sitting-room, Reaching within two feet of the ceiling. The top of a waggon-roofed bed revealing. On the hearth a wood fire crackled and sparkled. While up the chimney, where soot and smoke darkled, Three pickled herrings hung on a twine, Respected, no doubt, as the last of their line, For there for months they had hung for show. Though oft longing looks did towards them go. The walls were embellished with pictures rare, And engravings that never exhibited were: All artist's proofs—proofs, if you will, Of the artist's very surprising skill. One work of art, that hung near the fire, Represented St. Patrick in bishop's attire. With crosier and mitre, chasuble, stole, And white satin shoes with very thin sole, Looking out to sea with a sanctified smile. And banishing toads from the Emerald Isle. Another—a grand historical thing— Was the National Saint crowning Munster's King: Copied from one of which, says Pat, Saint Patrick in person standing sat. A coop for the hens in one corner lay, And a roost between that and the roof half-way, Where, each putting by one leg to keep, And her head in her pocket, they went to sleep. In another corner, a vacant spot, Seemed the place of one not quite forgot: It wore the hallowed and uncouth air Of a recently empty old arm-chair, Linked in the mind with memories kind Of one whose like it is hard to find: This spot, with sweet reminiscences big, Was where lately slept O'Slutheram's pig. Apropos of the pig: poor Jerry and he Have been left all this time in the cold by me.

Mary opened the door and ushered them in, 'Mid feelings of mingled joy and chagrin: The pig unsold! What, what would they do? He was dear, but then so were potatoes too.

By the light of the fire, poor Jerry related How on the bull's horns he had got elevated: Elevated in body, depressed in mind, Seeing no one to purchase his pig inclined. The O'Slutherams went to bed that night Untroubled by dreams or visions that fright The minds of those who sup too late-For some reason, that night no supper they ate. Perhaps they thought they were living so high, That fasting for once was good to try. The pig was uneasy all night in his sleep, And grunted and moaned, and sighed very deep; He woke up the family, filled them with dread, And made Jerry jump from the waggon-roofed bed. 'Twas evident something the matter must be with him: What did he take that didn't agree with him? Nothing-no supper had he more than they. Yet he grew worse and worse with the dawning of day. Now, Jerry possessed some surgical skill, Though he had no diploma, or license to kill; He practiced the science as practiced in Italy, Where they bleed patients to death so prettily; So, seizing a knife, with a dexterous dig He sent to its bliss the suffering pig. (Casuists may the question decide What a pig's bliss is after he's died). The rent was unpaid; he'd wants to supply; And he killed the pig for fear it should die. "'Tis pleasant to think," thought Jerry, while sticking him,

"Pleasant to think I'm not beating nor kicking him; I kill him to cure him and save his bacon, And still he'll be with us, though from us taken: As pork, cheek, bacon, and hams will he Still continue THE FRIEND OF THE FAMILY."

To see him cut up then in flocked the neighbours, Who kindly gave Jerry help in his labours; As often genteeler neighbours lend Each other a help to cut up a friend.
Then came to light a fact and a mystery, Worthy of note in natural history,
As proving that pigs have a sense very fine,
Of the difference 'twixt what's yours and what's mine; A difference which some who eat, buy, and sell them Have ill-defined views, allow me to tell them. Ignorant people! they thought it was sick he was;
Now it was plain, at scruples so quick he was,
His conscience had troubled and brought sense of wrong on him,

Because he had taken what didn't belong to him. Lo! while the pig they gathered around, A green silk purse rolled out on the ground, Which Jerry up took, and found with delight In it nine sovereigns, heavy and bright. Poor Jerry O'Slutheram stood in an attitude Joyful, yet mingled with tender gratitude: All the neighbours so fortunate said it was, He could have hugged the pig, though dead it was, Thoughts in his mind then crowded so pleasantly-Twenty, at least, great things he'd do presently. First of all, he'd go pay the rent; And then pay off small sums he was lent. He thought of the girl, he thought of the boy, And of her who had shared his sorrow and jov Through many long years of plenty and want-The want being plenty, depend upon't. Ah! many a couple in luxury bred Might envy the life that these poor people led; Earning the money alone took upon him he, While she looked after the household economy; Thus they lived the happiest life— He a good husband, she a good wife.

Now, Mrs. O'Slutheram made pork-pies And sausages, that would delight your eyes; So she tried her hand—and Mary and Pat,
And Jerry himself, the dog and the cat,
And even the hens coming in from the passages—
All set to, to discuss the "sausages."
Presently Pat felt something like a grit
In his mouth—which turned out a fourpenny-bit;
Mary looked queer, and Pat began joking her,
Till she cried out "a half sovereign was choking her;"
Mrs. O'Slutheram winced and grew red—
A sixpence had broke the best tooth in her head;
And Jerry, amazed, said "he wasn't aware
Of the pig having so much loose cash to spare."

All was joy in their little mud domicile; Pleasures they'd more than to dwell upon, promise I'll. Mrs. O'Slutheram thought of her youth, And, smiling, half wept at the loss of a tooth; Pat, as his evening pipe he lit, Announced "he was smoking his fourpenny-bit;" And Mary, all blushes and beauty, the pretty doat, With her half-sovereign bought a new petticoat. Inquiry was made, but no one could say Who lost the purse in the fair that day. 'Twas supposed, being green, the pig down tossed it, And 'twas also supposed some green person lost it.

This is my moral, and with it I close:
Hope on, though Fortune against you goes.
If you're in trouble, be not dejected;
Good may turn up when you least expect it.
One man's pain is another man's gain,
But each has his turn, so 'tis one in the main.
If you want money, don't sigh or cry for it;
'Twill come in good time, though the pig were to die for it.

## THE HEROINES OF LIMERICK.

1690.

DR, JOHN T. CAMPION.

ī.

KING William's English cannon
Has battered Limerick town,
And crunched beneath its iron teeth
The good stout wall deep down—
A fearful breach, that shows the plain
Full up of armed foes,
From Cromwell's Fort to the broad banks
Where the lordly Shannon flows.

Is not the man to yield,
Whether behind a leaguered wall,
Or in the tented field.
He heeds not English vaunting,
Nor her allies—Dutch or Dane;

But Sarsfield—noble Sarsfield—

Nor her Germans—nor her Prussians— Nor her furious iron rain. His fresh reserves of horse and foot

Flank the reft wall within,
And there they stand as still as death
Amid the horrid din;

Whilst men in trench, and counterscarp, Still check the English van,

And William marks with wondering gaze, Each warrior Irishman.

11.

Now, seethes the grape-shot 'long the walls, Mowing the Irish down; Now rush with hand-grenades the foe Upon the fated town. They crowd the trench and counterscarp With whelming furious force, Trampling with might of hundreds strong O'er many an Irish corse. The trenchmen fly—they mount the breach— But Sarsfield meets them there: "What-cowards! have ye left your post, And fly ye thus for fear?" "Sir General, fosse and trench are lost, And our comrades slaughtered, all!" And with hurrying speed they bounded down From off the tottering wall, "Ho! townsmen!" Sarsfield cried aloud, "Stop, stop this coward horde; And meet them with the charging spear, And with the pointed sword! Here come the English grenadiers! Give way men—let them down! Now, hem them in-and strike for life, And for old Limerick town! Now, to the walls! charge! charge! hurrah! Beat back the Dutch and Dane! Let not a man of their reserves Top our fair walls again."

#### · III.

The hand-grenades burst all around, And the Irish, wavering, stand; And Sarsfield in advance alone, Shouts forth the vain command.

An answering shout, shrill, wild and clear,
Then thrilled the autumn sky,
Like a clarion-call on a distant hill
Proclaiming a victory.
And forth rushed a band of matrons,
And maidens of beauty rare—
Their brows all flushing with anger,
And flowing their long rich hair—

Their white fingers clutching and clasping
Some weapon or missile of war,
Or the iron balls strewing the city,
Or the stones from the wall's shivered scar—
Crying, "Fathers and brothers, and lovers!
Would ye give up our homes to the foe?
Would ye yield us to foreign invaders,
Like knaves, without striking a blow?
Ye would!—but the women of Limerick
Will teach ye to fight and to die!
We will stand in the breach with you, Sarsfield,
And never will waver or fly!"

#### IV.

And they did stand, and hurl their weapons, In front of that red leaguered wall; And the wavering men saw them all fighting, And they saw one young heroine fall ! Then, then, with a shout that rent Heaven, Their moment of terror had past: And they rushed to the front of the danger With the speed of the wild tempest-blast; And they hewed down the Saxon and stranger, And Sarsfield's fierce shout rose again, And the red crowds of William and England Were hurled back, down on the plain. In a thick living torrent they tumbled, From rampart and ladder and wall. Till their camp-trumpets, out at Fort Cromwell, Sounded forth a loud craven recall. Then Sarsfield charged home on them flying, With his fierce Irish war-shout of glee. Oh! 'twas glorious to see his sword flashing, And the old English warriors flee! And the women still up on the ramparts, And their hair flowing wild in the wind, And the flag-staff embraced in their arms. And its green pennon fluttering behind!

And to hear their clear notes of defiance. And their shrieked bitter taunts at the foe. Who was flying for life and for succour Along the broad valley below!

In this celebrated repulse of William at Limerick, two circumstances occurred that reflect a halo of the purest and noblest glory upon the name of Ireland in general, and of Limerick in particular.

After driving the English from the breach, a portion of the Irish garrison entered the English camp in their turn; and, "in the confusion," says Dalrymple, "the English hospital having by accident taken fire, part of the victorious Irish stopped the pursuit, and rushing into the flames to quench them, saved the lives of their enemies at the hazard of their own."

The other circumstance, is that of the memorable self-devotion of the women of Limerick; who, after the English had beaten the men from their post, drove them back to the combat, boldly stood in the breach, even nearer to the English soldiers than the men of the garrison, and, for nearly three hours, contributed to assail the enemy so vigorously with stones, bullets, and every attainable missile, that to this splendid exertion of female heroism, unsurpassed in the brightest periods of classic antiquity, King William's own historian mainly attributes the triumphant expulsion of the besiegers from the city.

#### THE LOVELY ANEMONES SPRINKLE.\*

## RALPH VARIAN.

THE lovely Anemones sprinkle White buds on their dark flowing hair, And over the blue waves they twinkle Sweet smiles to spring's kind balmy air : Where shimmers the soft silver lightning Above the mild falls of the Lee. Young Mary, the glorious scene brightening, Came bounding, with heart full of glee.

The wild water-anemone, which is plentiful on the Lee, and flowers in early spring, flowing like long fine green grassy hair under the water with the current of the river, and throwing up slender stems to flower in snowy buds upon its surface.

Come hither, my darling young Mary,
Here's a seat by "The Old Sally-tree;"
And I'll whisper to you of a fairy
Who flings her weird spell over me:
Where laburnum and lilac are wedded,
By strawberry beds, sweet and fair;
Where tropical flowers are embedded,
To dazzle the mild open air.

Do you know where gay Rathlee is bending
Its bowers to "The Old Sally-tree;"
And Beauty and Goodness are tending
The flower-beds that slope to the Lee?
The dimples rose up from her bosom
To play with sweet tears of the eye,
And I clasped to my heart my May-blossom,
With the rapture of spring's glowing sky!

# WON'T YOU LEAVE ME A LOCK OF YOUR HAIR?

FRANCIS WALLER, LL.D.

Air: "The Low-Backed Car."

"THE night is fresh and calm, love,
The birds are in their bowers;
And the holy light
Of the moon falls bright
On the beautiful sleeping flowers.
Sweet Nora, are you waking?
Ah! don't you hear me spaking?
My heart is well nigh breaking
For the love of you, Nora dear.
Ah! why don't you speak, mavrone?
Sure I think that you're made of stone,
Just like Venus of old—
All so white and so cold,
But no morsel of flesh or bone.

"There's not a soul astir, love-No sound falls on the ear. But that rogue of a breeze,

That's whispering the trees,

Till they tremble all through with fear. Ah! them happy flowers, that's creeping To your window, where you're sleeping-Sure they're not chid for peeping

At your beauties, my Nora dear. You've the heart of a Turk, by my sowl, To leave me perched here like an owl;

'Tis treatment too bad For a true-hearted lad To be served like a desolate fowl.

"You know the vow you made, love-You know we fixed the day;

And here I'm now To claim that vow.

And carry my bride away. So, Nora, don't be staying For weeping or for praying— There's danger in delaying,-

Sure maybe I'd change my mind; For you know I'm a bit of a rake. And a trifle might tempt me to break,-Faix, but for your blue eye,

I've a notion to try What a sort of old maid you'd make."

"Ah! Dermot, win me not, love,

To be your bride to-night: How could I bear

A mother's tear, A father's scorn and slight? So, Dermot, cease your suing-Don't work your Nora's ruin; 'Twould be my sore undoing

If you're found at my window, dear."

"Ah! for shame with your foolish alarms—
Just drop into your own Dermot's arms:
Don't mind looking at all
For your cloak or your shawl—
They were made but to smother your charms."

And now a dark cloud rising,
Across the moon is cast—
The lattice opes,
And anxious hopes
Make Dermot's heart beat fast:
And soon a form entrancing,—
With arms and fair neck glancing,—
Half shrinking, half advancing,
Steps light on the lattice sill:
When—a terrible arm in the air
Clutched the head of the lover all bare;
And a voice, with a scoff,
Cried, as Dermot made off—
"WON'T YOU LEAVE US A LOCK OF YOUR HAIR!"

# SWEET SYBIL.

#### CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY.

My Love is as fresh as the morning sky, My Love is as soft as the summer air; My Love is as true as the saints on high, And never was saint so fair!

Oh, glad is my heart when I name her name,
For it sounds like a song to me—
I'll love you, it sings, nor heed their blame,
For you love me, astor mochree!

Sweet Sybil! sweet Sybil! my heart is wild With the fairy-spell that her eyes have lit; I sit in a dream where my Love has smiled—I kiss where her name is writ!

Oh, darling, I fly like a dreamy boy;
The toil that is joy to the strong and true,
The life that the brave for their land employ,
I squander in dreams of you.

The face of my Love has the changeful light
That gladdens the sparkling sky of spring;
The voice of my Love is a strange delight,
As when birds in the May-time sing.

Oh, hope of my heart! oh, light of my life! Oh, come to me, darling, with peace and rest! Oh, come, like the summer, my own sweet wife, To your home in my longing breast!

Be blessed with the home sweet Sybil will sway, With the glance of her soft and queenly eyes; Oh, happy the love young Sybil will pay With the breath of her tender sighs.

That home is the hope of my waking dreams,
That love fills my eyes with pride;
There's light in their glance, there's joy in their
beams,
When I think of my own young bride.

# THE GAELIC TONGUE.

(From the Irish of William O'Lionan).

Dr. George Sigerson.

NEVER was heard a strain so sweet, A language so noble—a flood rolling fleet; A speech so pure-bright, so warm and chaste, Like a nourishing stream from a mother's breast.

Never spake Homer, the old and grand, Nor brilliant Ovid, the gay and bland, In speech so full-swelling—a cascade that ne'er Drieth up—a music that floats on the air. Than melodious tones of the golden chords, Than airy notes of the tuneful birds, Thy thrilling voice comes to my soul more clear, And thy songs to my heart more nobly dear.

# THE SWEET-BRIER TREE.

(To Marion.)

#### RALPH VARIAN.

THE sweet-brier tree! the sweet-brier tree!
Its luscious odours bring to me
The waxen flowers and blossoms bright
Of Cintra's gardens of delight;
And yet beyond I see the shadows too,
The cottage-glade where this sweet rosebush grew!

The sweet-brier tree! the sweet-brier tree!
And Marion's happy face for me!
The dimples, rose-buds, primrose-hair,
And sunny welcomes shining there;
Take Cintra's fruited glade and waxen blossoms rare—
Give me the sweet-brier shade, and my own Marion
fair!

#### BLACKPOOL.

(A Local Ballad).

T. CONDON.

OH! an humble place and lowly
Is that dear old spot, BLACKPOOL,
Where, with rippling noise and slowly,
Summer streamlets wander cool;
Where the brawny TANNER lingers,
In the evening breezes mild,
And his labour-dyed brown fingers
Stroke the tresses of his child,

Where, at twilight's dusky shadows, By the lonesome "Commons" road, Many a miller through the meadows Ghost-like sees his loved abode; And when "Six" chimes clear and loudly Through old SHANDON's dial-plate, Many a stalwart "still-man" proudly Strides through Hewitt's open gate.

Oft I've stopped to gaze in wonder
Through the well-known smithy-door,
When the sledge-struck anvil's thunder
Shook the forge from roof to floor;
And the red sparks, star-like scattered
From the hissing iron bar,
Smote the aprons, black and tattered
From their long defensive war.

When the restive horse was grasped By the swarthy strong arm bare, While the vice-like knees strong clasped Hoof that vainly struggled there; And the hob-filled group were squatted Snug before the lurid blaze, As with toothless gums they chattered Over happier youthful days.

Stands The Christian Brothers' dwelling Westward, on the hill above,
And "The schools" like fountains welling Streams of wisdom and of love;
Where the barefoot urchin nestles
In the cheerless wintry hours,
While outside the tempest whistles
Through December's leafless bowers.

Southward, on us fondly gazing
Through its gothic-windowed eyes,
Is THE MASSIVE TOWER raising
Its new structure to the skies;

Lofty monument, revealing
Persevering strength of will
In the priest, whose loud appealing
Placed it standing on the hill.

But it is not tower or steeple
That attracts the soul the most;
'Tis the noble-hearted people
Which the dear old spot could boast:
'Tis the generous alms-giving,
And the works, which make us thrill,
Of the feeling poor, relieving
Those who aye are poorer still.

Memories, such as these, remaining, Linger round me lonely now, And with deep, exquisite paining, Cast their shadows on my brow; When I think of all the places Now unfilled by those I loved, And the kindly-beaming faces

To a better world removed.

LOVELY CITY! wrapped in splendour, When, at slow-departing day, Showers of softened sunlight tender Flood thy world-unrivalled bay; Tinting BLARNEY's ruined castle With a subdued glow of fire; Lighting many a leafy tassle In the foliage of Glanmire!

Many a beauteous woody bower
Lies around thee, fresh and green;
Many an old historic tower
Stands with venerable mien:
But a spot more praise-deserving
Is not, CORK, beneath thy rule,
For its friendship-faith unswerving,
Than old tan-brown-faced Blackpool.

## THE CHILDREN OF THE GAEL.

Anonymous (F. N. R.)

AMID the dusky tropics' bloom,
Where gleam the birds of brilliant plume
Through many a graceful grove of palm—
Where through the nights of breathless balm
The gorgeous constellations burn—
How fondly will the spirit turn
To some pale blossom wafted far,
The daughter of a colder star!

Whose faint delicious odour brings Our vanished childhood on its wings. We kiss the dewy petals frail, That bring us back the hill and vale; That bring the dear familiar trees, With their tossed branches on the breeze— The brook wherein the pebbles lie— The clouds along the summer sky.

And even thus we love to trace
The wandering footsteps of our race:
Around their path, through every zone,
This halo rests—they are our own.
The magic of the kindred name
Doth all the spirit's fealty claim;
Oft a reluctant homage, still
It rules the heart without the will.

We glory when they fearless cross
The deadly breach, the slippery fosse;
When in the foremost ranks of fight
Their lifted blades are gleaming bright!
And every noble word they speak
Can light the eye, and flush the cheek;
For still, with sovereignty unbought,
They hold the sceptre o'er our thought.

And when above God's martyred poor, Some bolt of death falls swift and sure— When, in some shock of ruin hurled, A moment blots out all the world— How shakes the heart with painful throbs! How tremble still the lips to sobs, When in the corses, scarred and pale, We trace the children of the Gae!

Or, if upon the stormy tide, Amid some wild wreck drifting wide, We see a white upturned face— A form in Death that hath its grace— And o'er the grim sea flowing there The brown and silken waves of hair— What grief the inner Spirit thrills For her, the daughter of our hills!

How wish we that the lovely clay We might in kindred ashes lay, From dreary sea, and driving storm, Within its mother's bosom warm; Where light should fall the summer showers, Where sweet should bloom the summer flowers, And many a holy ave should sound Above the sacred burial-ground.

# AVOURNEEN DHEELISH.

MICHAEL DOHENY.

COURTED and cheered in the halls of the stranger,
Avourneen dheelish evin og!\*
I long for the mountain, though frowning with danger,
Avourneen dheelish evin og!
I long for the green little seat in the garden,
The rill at our feet and the linnet our warden,
And the cluster of woodbine where warbled that bard in,
Avourneen dheelish evin og!

<sup>•</sup> Correctly spelled, A mournin dileas aobin og-Young gentle faithful love,

Sadly I feel when the proud gather round me,

Avourneen dheelish evin og!

My heart would be lone if their king they had crowned me.

Avourneen dheelish evin og!
For garlands and crown let 'em wear 'em who choose 'em.

Though light on their brows, yet oft sorely they bruise 'em;

No garland for mine, but a place on thy bosom, Avourneen dheelish evin og!

Drinking thy breath, as the rose drinks the dews, love,
Avourneen dheelish evin og!

When, fold after fold, the sweet odour renews, love, Avourneen dheelish evin og!

Or to list to thy lips' thrilling accents repeating
The vows that we shared at that loneliest meeting,
When terror and death alone witnessed our greeting,
Avourneen dheelish evin og!

I walk by the wood oft when day is declining,
Avourneen dheelish evin og!

Recalling that eve in its shadow declining,

Avourneen dheelish evin og!
When, hushed as the breeze, our hearts melted together,
Like the scent of new hay and the breath of the heather,
Our own came so soft 'twould not ruffle a feather,
Avourneen dheelish evin og!

### THE STITCHWORT.\*

RALPH VARIAN.

THROUGH budding hedge and mossy beds, Winning the ravished sight, Now April weaves her golden threads, And darts her purple light!

<sup>• &</sup>quot;S. Graminea—Lesser Stitchwort. . . Stems weak and brittle, supporting themselves by the surrounding plants, from one to three feet long: flowers with white petals." See "Withering's Botany."

Go, Maurice, bring the flower of flowers, No cultivated grace, That fringes April's tangled bowers, And lights the gloomy place.

The pencilled wild geranium leaf
Looked up, with wistful eye;
The gauzy sorrel, petal-brief,
Gleamed from the woodlands nigh;

And bowed with sympathetic glow, As, from its place of rest, I took the STITCHWORT, white as snow, To grace my Mary's breast!

White star! dear rays of Stitchwort bright, That speak of fingered art; Where white hands dart the threads of light, To captivate the heart!

Shine from my Mary's breast afar, And from her forehead shine, As radiant as the morning star, As hopeful, as divine!

# I WOULD NOT DIE. THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER.

I WOULD not die in this bright hour,
While Hope's sweet stream is flowing;
I would not die while Youth's gay flower
In springtide pride is glowing.
The path I trace in fiery dreams
For Manhood's flight, to-morrow,
Oh, let me tread 'mid those bright gleams
Which souls from Fame will borrow.
I would not die! I would not die!
In Youth's bright hour of pleasure;
I would not leave, without a sigh,
The dreams, the hopes I treasure!

I set young seeds in earth to-day,
While yet the sun was gushing,
And shall I pass, ere these, away,
Nor see the flowerets blushing?
Are these young seeds, when earth looks fair,
To rise with fragrance teeming,
And shall the hand that placed them there
Lie cold when they are gleaming?

Lie cold when they are gleaming?

I would not die! I would not die!

In Youth's bright hour of pleasure;

I would not leave, without a sigh, The dreams, the hopes I treasure!

# SONG-BREAK OF DAY.

JAMES McKowen.

We have looked for it long,
Through a dark night of wrong;
We have watched till our eyes they are aching;
And, thank God! at last
The dark night is past,

And the morn of a bright day is breaking.

The morn of a bright day is breaking—
Light's finger the grey East is streaking—
Oh, thank God! at last

The dark night is past,
And the morn of a bright day is breaking!

O'er Time's wreck-strewn strand,
Fast flowing and grand,
The full-tide of Freedom is making;
Ah! you'll see by and by
That our ship will ride high
In the light of the day that is breaking.
In the broad light of day that is breaking—
God prosper the course she is taking—
For you'll see by and by
That our ship will ride high
In the light of the day that is breaking!

See, see the sky's face
How it brightens apace!

It is time to be up and awaking;
For brave men and true
Have great work yet to do

In the light of the day that is breaking.
Then hurrah for the day that is breaking!
And for Freedom's full-tide that is making,
And for brave men and true
That dare noble deeds do

In the light of the day that is breaking!

# MARCH, '65.

Budding! fresh budding! ev'ry bough and ev'ry brake;
Nature! bright nature! from thy wintry trance awake!
Life and joy are in the summons,
Laughing daisies o'er the commons;
Blowing free,
Joyously
The March winds sweep the lea!

Erin! bright Erin! with the breezy Spring arise;
Dash off the tear-drops that cloud thy dewy eyes.

The germ of life in thy bosom throbbing
Holds for thee joy for thy long years' sobbing;

Guard it then lovingly,
This germ of Liberty!

Green, verdant green, are thy meadows growing, Erin the fair! and thy breast is glowing Rich with the hope of a pleasure deeper Than harvest brings to the tired reaper;
Guard it then tenderly,
This bright hope of Liberty!

#### IN THE CITY.

GEORGE SIGERSON.

BESIDE the smithy window
A thrush sings, all day long—
All in the murky city—
A carolling greenwood song!
And ever, as I come nigh it,
My spirit is filled with glee;
And ever, as I go by it,
My heart grows sad in me.
While ringingly the hammer,
Ringingly within,
Maketh a merry clamour
And a busy din.

Therein, the Ever-Worker
Is seen from early day,
With the glow of forge and iron
Upon his locks of grey.
Therein, the ancient workman
Works ever and aye, so lone;
And none have heard his laughter—
To no man he makes moan.
While ringingly the hammer,
Ringingly within,
Maketh a merry clamour
And a busy din.

Two friends he hath—two only—Good hammer and sweet bird.
O sorrowful eyes! you tell not
Who may have been the third.
Or whether the thrush is singing
Of summers that bore no gloom,
Or whether it promiseth, sweetly,
A green bough o'er a tomb,

When stilled shall lie the hammer, Silent all within, Hushed the weary clamour And the noisy din.

# A LITTLE MAIDEN'S SONG.

JAMES McKowen.

"It is silly, 'sooth, and dallies with the innocence of love."

OH! my pretty little goat
Has a pretty spotted coat,
And never was it woven or spun.
Though long it has been worn,
'Tis neither soiled or torn,
Or its colour the least faded by the sun.

And my "Jenny" spends the day
On the heather-covered brae,
Where the flute-noted linnet sings alone;
And the company she sees
Are the butterflies and bees,
And pleasanter I'm sure there are none.

The lady-moon's soft light
Shines on her bed at night,
And, what, though her pillow be the ground—
And no coverlet or sheet
To wrap around her feet—
There's not a little maiden sleeps more sound.

But my little goat I'll lead A-down the sloping mead, Before the brown lark's matin is begun; Where the dewy daisies white, And the buttercups so bright, Are waiting for the kisses of the sun.

### TO MY BROTHER.

TIMOTHY D. SULLIVAN.

Though fate will permit us no longer
To struggle through life side by side,
Let our love but grow purer and stronger,
However our hearts may be tried.
We are parted—it may be for ever—
But, though we be far from each other,
One bond that no distance can sever
Shall always connect us, my Brother.

And oft, when my prospects look dreary, And those I have trusted deceive; When I sink, disappointed and weary, And scarcely know what to believe; When the dark clouds of life gather o'er me, One star shall outshine every other, And the long rugged pathway before me Grow bright with the love of my Brother.

How oft does some sweet recollection,
From various occasions, arise,
That touches the chords of affection,
And brings a hot dew to my eyes.
How oft does some incident waken
The thoughts I could share with no other;
And my heart, like a chamber forsaken,
Re-echo my wish for my Brother!

As barques that the tempest have driven, And tossed far apart on the main, Steer on by the beacons of Heaven, And meet in one harbour again; Even so, if the storms of existence Have parted us here from each other, Let us steer to that light in the distance, And meet in that haven, my Brother!

### BRIDGET TRIPPING TO THE FAIR.\*

#### WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

'Tis where the road-side rivulet expands, And every stone upon its image stands, The country maidens finish their attire, Screened by the net-work of a tangled briar; On grassy bank their shapely limbs indue With milk-white stockings, and the well-blacked shoe, And court that mirror for a final grace, With dazzling ribbons nodding round their face. Behold our Bridget tripping to the fair; Her shawl is splendid, but her feet are bare; Till quick the little bundle here untied, The shoes come forth, the skirts are shaken wide, And Biddy enters Lisamoy in pride. Nor be it long till Denis she espies, To read her triumph in his joyful eyes. But first of all, with calm submissive face. Beads in her hand, within the holy place, She kneels among the kneelers who adore In silent reverence, on that mystic floor; Then with a curtsey, and with symbol meet On brow and breast, returning to the street.

# ANNIE O'DELL.

(Riverstown).

RALPH VARIAN.

Air: "Katty Mooney."

By fairy bells, in woodland dells, Where streams are sweetly flowing In gleaming light, my charmed sight Sees shades departed glowing.

<sup>\*</sup> From "Laurance Bloomfield." >

Soft grey eyes—deep brown eyes— Eyes like lucid bluebell; Nor human eyes, nor woodland dyes, Could rival Annie O'Dell!

The budding wand above the pond—Silk sheathes soft treasures folding;
A slight bright form, gay, young and warm,
A soul of love disclosing!
Soft grey eyes—deep brown eyes—Eyes like lucid bluebell;
Nor human eyes, nor woodland dyes,
Could rival Annie O'Dell!

In Riverstown, where streams are brown, Whose sweets the wild-birds know well, Sunk deep in shade of woodland glade, There lived young Annie O'Dell!

Soft grey eyes—deep brown eyes—Eyes like lucid bluebell;

Nor human eyes, nor human dyes, Could rival Annie O'Dell!

The cottage white, 'mid laurels bright— Sweet streams through green fields flowing; A form that felt Spring's ruddy health In bounding bosom glowing! Soft grey eyes—deep brown eyes— Eyes like lucid bluebell; Nor human eyes, nor woodland dyes, Could rival Annie O'Dell!

But sorrow keen came o'er the scene, And strewed Spring's radiant blossom; Now cold around the heaving mound, And cold within my bosom.

A delightful locality, as its name imports, abounding with running streams, connected by pleasant paths with the wooded hills and quiet river of Lower Glanmire; which river is a tributary to the Lee.

Soft blue eyes—deep brown eyes— Eyes that speak the kind word; But human eyes, and woodland dyes, Will leave us lone as wild bird.

#### SWEETHEART O' MY COW.

#### FRANCIS DAVIS.

Air: "Noch Bonn Shin Doe."

AUTHOR'S NOTE.—The above melody—the writer suspects to be the original of the "Moll Room" to be found in Moore's collection—if it ever had words, must have been popular in its day. It is a fine air, of considerable compass, varying in its pathos, occasionally with a stealthy stroke of the serio-comic. Not having at hand a copy of the melodies alluded to, the writer cannot say whether Moore has given it in its present or in any other form. Believing, however, that the shape in which it appears to him must have been older than the working days of Moore, and, consequently, better known than any modern setting could be amongst those for whom these songs are principally written, he has simply endeavoured to follow carefully—even to the quantity of a note—what is before him. He gives the name as it is printed in connection with the music, doubting not that, though its orthography, like that of most of our Anglicised Irishisms, seems to be a very slovenly attempt at the phonetic, there are still many who will be able to recognize it.]

I HAD a wee cow, once—a credit for beauty,—
An' often I herded her down by the Bann,
Where everyone wondered to see my wee Tooty—
Her hoofs so like gold, an' her coat like the swan—
As white as the swan, an' as shinin' as silk!
An', och, it was she gave the lashin's o' milk;
But—sure I may say it, it's long ago, now—
There weren't so many like me an' my cow!

I loved my wee cow every day all the dearer,
An' wouldn't for worl's had her out o' my eye;
Nor langle, nor tether, I'd let them bring near her—
"Ough, mother," I've cried, "if you tie her she'll
die!"

An' so, ever by her, from mornin' till night, Where shamrocks were greener, or daisies more white,

Far down thro' the rushes, or up on the knowe, A gowan an' snowball grew I an' my cow!

There, stringin' the daisies, or plattin' the rushes, To make my white beauty look all the more fair— Or speelin' away up the wil' apple bushes,

A-gatherin' their blossoms to tie up my hair—
The spring an' the summer we slipt through so
soon.

Till harvest came on with its big yellow moon; When, there, as we watched her, one eve from the knowe.

Young Dick came a-coortin' to me an' my cow.

A-nie! how he talked there of love an' of lovers,
An' came night an' mornin' his talk to renew;
While I knew of either as much as the plovers—
Though Dick used to say they had love in them,
too.—

Till, on as I lis'ned, it seemed the less strange, An' in me, an' over me, came such a change; For, it plaised me so then—what it wouldn't do now!—

That he looked very often from me to my cow!

The autumn flew by, an' the winter crept over,
When all was a garden of blossoms again;
An' I, a wee wiser—I guess!—than yer plover,
Sat crackin' an' laughin' wi' Dick in the glen;
Till Tooty—poor Tooty! a-nie, an' a-nie!
Both tethered an' langled, that we might be free—
Got fankt roun' a bush on the Bann's slippy
brow,

An' drowned was my Tooty-my beautiful cow!

Poor Dick!—how his heart must have bled for my beauty!—

He looked for a moment, then slithered away; But, never that face, since it hung o'er my Tooty,

Looked up at our meeting' by night or by day!

My mother but sighed to her wheel, in her croons—

An' it's she, ye'd have said, had the worl' of oul'

"Ough, apples may grow upon yon leafless bough, An' red-cheeked as ever, sweetheart o' my cow!"

Sweetheart o' my cow? Ah! I now know her manein'!
They say I'm not young, an' it's, maybe, too true;
But, to the oul' love, if I've still the wee lanein',
I amn't so sure I'd say "No!" to the new!
So, bushes may blossom, an' apples may grow,
As red-cheeked as ever—the Dear sen' it so!
For with some wee Tooty to graze on yon knowe,

# WILLIE'S MOTHER.

Might yet come a sweetheart for me—or my cow!

#### FRANCIS DAVIS.

Air: "Youghal Harbour."

[AUTHOR'S NOTE.—It is almost unnecessary, so far as Irish readers are concerned, to say a word respecting the air known as "Youghal Harbour." From Cape Clear to the Giant's Causeway it is as common in every cabin as the air that enters the door. It appears to have been peculiarly a melody of the people. Hot from the heart, it teems with a most bitter grief; not an artfully constructed sorrow or wail, but a simple voice, low and tremulous, mingled with genuine tears—such tears, too! scalding, stealthy, yet impulsive, as flow but rarely from other than genuinely Celtic natures.]

An' so yer moment has come for sailin'—
A bither moment, oh, Willie, dear!
But where's the use of yer mother's wailin'—
There's nothin', darlin', to howld ye here.

There's little labour that's worth the doin', An' happy are they can rise an' go,— The poor ould counthry has gone to ruin; But, och, it's hard, man, to lave her so!

The patch of groun' that we're still the pride in,
Is but a patch, dear, when all is done;
And the cowld bare walls, that yer father died in,
Can barely aiqual the wants of one.
'Tis true that Jemmie, yer slavin' brother,
Has still a home there, however low;
But when he shares with yer poor ould mother,
God knows there's little to come or go.

But time is passin'—oh, Willie—Willie!—An' I, dear help me, what can I say?
Ough! you'!! be kind to that weepin' lily,
That's lavin's all for yerself th' day!
An' whether, jewel, ye sweat an' swelther,
Or march a prince through yer marvle halls,
Ye wont forget, man, the poor ould shilter,
An' her that rocked ye within its walls!

From that big brow, then, my yellow yarlin',
One curling sunbame to faste my eye;
And when they've waked me, my Willie, darlin',
I'll take it with me to where I'll lie—
To where I'll lie! But for that last lyim',
Tho' God's sthrong angels should come an' care,
Who'd kiss the cowld lips of her a-dyin'
Like him, achora, who can't be there?

Don't kill yer mother with axin' pardon—
Is't you, my snow-flake—my spotless child!
Ough, cowld wide worl', yer his pratie garden,
Who never grieved me with gloom or guile!
One kiss—the last one! Ah, God, mavourneen,
How like this moment the face that's gone!
Yer father's dear, at yer every turnin'—
Yer father's eyes an' yer father's han'!

A moment, Willie!—I'm feelin' wakely—
I'll lane a thrifte upon yer arm.
God help them, dear, that be ould an' sickly—
They need the han' that's both thrue an' warm!
For what yer own was, the Lord reward ye,
An' be yer keeper both night an' day—
May all the angels in Heaven guard ye!
Now, lave me, jewel!—AWAY—AWAY!

# OH! IF I WERE YON GOSSAMER.

JAMES McKowen.

OH! if I were yon gossamer,
That's trembling o'er the green,
I know the sunny tresses where
I'd hide and be unseen.
Or if I were the fitful wind,
That wanders east and west,
I know a gentle bosom where
I'd nestle me to rest.

Oh! were I yon marsh mary-buds,
With nests of ripening gold,
I know a hand of slender make
That should my treasures hold.
Or if I were the velvet bee,
Of which I've heard you speak,
'Tis on your lip, fair Alice Ban,
My honey I would seek.

# FRIENDS ACROSS THE SEA.

ELLEN FORRESTER.

THE balmy summer breeze around me plays, And, in a voice all tremulous and low, It seems to whisper me of other days, Soft mournful stories of the "long ago." Oh, gentle breeze, that whispers so to me—Go whisper to my friends across the sea.

Tell them that never can my heart forget My childhood's home, my kindred far away; But that with fondest love and deep regret, My spirit turns to them both night and day. Oh, gentle breeze, this message bear from me, Whisper it to my friends across the sea.

But should'st thou find them locked in slumber deep, Soft breeze, blow softer—let them slumber on; Hover around them, kiss them as they sleep, Breathe in their ears my name, and then begone. Then, gentle breeze, mayhap they'll dream of me, Their lonely wanderer, far across the sea.

## FRANCES.\*

JOHN K. CASEY. †

Air: "The Coulin." t

On! it is not the ringlets that stream from her brow, Nor the neck and soft hand which outrival the snow, Nor the lips like the fruit of the tall apple-tree, That make my sweet Frances so dear unto me.

Oh! it is not the music that flows from her mouth, -When she sings the soft lays of her own native South; Nor the flash from her eyes, like the moon on Glenree, That makes my sweet Frances so dear unto me.

But a grace and a charm that are lovelier still— 'Tis the soul shining pure as the snow on the hill; 'Tis the heart beating true as the waves of the sea, That make my own Frances so dear unto me.

<sup>\*</sup> From "Wreath of Shamrocks."—Dublin: Robert S. Magee, Lower Sackville-street.

<sup>+</sup> Author of "Carroll Bawn," a ballad of '98, in this vol. \$\frac{1}{2}\$ An cuilfion.

How oft have we rambled the dear mountain path, And plucked the white blossoms beside the old rath; And I plaited a wreath for my cushla mochree, And whispered that she was the dearest to me.

Then I told her the tales of the grand days of old, Of the ladies so bright, and the chieftains so bold, Till she sighed for the fall of the gallant and free; And this made her dearer—far dearer to me.

Oh! years may go by, with their sunshine and rain, With the light clouds of joy, and the dark ones of pain; But true as my heart-pulse, where'er I may be, My Frances, astor, will be dearest to me.

# DON'T FORGET "POOR BOTHER'D DAN."\*

(A Local Ballad.)

JOHN FITZ-GERALD.

WINTER nights are coming dreary, Chilling blasts howl by the door, Rich men's homes are warm and cheery; But God help the houseless poor! And at Christmas, when the bounty Of that good, kind-hearted man,'t Is shar'd among the poor around ye, Don't forget "Poor Bother'd Dan."

<sup>•</sup> For the information of those who did not know him, Daniel O'Sullivan, Bothered Dan, or Cracked Dan, was a simple-minded old man (one of the extinct public characters of Cork), who, dressed in a quaint uniform, with an immense cocked hat, and his coat covered with all sorts of brass medals and ornaments, imagined himself Commander-in-Chief of the National Forces in Ireland. He usually carried an immense brass key, for the purpose of bestowing the freedom of the city—Heaven rest his simple soul! He has died neglected after all; but he has gone where those who are exalted shall be humbled, and those who are humble shall be exalted.

+ Sir John Arnott.

Once he wore a sword and feather,—
Now the sword is eat with rust;
Long the old plume stood the weather,
But at last it turn'd to dust.
All his fighting days are over,
Or, more correct, have ne'er began;
Soon he'll rest, "The Ancient Rover"—
Don't forget "Poor Bother'd Dan."

Orders of his own creation
Sparkle on his humble coat,—
Titles, high in estimation,
Which no herald ever wrote.
"Worthless baubles," says the sneerer;
True, but neither curse nor ban
Ever "track'd" their honest wearer:
Don't forget "Poor Bother'd Dan."

Fierce elections, temperance meetings, Bands or parties, bonfire blaze, He was first, 'mid friendly greetings, "Guardian of the City Keys." Fire or flood, or fun and folly, Who has always led the van, And most lov'd Cork, if sad or jolly? Don't forget 'twas "Bother'd Dan."

Not much longer can he linger;
Soon we'll have his vacant place,
For grim Time, with ruthless finger,
Marks his mild, yet warlike face.
Now's the time, while he is near you—
Help the "General" while you can;
And say not, when no more he's near you,
"We forgot 'Poor Bother'd Dan."

Though his locks are thin and hoary, And no king his title gave, To wreathe his name in song or story— All are equal in the grave. Is not he a fellow mortal? Dare you say the Son of Man Will thrust him from his blessed portal, Or forget "Poor Bother'd Dan?"

## CROSSING THE FERRY.

#### Dr. George Sigerson.

- "THE stream glides smooth, O Ferryman! The bowery trees between: Your life, I warrant, as smoothly ran 'Mid flowery meads as green?"
- "The river is rapider than it used, O Sailor of the sea! Or my heart has hurried the flight of Age, For the woe that came on me."
- "Gray Ferryman! give to me the oar; You should, indeed, have rest, 'Mid your children under the sycamore, In you white cottage-nest."
- "There is none within that cottage white, O Sailor of the sea! None now, alas, to take my place-But what is that to thee?"
- "I am weary with travel, Ferryman! And now we touch the brink, I pray you give me, as you can, To rest, and eat and drink."
- "There is desolation in my home, O Sailor of the sea! 'Twould smite thy heart with utter woe-Go thou thy way from me,"

All joy seemed suddenly to fail
The youth—he bowed his head,
And drawing near, said low, all pale—
"Is she, my mother, dead?"

Upon his neck he fell:—" My son!— My lost son from the sea!— She is not dead, but dieth.—Death Before thy voice will flee!"

#### THE CURLEW.

JAMES McKowen.

By the marge of the sea has thy foot ever strayed,
When eve shed its deep mellow tinge?
Hast thou lingered to hear the sweet music that's made
By the ocean-waves' whispering fringe?
'Tis then you may hear the wild barnacle's call,
The scream of the sea-loving mew,
And that deep thrilling note that is wilder than all—
The voice of the wailing curlew.

The song of the linnet is sweet from the spray,
The blackbird's comes rich from the thorn;
And clear is the lark's when he's soaring away
To herald the birth of the morn.
The note of the eagle is piercing and loud—
The turtle's, as soft as it's true;
But give me, oh! give me, that song from the cloud—
The voice of the wailing curlew.

Sky minstrel! how often I've paused, when a child, As I roamed in my own native vale,
To listen thy music so fitful and wild,
Borne far on the wings of the gale.
And still, as I rest by the door of my cot,
Thy voice can youth's feelings renew;
And strangely I'm tempted to envy thy lot,
Thou wild-noted, wailing curlew.

For oh! it were happiness surely to fly
In those regions so pure and so bright;
To float 'neath the dome of that beautiful sky,
When tinged with the setting sun's light.
There, there thou canst revel unfettered and free,
And no cunning of man can pursue;
What wonder I'm eager to wander with thee,
Thou wild-noted, wailing curlew.

When the beauties of nature shall cease me to move, And desire in my bosom shall fail, And this heart that is beating with rapture and love Shall lie cold as a clod of the vale—

Then make me a grave far away from the crowd, Where spring may her sweet flowers strew; Leave my dirge to be sung by that bird of the clouds, The wild-noted, wailing curlew.

# TO AN INFANT ASLEEP ON ITS MOTHER'S BREAST.

"Ill dort Innocence."-VICTOR HUGO.

WILLIAM STARKEY.

NESTLING beneath those sheltering wings, Sleep, baby, sleep! The world, with all its hidden springs Of happiness and misery, Is yet unknown to thee. Sleep, baby, sleep!

An eye of love upon thee beams,
Sleep, baby, sleep!
A spirit, gentle as thy dreams,
Around thee folds her loving arms;
There, safe from all alarms,
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Safe from all harm upon that breast, Sleep, baby, sleep! It is the surest, sweetest rest Thy little life shall ever know, Till thou art laid below. Sleep, baby, sleep!

# ON THE MOUNTAINS OF POMEROY.\*

Dr. George Sigerson.

Air: "The Mountains of Pomeroy."

THE morn was breaking bright and fair, The lark sang in the sky,

When the maid she bound her golden hair,

With a blithe glance in her eye. For who beyond the gay greenwood

Was awaiting her with joy?

O, who but her gallant Renardine,

On the Mountains of Pomeroy?

An outlawed man in a land forlorn,

He scorned to turn and fly

He scorned to turn and fly, But kept the cause of freedom safe Upon the Mountains high.

Full often in the dawning hour, Full oft in the twilight brown,

He met the maid in the twilight bower, Where the stream comes foaming down.

For they were faithful in a love

No wars could e'er destroy,

Nor tyrant's law touch Renardine

On the Mountains of Pomeroy.

An outlawed man in a land forlorn,

He scorned to turn and fly, But kept the cause of freedom safe Upon the Mountains high.

<sup>\*</sup> Pomeroy is a locality in the County Tyrone. The verses were suggested by a fragment of an old ballad; but nothing seems known of Renardine.

"Dear Love," she said, "I'm sore afraid,
For the foeman's force and you;
They've tracked you in the lowland plain,
And all the valley through.
My kinsmen frown when you are named,
Your life they would destroy;
Beware,' they say, 'of Renardine
On the Mountains of Pomeroy.'"
An outlawed man in a land forlorn,
He scorned to turn and fly,
But kept the cause of freedom safe

"Fear not, fear not, sweetheart," he said,
"Fear not the foe for me;
No chains shall fall, whate'er betide,
On the arm which will be free.
O, leave your cruel kin, and come
When the lark is in the sky;
And 'tis with my gun I'll guard you,
On the Mountains of Pomeroy!"
An outlawed man in a land forlorn,
He scorned to turn and fly,
But kept the cause of freedom safe
Upon the Mountains high.

Upon the Mountains high.

That morn had come—she rose and fled
From her cruel kin and home,
And sought the wood, all rosy-red,
And the tumbling torrent's foam.
But the mists came down and the tempest roared,
And the wild storms all destroy;
And a pale-drowned bride met Renardine
On the Mountains of Pomeroy.
An outlawed man in a land forlorn,
He scorned to turn and fly,
But kept the cause of freedom safe
Upon the Mountains high.

## THE BEAUTIFUL GRAVE.

HESTER SIGERSON.

THERE is a green, green, flowery grave,
Beauteously shining, when the dews are bright,
And the delicate blossoms nodding in the breeze—
The breeze so kind, that soothes my troubled sight,
My sad eyes, hot with weeping through the night!

All have forgotten that green grave but I—
And I am glad, for 'tis the more my own;
I have no treasure in the world but it;
I sit beside it all the day alone,
And sing, and sing—but with a mournful tone.

I sit and watch all through the silent day;
And when the evening comes with heavy dew,
And the fair flowers, so smiling in the sun,
In memory of the flower beneath shed tears anew,
My head sinks slowly down, and I weep too.

And when the moon shines out, so still and pale,
And beautiful, like a dead maiden nigh,
And the chill night-wind clasps me round so cold,
I then am happy—thinking I may die;
And that we both are cold, my Love and I.

Down lowly lying on the wet, soft grass, My head above my darling's breast so white, I listen for the sweet voice of my Love; That voice that sounds not in the silent night, But still that in my heart I hear aright.

My beauteous Love is in that flowery grave, And no one watches by that grave but I— But I, myself, and the wee harmless birds, And the soft breezes that come there to sigh; And they are kind and pleasant company! Ah! they were dear both to my Love and me—Would I could learn their sweet and painless lays, For I am weary of this sinful grief.

O, gentle Death I conclude these dreary days, And wrap me from the cruel world's gaze.

# IRISH NATIONAL HYMN.\*

## JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.†

O IRELAND! Ancient Ireland!
Ancient! yet for ever young!
Thou our mother, home, and sireland—
Thou at length hast found a tongue.
Proudly thou at length
Resistest in triumphant strength.
Thy flag of freedom floats unfurled;
And as that mighty God existeth,
Who giveth victory when and where he listeth,

Who giveth victory when and where he listeth,
Thou yet shalt wake, and shake the nations of the
world.

For this dull world still slumbers,
Heedless of its wants and loves,—
Though, like Galileo, numbers
Cry aloud, "It moves! it moves!"—
In a midnight dream,
Drifts it down Time's wreckful stream—
All march, but few descry the goal.
O Ireland! be it thy high duty
To teach the world the might of Moral Beauty,

And stamp God's image truly on the struggling soul.

\* "Poems," by Clarence Mangan.—New York: P. M. Haverty, Fulton-street.
† An extremely interesting memoir of Clarence Mangan has

† An extremely interesting memoir of Clarence Mangan has been written by John Mitchell, prefixed to Haverty's edition of Mangan's works. Strong in thy self-reliance;
Not in idle threat or boast,
Hast thou hurled thy fierce defiance
At the haughty Saxon host;
Thou hast claimed, in sight
Of high Heaven, thy long-lost right.
Upon thy hills—along thy plains—
In the green bosom of thy valleys—
The new-born soul of holy freedom rallies,

And calls on thee to trample down in dust thy chains.

Deep, saith the Eastern story,

Burns in Iran's mines a gem, For its dazzling hues and glory Worth a Sultan's diadem.

But from human eyes Hidden there it ever lies! The aye-travelling gnomes alone,

Who toil to form the mountain's treasure,
May gaze and gloat with pleasure without
measure

Upon the lustrous beauty of that wonder-stone.

So is it with a nation
Which would win for its rich dower
That bright pearl, Self-Liberation—
It must labour hour by hour.
Strangers, who travail

To lay bare the gem, shall fail;
Within itself must grow, must glow—
Within the depths of its own bosom

Must flower in living might, must broadly blossom,

The hopes that shall be born ere Freedom's Tree can blow.

Go on, then, all-rejoiceful!

March on thy career unbowed!

IRELAND! let thy noble, voiceful

Spirit cry to God aloud!

Man will bid thee speed—
God will aid thee in thy need;
The Time, the Hour, the Power are near—
Be sure thou soon shall form the vanguard
Of that illustrious band, whom Heaven and
Man guard:
And these words come from one whom men have called
a Seer!

### ANNIE DEAR.

HENRY McD. FLETCHER.

THE winds are loose, and howling loud
Along the wintry plain;
The moon is hid by cloud on cloud,
That hurl the sleet and rain;
And looming high against the sky
The ghost-like hills appear:—
Let gloaming scowl or tempest howl,
I'll meet you, Annie dear!

Last Friday night the bogs lay white
In winding sheets of snow,
Whose wreathy foldings smooth and bright
Had death concealed below.
One angel smile repaid my toil,
And chased fatigue and fear:
I heard no more the winter's roar
Beside you, Annie dear!

For while my white-armed Annie's nigh
The weary world's forgot,
As joy and love illume her eye,
And light the dear old cot.
Her needles go, her dimples glow
By peat and rushlight clear:—
Ye tempests brawl till Heaven fall,
I'll seek my Annie dear!

When summer-decked M'Cance's glen,\*
And lighted collin's smile,
'Twas Heaven on earth to meet her then,
By Aughrim's ruined pile.†
She brightens every scene below—
Without her life were drear;
Come rain or snow, I'll blithely go
To meet you, Annie dear!

But ere this youthful year shall wear
June's locks of leafy pride,
Or azure violets wreathe his hair
For May, his beauteous bride,
My love shall come to make my home
One summer all the year;
Her eyes and tongue my sun and song—
My Annie, ever dear!

## BRING ME BACK TO MY ERINN.

Anonymous (Callan).

Bring me back, bring me back to my Erinn,
To the fair em'rald isle of the West;
Bring me back to my own mother-island,
Till I sink on her bosom to rest.
I know that my days are near numbered,
For my arms, thro' the lapse of long years,
Have lost all their proud strength and vigour;
My pale cheeks are furrowed with tears;
Mine eyes, once as bright as the osprey's,
Are dimmed, and fast fading away;
Oh! this heart will soon cease its wild throbbing,
And sink to its home in the clay.

+ Castle Robin.

<sup>\*</sup> Glencullin, near Cullin and Aughrim, hills lying west of Belfast.

But not in the land of the stranger;
No, not 'neath the cold alien loam!
But the turf on my bones shall rest lightly,
When laid in my own Island Home—
When laid in the green, well-known churchyard,
Beside the old abbey's grey wall,
Where the sunbeams at evening linger,
Where the dew-drops so lovingly fall;
Where my own loving friends can kneel o'er me,
And breathe a fond pray'r for my rest,
And the land I had loved from my boyhood
Can clasp my cold form to her breast.

Oh, then, bring me back to my Erinn,
Away o'er the deep seething sea;
The dark sweeping tempests of ocean
Can wake no wild terrors in me.
Oh, bear me away from this city—
Away from its bustle and glare;
I long for repose, calm and tranquil,
In Erinn, green Erinn, the fair.
I long for the deep peaceful quiet,
Sweet rest with the angels on high;
But, oh! let me see my own Erinn,
And bless her again ere I die!

# EMMETT.

THOUGH the minstrel of Erin who chanted his fame, Hath said of her martyr, "Oh! breathe not his name!" Yet, what bard of Ierne the wild harp could wake, And forget the young hero who died for her sake?

Though the page of her history holds to our view Many names of the valiant, the fearless, the true, Yet sad memory turns away to recall The brightest, the noblest, the purest of all.

Oh, his was the heart that to fear was unknown, When the loud trump of Freedom through Erin was blown;

How far calmer his fetterless sleep in the grave, Than the clank of the chains on the limbs of a slave.

Though Columbia's first chieftain, and Brutus, and Tell.

Are names to awaken bright Liberty's spell, Yet undimmed by its lustre should cloudless be seen The Patriot Chief of the Standard of Green.

And when the proud sunburst of Erin unfurled, Proclaiming her free, shall illumine the world, Emblazoned shall be on its folds waving wide The name of her hero—her martyr—her pride.

#### THE FAIR IRISH FACE.

Dr. J. S. Drennan.

THE moon showed her shield as the chief closed his round,

Where the standard fell low o'er the ramparted ground; And arms glittered watchful from bastion and height, To be traced on the dawn by a deadlier light. 'Twas the eve of the May, and the wreath that she

wrought

s wining again in that veteran's thought,

As o'er long years of exile it flies for a space

To the home of his youth—to a fair maiden's face.

"Whose voice, like our leader's, still prompted to dare, When Hope, grown forlorn, left her task to Despair? Whose tongue, like O'Donnell's, is tuned to record The legends of valour that sharpen the sword?"—The chieftain heard coldly his comrades request, For the echoes of battle lay hushed in his breast; And his tale—'twas the last he was doomed to retrace—Had no sterner theme than a fair maiden's face.

"Fifty summers have fled"—it was thus he began, With a soft tone and glance for a war-nurtured man—"Since that sunny May morn, still so vividly seen, When, a stalwart young peasant, I danced on the green With her,"—and his sabre üplifted flashed far—"Whose memory shines yet like yon motionless star; Her features, her name, time but deepens their trace—"Twas a soft Irish name—'twas a fair Irish face.

"How fleet sped my wooing! how oft in my tent Has the night-wind repeated her whispered assent! Short and low as that pledge was, and timidly given, Yet it held upon earth, and 'twill bind us in Heaven. We loved as none love, but in peril and need; For, baited by bloodhounds of Sassenach breed, Our country lay groaning, and grief and disgrace. Changed the hue of the rose on each fair Irish face.

"What a fate have the Irish abroad or at home! Tis as slaves to remain—'tis as strangers to roam: No shore hath the sun seen so fair, so unblest, When he pours his last beams on the Isle of the West! Loved daughter of Erin, lost pulse of my heart, We heard at the altar the signal to part; And the ban of the foe broke the outlaw's embrace, When he kissed a bride's tears from the fair Irish face.

"The traitors were baffled—the ocean was crossed—My life it was saved, but its happiness lost;
Though for fealty and force, as this sword could record, In all lands, except one, there are trust and reward.
But there drooped the eyes I had taught so to mourn;
Thence a desolate voice seemed still sobbing 'return!'
O, wild sprung my heart as my charger in chase,
When it throbbed once again towards the fair Irish face!"

He paused—then resumed, as if mem'ry had wept—
"The trysting was sad, and 'twas dismally kept:We met—yes, we met, when long years had ta'en wing,
But not 'neath the hawthorn, but not in the spring;

The pale light that fell through the comfortless air, On a low grave gleamed fitfully—Oonagh was there; And the sere grass of autumn waved high o'er the place,

Where the soft Irish turf hid the fair Irish face.

"No rust dims my sword, but I'm weary of strife—My thoughts lose their way 'neath the shadows of life; Hope's banner, that guided them, ceases to wave, And glory shows dim from the edge of the grave. Yet still, as of old, my heart's pulses are stirred By the mem'ry, though mute, of a musical word—A vision long fled, I still pine to retrace—
"Tis a soft Irish name—'twas a fair Irish face!"

#### DONALL NA GREINE.\*

DR. R. D. JOYCE.

Air: "Donall na Greine."

WHERE rolls the tide of the wandering Mulla—Brilliantly gleaming, gushing and gleaming—Young Donall lay in a sunny hollow,
Lazily dreaming, thinking and dreaming;
And thus he lay, all that sweet summer idle—Fleeing from labour, fleeing from labour—When his left-hand should hold the skean or the bridle,
And his right-hand the sabre, the keen-cutting sabre.
And hurra! for ease, and for love's bright story!
Sang Donall na Greine—tall Donall na Greine;
For both he dreamed of—not war and glory,—
Donall na Greine—tall Donall na Greine.

There built he many an airy castle—
Towering and gleaming, towering and gleaming,—
And peopled their halls with fair maid and vassal,
In his wild dreaming, in his wild dreaming;

<sup>\*</sup> Donall of the sunshine.

And ne'er one cause could he still discover
Why his ease should be broken, his sweet ease
broken,

Till his love proved false, and his dreams were over, And he a rover—to sorrow awoken.

Then hurra! hurra! for a life of labour! Sang Donall na Greine—tall Donall na Greine; The steed, the corselet, and flashing sabre, For Donall na Greine—bold Donall na Greine!

His steed's black mane to the winds is streaming— By valley and highland, by moorland and highland; You'd stray from Bengore with the white spray gleaming.

To Cleir's stormy island, to Cleir's stormy island, Ere a better or doughtier man could meet you Then Donall no Creine, tall Donall no Creine I

Than Donall na Greine—tall Donall na Greine!
Or a fiercer, haughtier smile could greet you—

Tall Donall na Greine—bold Donall na Griene!
And hurra! hurra! for a life of labour,

Sang Donall na Greine—bold Donall na Greine; The rushing charge and the flashing sabre For Donall na Greine—bold Donall na Greine!

Soon the rapparees all his brave brothers were sworn, Through hardship and danger, through hardship and danger;

O'Hogan to battle was never borne So fleet on the stranger, the false-hearted stranger.

Oh, to see him down on the foeman dashing— How fearless he bore him, how reckless he bore

him!— With his sabre keen in his strong hand flashing,

Through the Sassenaghs crashing—his green flag o'er him. And hurra! hurra! for a life of labour,

Sang Donall na Greine—bold Donall na Greine; The rushing charge and the shining sabre, For Donall na Greine—bold Donall na Greine! Once again he loved, by the Shannon water,
A maiden unchanging, with fond heart unchanging;
And after many a field of slaughter,
Away they went ranging, to foreign lands ranging.
At Fontenoy his brave generals paid him—
Tall Donall na Greine—bold Donall na Greine!—
A captain fine on that field they made him,
For fear never swayed him, bold Donall na Greine.
Then hurra! for love and a life of labour,
Sang Donall na Greine—bold Donall na Greine;
Unchanging love and a conquering sabre
For Donall na Greine—bold Donall na Greine!

### OUTCASTS.

Anonymous (Ethone.)

'Tis home, it is home, They will send us o'er the sea; Ochone!\* my heart is sad. And 'tis sadder it will be: For I am a stranger now, And no shelter can I find: And the darling of my youth, In his grave I leave behind. We came—oh, we came!— From the Shannon long ago, And we spent our strength and youth In the country of the foe. Now, when youth and strength are gone, And my love is lying dead, They will send me back to starve, Or to beg my children's bread.

In the dark and crowded alley,
Where sunbeams never shone;
In the mill where ever, ever,
The noisy wheel whirls on;

In the dull and smoky town,
Where we worked for them for years,
I'd stay to be beside him,—
I asked their leave with tears;
But they told me "to be silent,
And not to importune;"
We were sickly, we were poor,
We would be a burden soon.
They talked of "pauper Irish,"
And told me sharply how
My husband's native parish
Must feed his orphans now.

I asked them for no help, For I knew their hearts were cold: 'Twas little that I thought Of their silver and their gold. I would have laboured here For my children like a slave, Till I found a welcome rest With their father in his grave. For I had heard how famine And death were on the blast. That swept my native Connaught Since I looked upon it last; How all my friends and neighbours That had escaped the blow, Had sailed for the great country Where once we thought to go.

Ochone, ochone!—when I rowed my boat along
The sunny river isles,
With a merry Irish song;
And the breeze, that could not ruffle
My crimson kerchiefed hair,
Would send a gentle ripple o'er
The water-lilies there;
Did I ever, ever think
Of the stormy years to come—

The years when I would wander
An exile from my home;
And then be hunted back,
With a scalded heart and sore,
When my people all were gone,
And my name was known no more?

'Twas on a summer's evening, Just as the shadows fell. I broke the ring of troth With a boy that loved me well; And proud was I that Shemus, So manly and so tall, Should choose me for his bride Of the Connaught maidens all. The grief, oh! the grief darkened Soon upon our youth; But our love was all the same In its tenderness and truth: And when poverty and wrong Worked against us day by day, We left the Shannon side, And we wandered far away.

Oh, sorrow on the hour !-'Twas a mournful sight to me, When Ireland, like a cloud, Lay behind us on the sea. But he was with me then, And, though my eyes were dim, I would have crossed the world With a willing heart for him— For I doted on his smile. And I loved his very tread; But he's gone from me now-May the Heavens be his bed! They're sending me away Like a beggar and a slave, And never, never more Shall I cry above his grave!

#### ERIN IN THE SEA.

(From the Irish of John McDonnell, Claragh.)

W. B. GUINER.\*

Who sitteth cold, a beggar old
Before the prosperous lands,
With outstretched palms that asketh alms,
From charitable hands?
Feeble and lone, she maketh moan—
A stricken one is she,
That deep and long hath suffered wrong,
Old Erin in the Sea!

How art thou lost, how hardly crost,
Land of the reverend head!
And, dismal fate, how harsh thy hate
That gives her lack of bread!
Though broad her fields, and rich their yields,
From Liffey to the Lee,
Her grain but grows to flesh the foes
Of Erin in the Sea!

'Tis but the ban of ruthless man That works thy wretchedness; What nature bears with thee she shares, And genial seasons bless.

The very waves that kiss the caves Clap their huge hands for glee,
That they should guard so fair a sward As Erin in the Sea!

Her vales are green, her gales serene, Hard granite ribs her coast, God's fairest smile is on the isle— Alas! and bootless boast:

Of Buttevant.

No land more curst hath ocean nurst Since first a wave had he; No land whose grief had less relief Than Erin in the Sea!

Can this be she whose history
Is in the mist of years,
Whose kings of old wore crowns of gold,
And led ten thousand spears?
Not so, I wis; no land like this
Could know such bravery;
Or change is wrought, or lore is nought,
For Erin in the Sea!

Ah! truly, change most sad and strange—Her kings have passed away;
Her sons, the same in outward frame,
Full false and tame are they—
Each hating each, alone they teach,
And but in this agree:
To work thy pains, and bind thy chains,
Old Erin in the Sea!

Where are the men, by tower and glen, Who held thee safe of yore? Full oft that gave their foes a grave On thy insulted shore.

Galglach and Kerne, full sure and stern, They did good fight for thee.

Alas! they sleep, and thou must weep, Old Erin in the Sea!

Soft may they rest within her breast,
That for their country died,
And where they lie may peace be nigh,
And lasting love abide!
Ye grace them well; for them that fell,
And her that nourished ye,
For them ye bled, she holds ye dead—
Old Erin of the Sea!

And in your place a wretched race Upon the soil have grown, Unfearing shame, and in the name Like to their sires alone.

They shun the claim of patriot fame, And cringe the servile knee,
To kiss the yoke their fathers broke, In Erin in the Sea!

Would they unite in valorous fight
For her that gave them breath,
As they for her—the conqueror,
Whose direful touch is death.
No more the blight of traitorous might
On sacred right should be;
But peace, delight, and strength bedight
Old Erin in the Sessi

Pillage and pest her vales infest,
Strange tongues her name revile;
Where prayed her saints, false doctrine taints
And godless rites defile.
Be they reviled, be they defiled,
More dear are they to me—
The verdant plains, the holy fanes,
Of Erin in the Sea!

Thine is the page, all rimed with age,
In mighty deeds sublime—
The proud records of willing swords,
And storied lays of time;
An empire thou, while she that now,
By Heaven's harsh decree,
Holds thee disgraced, was wild and waste,
Old Erin in the Sea!

Would this were all! Not thine the fall By force and battle rush; Not men more brave hold thee for slave, Nor stouter hearts that crush; But vengeful ire of son with sire, Thy children's perfidy— Their's is the strife that slays thy life, Old Erin in the Sea!

Ye bards of song, ye warriors strong!
Of high heroic deeds,—
All dust are ye, by mount and lea,
While she, your mother, bleeds.
And cold the blood, by fort and flood,
That ran in veins as free
As she was then, when ye were men,
Old Erin in the Sea!

# IRISH CASTLES.

#### Anonymous.

"Sweet Norah, come here, and look into the fire; Maybe in its embers good luck we might see; But don't come too near, or your glances so shining Will put it clean out, like the sunbeams, mochree!

"Just look 'twixt the sods, where so brightly they're burning;

There's a sweet little valley, with rivers and trees, And a house on the bank, quite as big as the squire's;— Who knows but some day we'll have something like these?

"And now there's a coach and four galloping horses,
A coachman to drive, and a footnan behind;
That betokens some day we will keep a fine carriage,
And dash through the streets with the speed of the
wind."

As Dermot't was speaking, the rain down the chimney Soon quenched the turf-fire on the hollow hearthstone:

While mansion and carriage in smoke-wreaths evanished, And left the poor dreamers dejected and lone.

\* Nóra. † Dearmod.

Then Norah to Dermot these words softly whispered:
"Tis better to strive than to vainly desire;
And our little hut by that roadside is better
Than palace, and servants, and coach—IN THE
FIRE!"

Tis years since poor Dermot his fortune was dreaming— Since Norah's sweet counsel effected its cure; For ever since then hath he toiled night and morning, And now his snug mansion looks down on the Suir.

## THE PATRIOT'S WIFE.

(An Ulster Ballad of 1798.)

DAVID HERRISON.

THE spring is now around us,
Crowned with flowers and foliage fair,
And the birds in every bower
All their songs of love declare.
Yet I cannot—oh, I cannot
In their pleasure bear a part;
They are bringing,
While they're singing,
Deeper sorrow to my heart.

Since my Randall had to leave me, All my joys are at a close; On my soul there is a burden Of unutterable woes.

Of Belfast—hand-loom weaver. Author of "The Snow Wreath." Belfast: Archer & Sons, Wellington Place. The Dublin University Magazine says of his little volume:—"Not satisfied with the web on which he was industriously and incessantly employed, our poet has contrived to weave a more valuable woof, composed of stuff that dreams are made of, embroidered with many a fine flower of fancy, and with the golden thread of nature running through the entire."

I dream not of the grandeur
That our hills were wont to show,
When the gloaming
Found us roaming
Where the Dun's clear waters flow.

Like lambs among the heather,
When its blossoms scent the air,
Long we loved and strayed together
Far away from worldly care.
Every hope that rose before us
Had a bright and golden hue;
It came o'er us
Like the chorus
Of the birds that sang in view.

We thought the day was near us
When our country should be free
As the wind that works to music
Every ripple of the sea;
That the fetters would be broken
That oppressed and kept us low,
And salvation
To our nation
Would her cheering visage show.

The winning ways of Randall
Found a home in every heart;
In his voice there was a witchery
Could joy to all impart.
And the love he had for Erin
Won him praises everywhere;
To be near him,
And to hear him,
Banished every thought of care.

But again I'll never see him
By the silvery-sounding stream,
When the moon and stars are laughing,
And the hills in beauty dream.

He went to quell the tyrants That our country would o'errun, And we parted Broken-hearted In the valley of Glendun.\*

He fell where none was near him
To support his sinking head,
And how sad was all around him
As his spotless spirit fled.
In vain I look for pleasure,
Where in joy we used to stray;
Nought is near me
That can cheer me—
All my peace has passed away.

Oh! had I but the power
To oppress our deadly foes,
How my spirit would embrace it,
And awhile forget its woes.
They would pass away in sorrow
To their dark, unhallowed rest:
Not a flower
E'er should shower
Dew above a tyrant's breast.

They robbed me of the valleys
That were dear to Randall's heart;
They've neither left me house or home,
Nor friend to take my part.
Not a stone above another
Of our castles they have left;
All our bowers
And our towers
Of their beauty are bereft.

<sup>•</sup> Glendun is a beautiful mountain vale in the lower part of the County Antrim. It is deeply clothed with oak, hazel, and other native shrubbery; and the Dun is a boisterous little stream that runs through it, and falls into the sea at the village of Cushendun. —AUTHOR'S NOTE.

There is nothing now for Erin,
Save oppression's iron chain;
All her streams with blood are running,
Sighing sadly to the main.
Every hearth in her is lonely,
Mirth again she'll never see;
O'er the dying
She is crying,
Who had vowed to set her free.

And for Randall's fate I'm fading,
Like a flower upon the hill,
When the storm is wildly swelling,
And with snow the valleys fill.
How I long in love to meet him,
Where the good in glory lie,
And will never
Have to sever,
In that home above the sky!

# THE ABBOT OF INNISFALLEN.\*

(A Killarney Legend.)

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

I.

THE Abbot of Innisfallen
Awoke ere dawn of day;
Under the dewy green leaves
He went him forth to pray.

The lake around his island

Lay smooth and dark and deep;

And, wrapt in a misty stillness,

The mountains were all asleep.

On Innisfallen Island, Killarney, is still some trace of the once famous Monastery of Innisfallen.

Low kneeled the Abbot Cormac, When the day was waxing red; And for his sins' forgiveness A solemn prayer he said.

Low kneeled the holy Abbot, When the dawn was waxing clear; And he prayed with loving-kindness For his convent-brethren dear.

Low kneeled the blessed Abbot,
When the dawn was waxing bright;
And he prayed a great prayer for Ireland—
He prayed with all his might.

Low kneeled the good old Father, While the sun began to dart; He prayed a prayer for all mankind— He prayed it from his heart.

II.

The Abbot of Innisfallen
Arose upon his feet;
He heard a small bird singing,
And O, but it sung sweet!

He heard a white bird singing well Within a holly-tree; A song so sweet and happy Never before heard he.

It sung upon a hazel,
It sung upon a thorn;
He had never heard such music
Since the hour that he was born.

It sung upon a sycamore,
It sung upon a briar;
To follow the song and hearken
The Abbot could never tire.

Till at last he well bethought him, He might no longer stay; So he blessed the little white singing-bird, And gladly went his way.

III.

But, when he came to his Abbey walls, He found a wondrous change; He saw no friendly faces there, For every face was strange.

The strange men spoke unto him, And he heard from all and each The foreign tongue of the Sassenach— Not wholesome Irish speech.

Then the oldest Monk came forward,
In Irish tongue spake he:
"Thou wearest the holy Augustine's dress,
And who hath given it to thee?"

"I wear the holy Augustine's dress, And Cormac is my name; The Abbot of this good Abbey By the grace of God I am.

"I went forth to pray at the break of day; And, when my prayers were said, I hearkened awhile to a little bird, That sung above my head."

The Monks to him made answer,
"Two hundred years are gone o'er
Since our Abbot Cormac went through the gate,
And never was heard of more.

"Matthias now is our Abbot, And twenty have passed away: The stranger is lord of Ireland; We live in an evil day."

IV.

"Now give me absolution,
For my time is come," said he;
And they gave him absolution,
As speedily as might be.

Then close outside the window,
The sweetest song they heard,
That ever yet since the world began
Was uttered by any bird.

The Monks looked out and saw the bird;
Its feathers were snowy-white;
And quickly came unto it
Another bird as bright.

Those two birds they sang together, And the two their white wings spread; They flew aloft and they vanished,— But the good old man was dead.

They buried his blessed body
Where lake and greensward meet;
A carven-cross above his head,
And a holly-bush at his feet;

Where spreads the beautiful water To gay or cloudy skies, And the purple peaks of Killarney From ancient woods arise.

# THE BLIND GIRL OF GLENORE.

Dr. JOYCE.

Air: "The summer shines around me."

THE summer shines around me, With its blooms and shady bowers, But I cannot see the glory Of the meadows and the flowers; Once to me the golden summer
Was all one lapse of light,
Till the red, red lightning struck me,
And withered up my sight,
Ah! Donall, Donall,
Donall of Glenore,
Give me back the heart I gave you
In the sunny days of yore.

Do you mind the sunlit meadow
Where the Funcheon murmurs past,
Where you vowed one silent even
That your love should ever last?
I have now no friends to love me;
In Molagga's yard lie they;
And the blindness, oh! the blindness,
Is upon me night and day!
Ah! Donall, Donall,
Donall of Glenore,
Give me back the heart I gave you
In the sunny days of yore.

They tell me in the village
That your heart to me is changed;
But your words have never told me
That you wish to be estranged.
Yet I will not cloud the gladness
Of a heart so kind and free:
Oh! this blindness—oh! this blindness,
Sad the doom it brought to me!
Ah! Donall, Donall,
Donall of Glenore,
Give me back the heart I gave you
In the sunny days of yore.

Place your hand upon my temples, Feel the hot blood pulsing through; Is it pain of bitter sickness, Or pain of love for you? 'Tis the bitter, bitter fever
That is burning in my brain,
While I strive that love to banish,
Till my heart-strings crack and strain.
Ah! Donall, Donall,
Donall of Glenore,
Give me back the heart I gave you
In the sunny days of yore.

Donall took the hand of Nora,
On that lovely morning-tide;
He led her to the chapel,
And he made her there his bride.
Oh! to find a pair so happy
You should travel far and wide,
As the blind maid and her Donall,
By the Funcheon's flowery side!
Ah! Donall, Donall,
Donall of Glenore,
Still he loved her, as he loved her
In the sunny days of yore!

### THE SPARE CHILD.

#### EDWARD IRWIN.\*

Poor was the dwelling of Peter Crasy:
His daughters were fair—aye, and wild—as the daisy;
His sons were like thistles, shock-headed and rough,
Yet with something about them of genuine stuff;
For theirs was the blood of the Crasys of Crasysville—
Family seat oft remembered in days of ill.
Often their mother in sickness and poverty—
Oft when in want of her dinner and of her tea—
Oft had she told them, diverting their hunger,
How she had married their father when younger;

Author of the comic ballad "O'Slutheram's Pig," and of the pathetic lines "The Dream of Dalgany," both in this vol.

And how by their grandfather—so hard and bad he

Cut off from all that was his their poor daddy was—And for loving her more than he money loved—All for the crime of wedding the one he loved.

Crasy's reverses in life, it was hinted, Had in some measure his intellect stinted: That he was odd and eccentric was plain enough; Still on most points the poor fellow was sane enough. Honest and hard-working, sober and poor, Virtue like his is of recompense sure.

Thus poor though they were, this excellent pair In one respect had riches to spare:
They had children of every age and size,
And every year brought new supplies—
Two at a time they sometimes came;
Till Peter wondered who was to blame,
And thought that the fault must lie with the mother,
Of their coming so quickly after each other.

Divining his thoughts, the good Mrs. Crasy, Though keenly aware that the future looked hazy, Would say to her lord, "Though we can't lay aside for them,

God, who sends children, is sure to provide for them." Crasy would say, in reply to his wife, "My dear, I don't doubt your experience of life; But, admitting that children are blessings, not curses, And somehow get fed, though they carry no purses, Though God sends a bit for their mouths, one and all, The mouth is oft large, and the bit very small." Poor Crasy! more favoured ones must not be cross if he Failed in faith, and oft lacked philosophy. Want, dire want, is a very hard test, And faith, on low diet, grows weak with the best.

Now, bountiful Heaven on the Crasys had smiled, And given to them an additional child. There he lay, with his little red face In a little white cap, with little white lace, Shaking his fist at his pale-faced mother, As if he blamed her, and blamed no other. One more speck on this planet of Earth, One more born to sorrow and mirth. One more entered the race for life. One more enlisted for battle and strife! Now that he saw it, he wasn't content With the desolate place to which he was sent, So he screamed, till he coughed and gasped, and curled His fingers and toes, in a rage with the world; Till, weary of weeping and writhing and crying, He slept a calm sleep, all helplessly lying; And the angels came round his pillow, to play With his soul, their companion but yesterday.

Short-commons Cottage was Crasy's abode;
A neat little domicile facing the road,
Walled in by a hedge, over which you could see
The diamond-paned windows where climbed the sweetpea,
And the thatch that hung heavy-browed over the door,
While the woodbine made love to the roses before.
There the rain-dripping rose, with the tears on its face,
Was caught, as it drooped, in the woodbine's embrace,
Which whispered, direct from its odorous heart,

Come moss or come thorns, they never should part.

To the door of the cottage came Doctor O'Dwyer, Who tenderly did for the mistress inquire; And simpered and smiled, regarding with glee A ham, which he thought he would like for a fee. Rash thought! that same ham from the ceiling had hung Till the child that first saw it had ceased to be young: Twas a relic of decency, prizēd as such, And the children, when hungry, looked up to it much. The doctor not long, or simpered or smiled, For he heard the weak scream of the tiny child,

And bit his lip, and muttered with scorn. "What a hurry the brat was in to be born!" He mounted the stairs, in the dark his way feeling, And entered a room with a slanting ceiling, Where up Mrs. Crasy sat, nursing her baby, Though needing a nursing as much as it, maybe. Poor woman! 'twas very small petting she got; But it happened so often, it troubled her not. Suffice it, the leech was late for his fee, And tarried not long the lady to see. He cursed the child as he went to town, Passing the ham with an angry frown, Jostling the maid who smiled in the hall, Kicking the dog for no reason at all, Hurrying by the pig in its stye, That had babies the self-same day, by-the-bye: And hastening on by the surging run Of Blackwater's flood, so brown and dun, That sullenly sped in haste to the sea, Away from the banks where droned the bee: Away from the rushes and lilies and cresses, That bent o'er its bed with a thousand caresses; Away from the shallows and miniature reefs. Where it sobbed o'er the pebbles its first little griefs; From the rocks that parted its hair so sleek, And the willows that kissed its dimpled cheek; Away, away, like a home-tired boy Who pants for the world, with its strife and its joy, And hurries with glee, elate and free. To where men are the waves, and where life is the sea.

While O'Dwyer, next morning, was dreaming of fees, Poor Crasy was tossing in bed, ill at ease; For a servant had come from THE CASTLE last night, With a note from HER LADYSHIP, very polite, Saying, "If Mrs. C. had a child she could spare, Lady Condon would take it and rear it with care." Now, what should they do? They had children enough, There was Biddy the delicate, Barney the rough,

Eliza the wayward, and Mary the prude. And Bill that was gentle, and Bob that was rude. They had plenty to give, both of hardy and fair, But the question was—had they a child they could spare? They argued the point, pro and con., with each other. For giving a child was the sensible mother: "Think, Peter," said she, "if we give them our Kitty, She'll roll in her carriage, a lady so pretty." "A lady and pretty she's now," said her father, "And share of a roll with myself she'll have rather; Give Bill if you like." Peter here showed his skill, For he knew very well that she wouldn't give Bill. At last they decided what child they could part with. And summoned the servant, the baby to start with. The distance was short, and she soon reached the castle. And straight to my lady was led by a vassal. The baby was cross and wouldn't be still, But struggled and screamed in a manner most shrill. As my lady held out her white arms to receive it. And tenderly offered to soothe and relieve it. Sweet babe! in the struggle, the shawl that had hid Its face until now, to the carpet down slid, Revealing the face, sharp-featured and pale, Of a dear little pig, with a dear little tail. Which, on due cogitation, had sent the fond pair, As the one only child they could REALLY SPARE!

# MAY AND ELLEN.

#### HENRY McD. FLECHER.

O'ER the hill of herds I ramble, Down the slopes of whin and bramble, Through the grove with echoes ringing, Where the very trees are singing; Yet the thousand joys of May Sadly on my spirits weigh. Round me shine, though I'm in shadow, Gushing glen and gowan'd meadow; Flow'rets through the herbage glancing; Streamlets o'er the pebbles dancing; And the humming gnats at play Through the new-born leaves of May.

Yonder crescent, climbing weary
From the azure, looketh dreary;
She, like me, through glare and gladness,
Walks in solitary sadness:
Heaven and earth are keeping May—
We are dark where all is gay.

Thus I roam at noon benighted,
Till, like wanderer morn-delighted,
On me gleams, through sloe-thorns blowing,
Ellen's graceful kirtle flowing:
O, my rising sun of May,
Now my shadows flee away!

Oh! her dazzling neck and bosom Shame the whitest spring-born blossom! And her cheek the brightest flower Ever glowed in summer bower! What are hyacinths of May To the hues her eyes display?

What the fervour of a noonday, In a glorious glowing June day, Beaming on a southern valley, To the ardent soul of Ellie?— Soul as pure as dew of May Trembles in the twilight ray.

Pressing fingers soft and slender, Arms of symmetry and splendour; Kissing lips like roses blowing, Whence her fragrant breath is flowing, Sweet as milk from kine of May Browsing on the thymy lay. In the light of looks endearing All things now are glad and cheering; Homeward through the meads returning, Bright I see the crescent burning; Bright my heart, as o'er my way Shines the crystal lamp of May!

## HOME! HOME!

T. D. SULLIVAN.

In great Columbia's grandest town
I toil and think the whole day long,
And sometimes sigh, but never frown,
For Hope still sings a cheering song:—
"Toil, toil away.
Fast comes the day
When once again your eyes shall see
Your own dear Isle,
And her whose smile
Is dearer still to thee."

"Lean o'er your anchor, Hope divine,"
I inly cry; "oh, tell me more
Of her whose pure young heart was mine,
And yet may be, this trial o'er."
"Her large white brow
Is calmer now—
More woman-sweet her face appears;
Her brown eyes seem
For aye to dream,
And not unused to tears."

Again I bend me o'er my task,
With nerves new strung, and gladdened will;
Yet something more my heart would seek—
A shadow haunts my spirit still,—
"Her love? Her truth?
Her vows of youth?"

. "She steals away, with face all pale, To gaze each day O'er ocean's spray For some expected sail."

Kind Hope! oh, bid her not to fear
My heart is changed, or vows were vain;
I will not linger longer here,
But haste across the stormy main,
That rolls and raves
In mountain waves
Between my native land and me;
My own dear Isle,
And her whose smile
I've pined so long to see.

And with the wealth my hands have won,
One home shall soon be hers and mine;
A cottage fronting to the sun,
A few bright fields and glossy kine.
And we shall tread
The soil, nor dread
The village tyrant as of yore;
But sow and reap,
And wake and sleep,
Secure for evermore.

# THE BOATMEN OF KERRY.

#### Anonymous.

ABOVE the dark waters the sea-gulls are screaming;\*
Their wings in the sunlight are glancing and gleaming;
With keen eyes they're watching the herrings in motion,
As onward they come from the wild restless ocean.

\* The fishermen of Tralee Bay regard the appearance of seagulls in unusual numbers hovering over the water as a certain token of the approach of herring-shoals; hence, at the commencement of the season, a frequent question among the boatmen is, "Did you see any signs to-day?"

Now, praise be to God, for the hope that shines o'er

us,
This season, at least, will cast plenty before us;
When safely returning, with our hookers well laden,
How gaily will sound the clear laugh of each maiden.
Oh! light as young fawns will they run down to meet us,
With accents of love on the sea-shore to greet us;
While merrily over the waters we're glidling,
Each wave as it rolls with our boat-stems dividing;
Till high on the beach ev'ry black boat is stranded—
Her stout crew in health and in safety all landed,
Near cabins, though humble, from whence they can
borrow

Content for the day and new hope for the morrow.

Oh, loved of our maidens are Boatmen of Kerry!

For stalwart and true are the Boatmen of Kerry!

To guide the black hooker, or scull the light wherry.

My life on the skill of the Boatmen of Kerry!

The rich man from feasting may seek his soft pillow— The plank is our bed, and our home is the billow; Our sails may be rent, and our rigging be riven, Yet know we no fear, for our trust is in Heaven. To waves at the base of dark Brandon's steep highlands,

To sandbank and rock, near the green Samphire Islands.

The nets that we cast in the night are no strangers—
The nets that we tend in all trials and dangers.
From north, east, and west, though the wild winds be blowing.

Though waves be all madly or placidly flowing,
Those nets get us food when our children are crying—
Those nets give us joy when all sadly we're sighing.
When signs in the bay be around us and near us,
With thoughts about home to inspire us and cheer us—
When falls over earth the gray shade of the even,
When gleams the first star in the wide vault of Heaven,

Through gloom and through danger each bold boatman urges,

With sail, or with oar, his frail boat through the surges.
Oh, loved of our maidens are Boatmen of Kerry!
For stalwart and true are the Boatmen of Kerry!
To guide the black hooker, or scull the light wherry,

My life on the skill of the Boatmen of Kerry!

Though wealth is not ours, though our fortunes be lowly,

Our hearts are at rest, for our thoughts are all holy.

Oh! who would deny it that saw, in fair weather, Our black boats assembled at anchor together;

Their crews all on board them, prepared, with devotion,

To list to the Mass we get read on the ocean?\*

Oh! there is the faith that of heaven is surest-

Oh! there is religion the highest and purest.

Oh! could you but view them, with eyes upward roving

To God ever living, to God ever loving— The deep wave beneath them, the blue Heaven o'er

them,
The tall cliffs around them, the altar before them—
You'd say, "'Tis a sight to remember with pleasure—

A sight that a poet would gloat o'er and treasure.

Oh! ne'er shall my soul lose the lesson they've taught

Those fishermen poor, with their Mass on the water."
Oh, loved of our maidens are Boatmen of Kerry!
Religious and pure are the Boatmen of Kerry!
To guide the black hooker, or scull the light

wherry, My life on the skill of the Boatmen of Kerry!

The fishermen get a Mass said once a-year on the bay, not with the idea (as it is sometimes said) "of bringing fish into the bay," but with a spirit of religion that dreads to commence any undertaking until the blessing of God has been invoked on it.

### LIFE AND DEATH.

FRANCIS DAVIS.

(The Belfast Man.)

Air: "Molly Asthore."

[AUTHOR'S NOTE.—The above air has long been one of Ireland's most popular. Verses written to it—and there have been many—may pass away, but the melody must live and be appreciated so long as tenderness and simplicity have a place amongst our ideas of the beautiful.]

CALM, in their green-hill fountain sealed,
The crystal waters slept,
Till passing Fate a chink revealed,
And forth the streamlet crept;
Then far, o'er many a flowery glade,
Through beams unfelt before,
That little wanderer lisped and played,
And sought its home no more.

Still, like a streakling of the dawn,
With trembling tone and beam,
The gentle thing stole tuneful on,
Rejoiced to be a stream;
Till ruder children of the hills
Their currents downward bore,
When, wedded to a thousand rills,
It dreamt of peace no more.

A reckless thing, with passion pale, It rolled, or rushed along, And smote the silence of the vale With river's rudest song; Till lost to prudence as to peace, It braved the billows' roar, And soon, in ocean's seething fleece, It was a stream no more! Nor longer was its fount the same, So wild the waves grew there; And larger still that chink became, For even rocks do wear; Till, drained of every crystal spark, And gleam of good it bore, That chamber yawned a void and dark— A ruin evermore!

And so, I said, within our breasts,
As dreamless and as pure,
The embryo wave of passion rests,
From all desires secure;
Till some stray Fate a pathway makes
To beams unfelt before;
When, lo! the pulse-born slumberer wakes,
To rest—ah, nevermore!

And so, too oft, the wakened Power Goes forth amongst its kind—
A rill that breasts the burning hour,
Nor ever looks behind;
Till, far from Reason's voice and view,
It throbs along the shore,
Where it—and, ah! the fountain, too—
May vanish evermore!

### BETTER AND STRONG.

FRANCIS DAVIS.

(The Belfast Man.)

My brother had sailed but a fortnight away,
Till mother, with grieving, was laid in the clay;
My father was sickly, yet hummed the day long—
"When Willie comes back, I'll be better and strong!"

The flax had been poor, the potatoes but few, The agent was needy, so what could we do? The new tenant came with his lease and his warran', But left us, God bless him! a shade in the barn.

I thought my poor father looked brighter a while, Slipping out on his staff for a seat at the stile, Where oft he sat humming the blessed day long— "When Willie comes back, I'll be better and strong!"

'Twas whispered by some that the change in his air Was only the fever that comes of despair; While others said, darkly, "There's hope in the land—

There's hope in a change for the better at hand!"

But, och, you'd have seen, by that cheek, step, and air.

That hope couldn't make the wee comforts that were; That hope couldn't equal, in bright'ning him, long, What often had made him both better and strong.

But shorter grew, daily, that watch by the stile, And more my dead mother's that heart-breaking smile; Till, propped in the corner, the dreary day long, He hummed, as if dreaming, "Is't better and strong?"

I hung o'er his knee like a bleached willow wand, He stroking my hair with a wandering hand; While, drip-drop, stole in, thro' the curls he confused, A something that told me he wept while he mused.

"Now what would you do, Lizzie dear, if I'd die?"
"O-rah! what would I do, is it? sit down and cry!—
Sit down and cry—what's there else I could do,
Barrin' pray for the time that would lay me with you!"

"Och, silly wee Lizzie, that same would be sin; And then, it's so little your cryin' would win. The rain o'er the rock must have years to prevail While hardie to hardie may soon do a deal! "The world, my wee darlin', 's a rock in your way,
And tears cannot soften it, flow as they may;
But why should young Morning sit down, love, in
gloom,

For darksome old Night's having left her his room?

"There's flax for the pulling, and yours with the rest— Though where, at the present, the Maker knows best; Your wheel must be goin', for, och, 't may be long Ere Willie comes back, or I'm better and strong.

"Now, kiss me, wee Lizzie,—ah! jewel, don't cry; For all will be well, were a weenie time by!"—
I knelt at his pillow, that lonely night long,
And wept—'twas a sin!—he was better and strong!

## A VISIT OF THE BEAUTIFUL.\*

#### FRANCIS DAVIS.

YE in the city, there, sallow and sere,
What'll I tell you?—A visitor's here,
After a wander of all the round year;
Gilded and garlanded ever so gay—
Pure as God's pearl in the queen-flower's ear—
Ah, the sweet stranger's our beautiful May!
Never were known
Such hearts as our own,
Since dropped on us, singing, our beautiful May!

I have thrown together, in the earlier part of this volume, several tributes, by various Irish writers, to the month of May. This has been furnished to me since, by the kindness of the gifted author, a veteran now in Irish literature, and I hasten to insert it, as I am sure my readers will rejoice with me to hear his wildwood notes, uniting the period of Thomas Davis with the present day.

April was loving—had gifts for us, too—
Primrose and crocus, so golden and blue;
Pouting so oft, though, I doubt—to be true—
Some, in our souls, slyly wished her away.
Whether she dreamt of it, none of us knew;
But, while she brightened, the beautiful May
Flashed on the lawn,
Singing, "April is gone!"
Ah, of all the twelve sisters, be mine the sweet May!"

Now, my young sycamore, tender and tall, Comforts my eye with her new em'rald shawl; Now, too, the hawthorn, there, over the wall, Tasselled with white, looks a queen in her way. Who, do you think, and unasked, did it all? Oh, who but this stranger—our beautiful May! Where's there a spot

To-day by our cot,
Without some new glory from beautiful May?

Up from the grasses that fawn in the vale, Creaks, now and then, the rude song of the rail, Calling up faces that long have been pale—Mornings and evenings for ever away—Many a sweet, aye, and sorrowful tale

Starts on my ear with each breathing of May!

Never was light

Without sprinklings of night;
Yet, who'd grieve or feel old with our beautiful
May?

Here is she—there is she—all the day long,
Coaxing up flowers, and singing her song;
Scenting our lilacs, that dazzle the throng;
Coming and going, there over the way—
Doing so much, and so little that's wrong.
Oh, what should we do for our beautiful May?
Song is not known
Could equal her own,
Else might we hymn to our beautiful May!

What, though you'll tell me she'll pass by-and-by?\*
So, too, shall we, but like her let us try,
With the smile from the heart looking out from the eye,
To live while we live, if it were but for a day—
To know how to live is to learn how to die,
With hope of renewal, like beautiful May;
For death and the tomb,
And winter and gloom,
Are passengers only to Heaven and May!

• "This stanza," Francis Davis says, "was not published before."



CORK:
FRANCIS GUY, Munster Works, Patrick-street.

## APPENDIX.

## STREET BALLADS.

# A LAMENT ON THE EXECUTION OF CAPTAIN BRENNAN.

It's of a famous highwayman a story I will tell; His name was Willy Brennan, in Ireland he did dwell; And on the Kilworth mountains he commenced his wild career, Where many a wealthy gentleman before him shook with fear.

#### CHORUS:

Brennan on the moor, Brennan on the moor, Bold and undaunted stood young Brennan on the moor.

A brace of loaded pistols he carried night and day; He never robbed a poor man upon the king's highway; But what he'd taken from the rich, like Turpin and Black Bess, He always did divide it with the widow in distress.

Chorus-Brennan on the moor, &c.

One night he robbed a packman, of the name of Pedlar Bawn; They travelled together till the day began to dawn; The pedlar seeing his money gone, likewise his watch and chain, He at once encountered Brennan, and robbed him back again.

Chorus—Brennan on the moor, &c.

Now, Brennan seeing the pedlar as good a man as he, He says, "My worthy hero, will you come along with me?" The pedlar, being stout-hearted, he threw his pack away, And he proved a loyal comrade until his dying day.

Chorus-Brennan on the moor, &c.

One day on the highway, as Willy he sat down, He met the Mayor of Cashel a mile outside the town. The Mayor, he knew his features—"I think, young man," said

"Your name is Willy Brennan-you must come along with me."

Chorus-Brennan on the moor, &c.

As Brennan's wife had gone to town provisions for to buy, When she saw her Willy, she began to weep and cry. He says, "Give me that tenpenny." As soon as Willy spoke, She handed him a blunderbuss from underneath her cloak.

Chorus-Brennan on the moor, &c.

Then with his loaded blunderbuss, the truth I will unfold, He made the Mayor to tremble, and robbed him of his gold; One hundred pounds was offered for his apprehension there, And he, with his horse and saddle, to the mountain did repair.

Chorus-Brennan on the moor, &c.

Then Brennan being an outlaw upon the mountain high, The cavalry and infantry to take him they did try; He laughed at them with scorn, until at length, it's said, By a false-hearted woman he basely was betrayed.

Chorus-Brennan on the moor, &c.

In the County Tipperary, at a place they call Clonmore, Willy Brennan and his comrade that day did suffer sore: He lay amongst the fern, which was thick upon the field, And nine wounds he did receive before that he did yield.

Chorus—Brennan on the moor, &c.

Then Brennan and his companion, when they were betrayed, They with the mounted cavalry a noble battle made; He lost his foremost finger, which was shot off by a ball, So Brennan and his comrade they were taken after all.

Chorus—Brennan on the moor, &c.

So they were taken prisoners, in irons they were bound, And conveyed to Clonnel Jail, strong walls did them surround. They were tried and found guilty—the Judge made this reply: "For robbing on the king's highway you're both condemned to die."

Chorus-Brennan on the moor, &c.

When Brennan heard his sentence, he made this reply:—
"I own that I did rob the rich, and did the poor supply;
In all the deeds that I have done I took no life away;
The Lord have mercy on my soul against the judgment-day.

Chorus-Brennan on the moor, &c.

"Farewell unto my wife, and to my children three, Likewise my aged father—he may shed tears for me; And to my loving mother"—who tore her grey locks and cried, Saying, "I wish, Willy Brennan, in your cradle you had died."

Chorus—Brennan on the moor, &c.

# THE BATTLE OF THE KITCHEN FURNITURE.

This battle was fought not long ago, All in the kitchen here below; To tell you the truth, how came the fray, The broom stood in the dish-cloth's way.

The dish-cloth said it was not fair, And told the broom it should not stand there. The broom made answer very smart, Saying, "I'll fight you, or any that takes your part.

The spit stood up like a naked man, And swore he'd fight the dripping-pan. The dripping-pan, without fail, Swore that the broom should go to jail.

The tongs, being by the fireside, Stood upon his legs, and cried— "I'll fight the spit, that long-backed thief, Although his work is roasting beef;

"Or the dripping-pan, that interloper"—
"I'm here at your back," said the kitchen poker,
"Ready to revenge our wrongs;
I'll fight or lose my life for the tongs."

The fire-shovel, when he heard the noise, Bounced up, saying, "What's the matter, boys? I'll take the tongs' and poker's part, For they work with me about the hearth."

### STREET BALLADS.

The flesh-fork then came in, so bright, And jumped into the middle of the fight; Then at the fire-shovel made a stab, And knocked his body against the hob.

When he received this mortal wound, He lay down flat upon the ground, Crying out, "I fear my back is broke— I never will fight another stroke."

The coal-box next came in, so stout, And gave the flesh-fork an awful clout, Saying, "You dabbling thief, I'll be your end; I fear you've killed my only friend."

The kettle said, "I have no call— I don't belong to the kitchen at all; I'm in the parlour both night and day;— You dirty set, you may fight away."

The frying-pan next came tumbling down, And, like an officer, marched all round. He met with the broom, and gave him a thrust, Saying, "'Twas you began the battle first."

To their surprise, in walked the cook, The chief commander of the troop; And she then commanded a general peace, And marched them back to their own place.

Next morning, by the dawn of day, The broom and dish-cloth worked away, Cleaned up the kitchen, as they had done before, And never disputed any more.

### THE MAID OF CLOGHROE.

Air: "Colleen deas-cruithi-na-mbo."

As I roved out, at Faha, one morning, Where Adrum's tall groves were in view—When Sol's lucid beams were adorning, And the meadows were spangled with dew—Reflecting, in deep contemplation, On the state of my country kept low, I perceived a fair juvenile female On the side of the hill of Cloghroe.

Her form resembled fair Venus,
That amorous Cyprian queen;
She's the charming young sapling of Erin,
As she gracefully trips on the green;
She's tall, and her form is graceful,
Her features are killing also;
She's a charming, accomplished young maiden,
This beautiful dame of Cloghroe.

Fair Juno, Minerva, or Helen, Could not vie with this juvenile dame; Hibernian swains are bewailing, And anxious to know her dear name. She's tender, she's tall, and she's stately, Her complexion much whiter than snow; She outrivals all maidens completely, This lovely young maid of Cloghroe.

At Coachfort, at Dripsey, and Blarney,
This lovely young maid is admired;
The bucks, at the Lakes of Killarney,
With the fame of her beauty are fired.
Her image, I think, is before me,
And present wherever I go:
Sweet, charming young maid, I adore thee,
Thou beautiful nymph of Cloghroe.

Now, aid me ye country grammarians!
Your learned assistance I claim
To know the bright name of this fair one—
This charming young damsel of fame.
Two mutes and a liquid united,
Ingeniously placed in a row,
Spell part of the name of this phoenix,
The beautiful maid of Cloghroe.

A diphthong and three semivowels
Will give us this cynosure's name—
This charming Hibernian beauty,
This lovely, this virtuous young maiden.
Had Jupiter heard of this fair one,
He'd descend from Olympus, I know,
To solicit this juvenile phenix—
This beautiful maid of Cloghroe.

THE END.

